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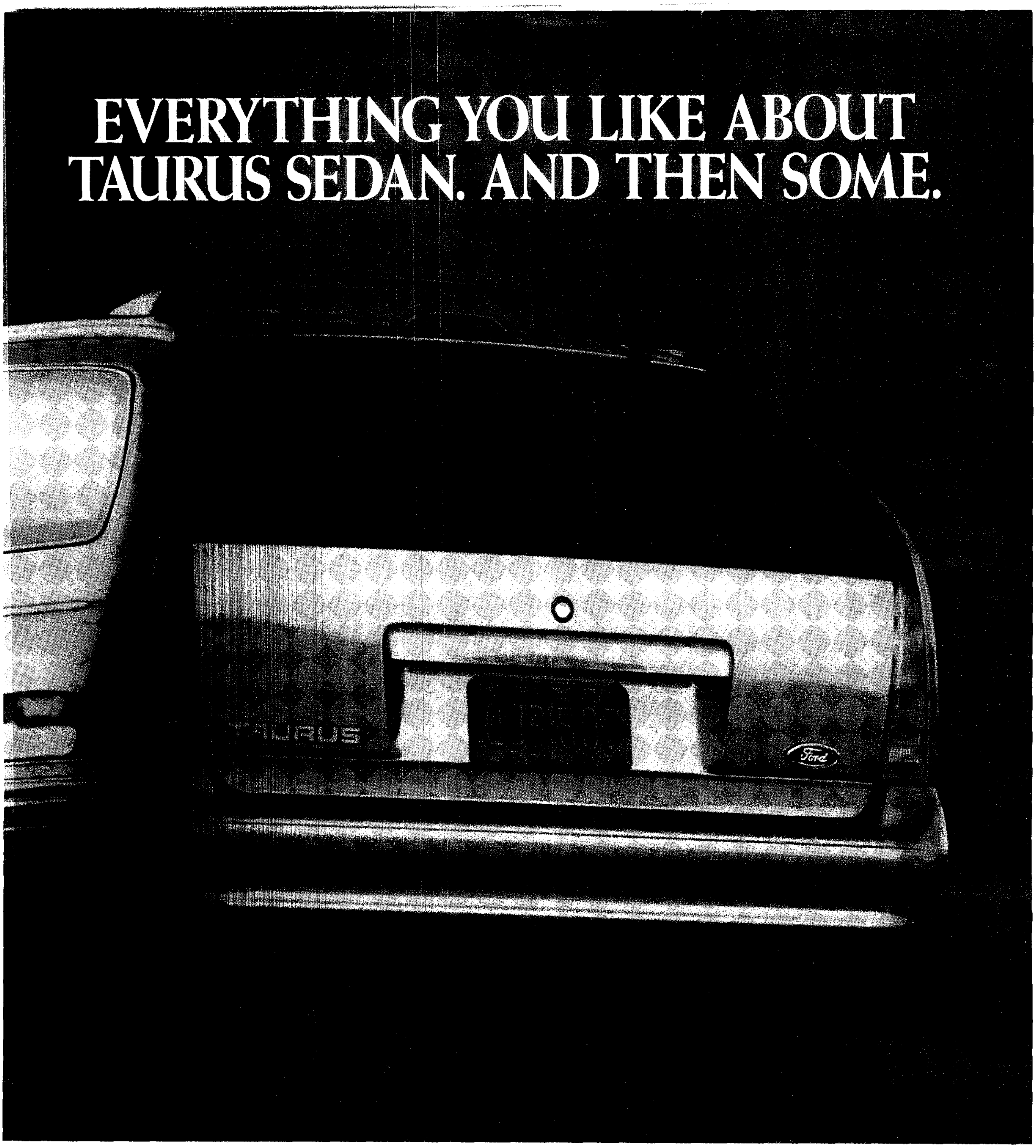

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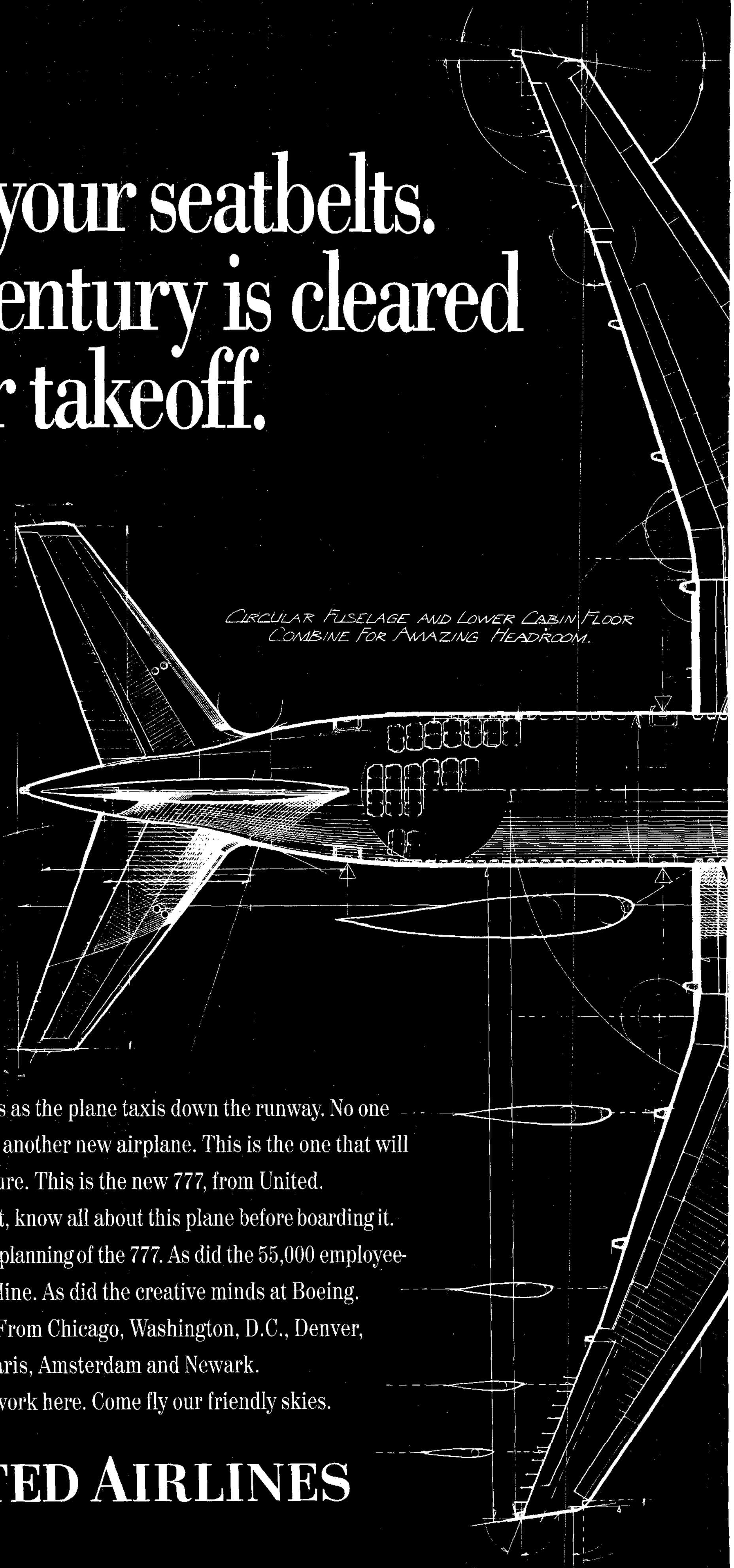
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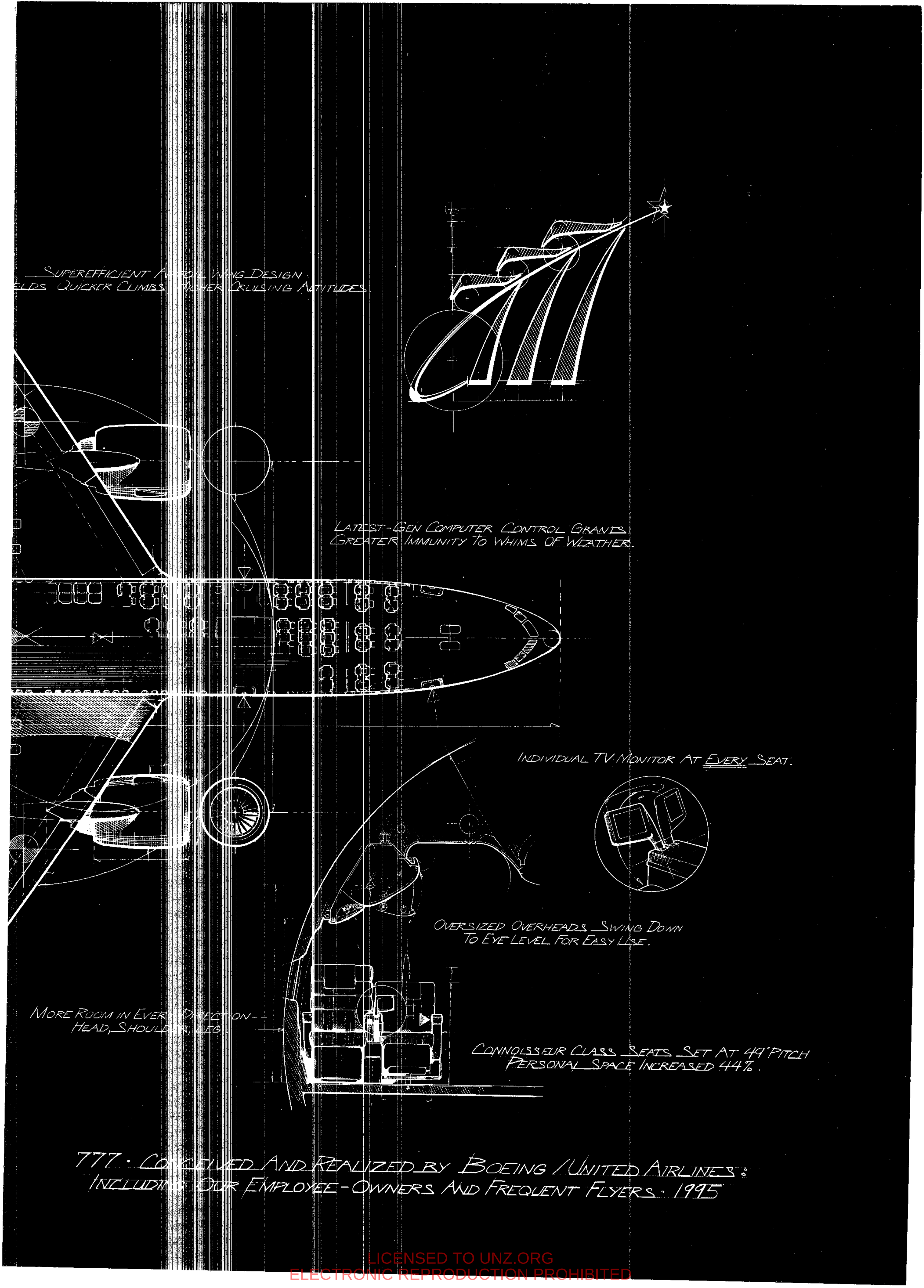
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JUNE 5, 1995

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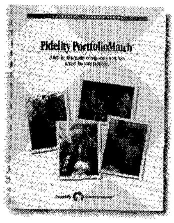

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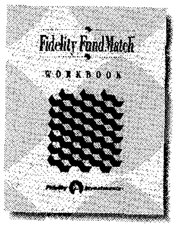

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COMMENT

2002: A HASTE ODYSSEY

Why the mania for quick and dirty budget balancing?

THE question of whether to balance the federal budget, which was once the province of fiscal technicians, has turned into a melodramatic morality play: will Congress at last do its duty, meet its responsibilities, and make an honest woman of itself, or will it capitulate to special interests, cravenly betray its promises, and condemn our children and grandchildren to a future of crushing debt? In official Washington today, a liberal is someone who would prefer to balance the budget without tax cuts or, even more boldly, to defer the year of reckoning from 2002 to, say, 2005. Absolute balance, long a controversial goal, is suddenly a tenet of our civic religion. "All of us believe our budget must be brought into balance," Dick Gephardt, the House Democratic leader, said the other day. And President Clinton, too, has said that balance is a good idea, and for a while even thought that it could be done in the seven very lean years decreed by Republicans.

In a way, this transformation represents a bit of leftover magic from that old supply-side alchemist Ronald Reagan. By simultaneously deploring deficits and piling them up to record levels, Reagan made Democrats lazy. They no longer had to bother making complicated Keynesian arguments for why deficit spending is sometimes a good idea; all they had to do was point out the glaring disparity between Republican words and Republican deeds. In the course of trebling the national debt, Reagan accomplished a neat inversion: liberals, previously indulgent of mild deficits, embraced austerity—and never mind that austerity compromised their use of government for public purposes. Their switch suited conservatives just fine. Cutting deficits, after all, is a handy way to ratchet down public outlay.

Despite this superficial consensus, however, deficits in excess of a hundred billion dollars were routine through much of the nineteen-eighties. Only in 1993, with President Clinton's budget accord, was the projected deficit significantly reduced—by about a half-trillion dollars over five years. In the meantime, the opinion élites have come to view the lingering deficit as a metaphor for political stalemate and legislative parochialism. In the Washington echo chamber, fiscal responsibility became synonymous with a

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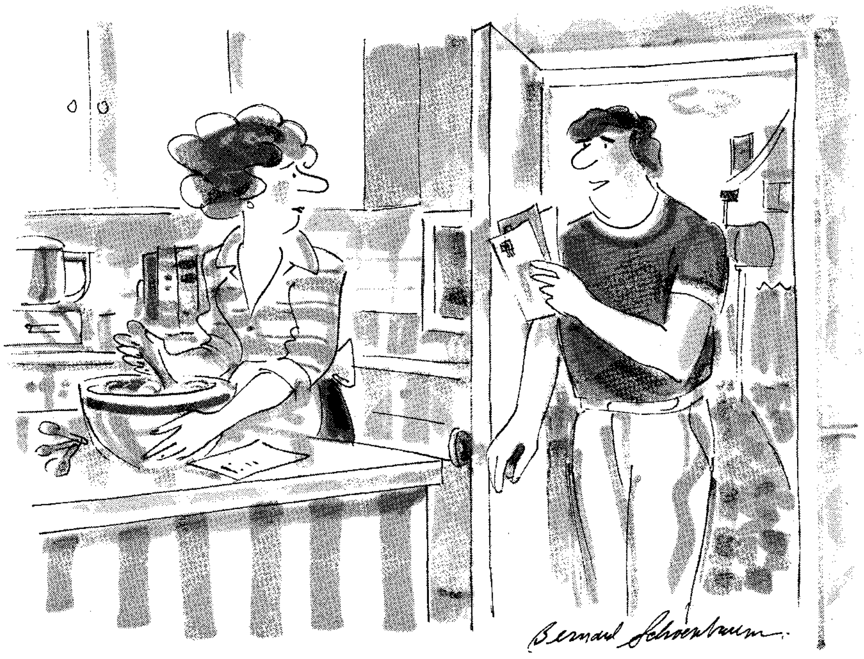
balanced budget, which, in turn, became synonymous with virtue. The coup de grâce was the 1994 election and Newt Gingrich's Contract, with its proposal for a Constitutional amendment requiring balance by 2002. The Democrats, still in shock from their defeat, managed to derail the amendment, but they set a trap for themselves. They were for balancing the budget by 2002, "too," they maintained. But let's not lock it into the Constitution. And let's see how *you* propose to do it.

Oops. The Republicans took the dare. They have offered budget resolutions specifying their cuts, and now Democrats are stuck with their austere virtue. The year 2002 has become sacrosanct as the deadline for balance. For the moment, liberals are treading water by complaining that Medicare and other popular programs will be gutted. Given the prevailing assumptions that taxes can't be raised and military spending can't be cut, though, no route to a balanced budget will be very different from the Republican one.

Is this trip necessary? As a matter of economics, deficits are a problem when they cause the publicly held national debt to grow faster than the economy. (That occurred during the Reagan eighties, when the economic-growth rate averaged 2.8 per cent and deficits averaged 4.3 per cent of the gross domestic product.) In 1980, the last year of Jimmy Carter's Presidency, the public debt equalled 26.8 per cent of the G.D.P., close to the postwar low. By 1989, this ratio had risen to 42.3 per cent, and by 1993 to 51.6.

That trend is the real problem, and it can be reversed without a forced march to absolute balance. By the end of the Second World War, the debt had ballooned to 120 per cent of a year's G.D.P. But instead of going on an austerity kick the United States tolerated mild deficits and enjoyed a quarter-century boom that reduced the debt to manageable proportions. Today, the Congressional Budget Office thinks that the economic-growth rate will be about 2.3 per cent between now and the century's close. If deficits are held to 1.3 per cent of the G.D.P., then the debt drops by one point relative to the G.D.P. every year. In ten years, it sinks to about forty per cent of the G.D.P.; in a generation, it drops back to the postwar low. A deficit of 1.3 per cent of the G.D.P., incidentally, means about a hundred billion dollars of annual public spending that needn't be slashed.

After the binge of the nineteen-eighties, fiscal restraint is sensible—but not absolute balance. In a one-and-a-half-trillion-dollar budget, with deficits projected to exceed two hundred billion dollars for the next several years, a reasonable target would be to cut those deficits in half, using a judicious blend of spending cuts and tax increases. This approach would reduce the debt ratio over time while still making it possible for government to accomplish some public purposes—reforming welfare, stabilizing Medicare, supporting education and science—that the rush to balance would destroy.

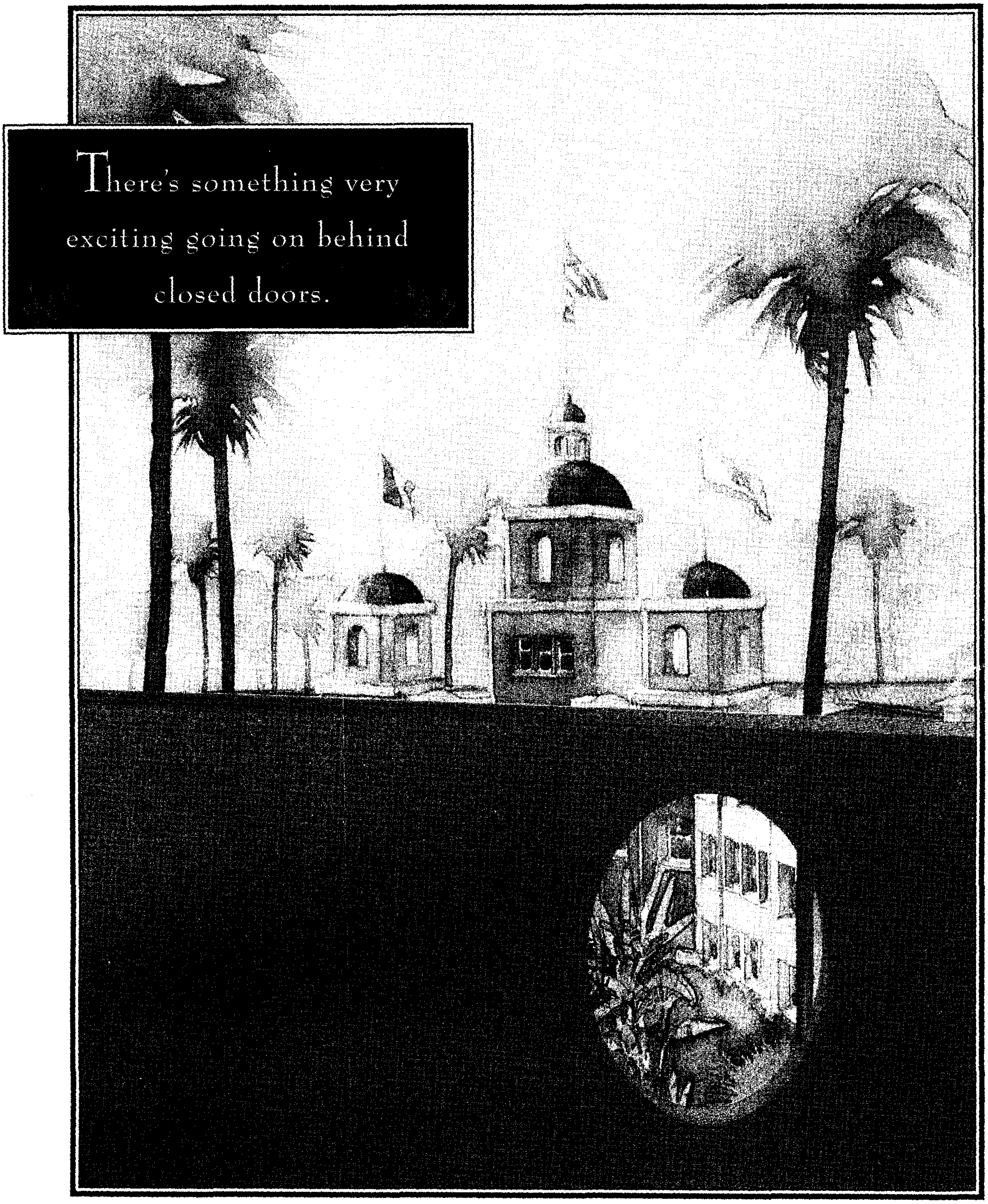


"Just a few H.M.O.s vying for our bodies."

By international standards, our debt is low. It's true that America's savings rates are modest, but there are many ways to raise them that don't require crippling government. For instance, we might get rid of the tax favoritism that rewards personal and business debt. It would be smart to finance Social Security along the lines of a private pension plan, so that real savings would accrue. But the fear of burdening our grandchildren is misplaced. Their well-being will depend on the condition of the real economy (not to mention the society), and its capacity to handle the debt we bequeath them.

All this is forgotten in the zeal to balance the budget—a zeal fanned by a cheering press. "The budget battle that is beginning now on Capitol Hill is the right fight being led by the right people," the Washington *Post's* David Broder writes. And *Time's* cover story for May 22nd, "The Budget Revolution," begins by announcing breathlessly that Congress will cut "programs that affect virtually every American citizen," and adds, "But surprise of surprises: people want it that way." *Time's* own poll, however, shows that people want it that way only if it *doesn't* come at the expense of valued public programs. (A more recent, and more detailed, Washington *Post*/ABC poll finds fifty-six per cent of the public opposed to the Senate's budget and sixty per cent opposed to the House's.) *Time* also concludes, with Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, that lower deficits would lead to lower interest rates and higher growth. But interest rates came down in the late nineteen-eighties, when deficits were going up. The deficit declined smartly in 1994, but the Fed pushed rates right back up when it thought the economy was growing too fast. Within broad limits, the connection between deficits, interest rates, and growth is by no means mechanical.

Our country is desperately short of symbols that bespeak concern for the common good. Many Americans have come to consider balancing the budget—as opposed to merely disciplining it—such a symbol. The dusty old dogma makes its reappearance cloaked in the splendid raiment of social solidarity and mutual sacrifice. But shredding health, science, schooling and child care is a strange way to keep faith with future generations. —ROBERT KUTTNER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IN THE MAIL

EXPLAINING HITLER

Hitler isn't a "mystery": like so many Hitlers before and since, this one created a monumental public record during his lifetime for all to see ("Explaining Hitler," by Ron Rosenbaum, May 1st). Now, as then, too many choose not to see. One has only to look at our newest Führer, the Bosnian Serb leader Dr. Radovan Karadžić (how ironic that he was a psychiatrist!), to understand how calmly we still accept mass murder. We may prefer to believe that for every act of human destruction there must be a plausible psychological cause, but, with all the terror still loose in the world, shouldn't we be analyzing why we continue to maintain such a dangerous delusion?

R. A. HENAULT-BRONSON
Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Rosenbaum argues that if one attaches importance to such factors as German anti-Semitism and Germany's political and economic instability, one loses "a sense of Hitler's own responsibility." Not so. Whatever the nature of individuals and their psyches, they do not develop or operate in a vacuum. Political and socioeconomic forces did not "cause" Hitler, but they were enabling factors: the moment was ripe for Hitler to come to power, and he seized it. I cannot fathom how this symbiosis diminishes Hitler's responsibility for the crimes he instigated.

Yet if Hitler's individual will is so important, how can the wills of millions of his fellow-Germans not be even worth mentioning? The Nazi crimes were so enormous that they could not possibly be attributed to a single individual. This doesn't negate the centrality of Hitler's role. But he didn't act alone.

STEVEN SHABAD
Ossining, N.Y.

Although Mr. Rosenbaum cites Alice Miller's study of Hitler in her book "For Your Own Good," he entirely misses her point. Miller argues that a culture of cruelty to children creates monsters, and that in Nazi Germany the virulent self-hatred engendered by physical and emotional abuse infected the entire society. This theory could also be applied to Mao, Stalin, Tojo, the followers of Karadžić and Khomeini, and the American "militias" that have recently sprung into our view. Scary? You bet. It is, in fact, so scary that we carefully avoid the real issue of how we treat our children, and instead seek to lay the blame for the violence of our societies on some Pied Piper who leads good people astray. It's not so simple. Until we learn how to love, protect, and respect our children, we will always produce societies that want to exterminate the "other."

WILLIAM F. HEWITT
New York City

Ron Rosenbaum's article on Hitler was thought-provoking. Some might describe Hitler as a "genius"; he was certainly an opportunist. He took advantage of the fact that large portions of pre-Second World War Germany were anti-Semitic to mobilize and unify the entire nation, making an ethnic minority the scapegoat for a country's ills.

Does this scenario sound familiar? It should. Given the rate at which ethnic (or racial) hostility is currently gaining popularity and momentum, we here in America are preparing the ground for a Fourth Reich.

RUFUS JONES
New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Rosenbaum made a brave attempt to explain theories about Hitler and apply his findings to a theoretical demagogue of today. No one can blame him for failing. Even those of us who were born in Germany before the times of Hitler, served in the O.S.S. during the war, and have spent fifty years trying to piece together the puzzle have reached conclusions that are no more than barely acceptable.

It is, however, a grave error to equate the rise of Hitler in the nineteen-thirties with dangers in America today. How could one duplicate the set of historical circumstances that came together on January 30, 1933—the day Hitler was appointed Chancellor? Today's America is not the defeated, impoverished, deprived, democratically inexperienced Germany of the thirties. The American inheritance of democratic habit, egalitarian self-esteem, and aggressive individualism is entirely different from that of the citizens of the short-lived Weimar Republic. The search for a specific Hitler-style demagogue whose teachings would suit the vast majority of American citizens is rendered fruitless by what we know about Hitler now.

JOHN WEITZ
New York City

Ron Rosenbaum concludes his article by posing the question of why a just and good God didn't stop the Holocaust. The question could be extended: Why hasn't God prevented the killing fields of Cambodia? The Oklahoma City bombing? Child abuse? Such pleas for divine intervention assume that we are in some kind of metaphysical puppet show. When evil appears, why doesn't the Puppeteer stop the show and untangle the mess?

God represents the good and calls us to it. Evil may represent "incompleteness," as Rosenbaum suggests, and tempt us toward it. Since we have free will, it is up to us to choose. Therein lie the real horror and lesson of the Holocaust: any of us are capable of choosing the evil of an Adolf Hitler or his followers. We must continually and consciously choose good and God whenever we can.

D. MARK HORNUNG
Half Moon Bay, Calif.

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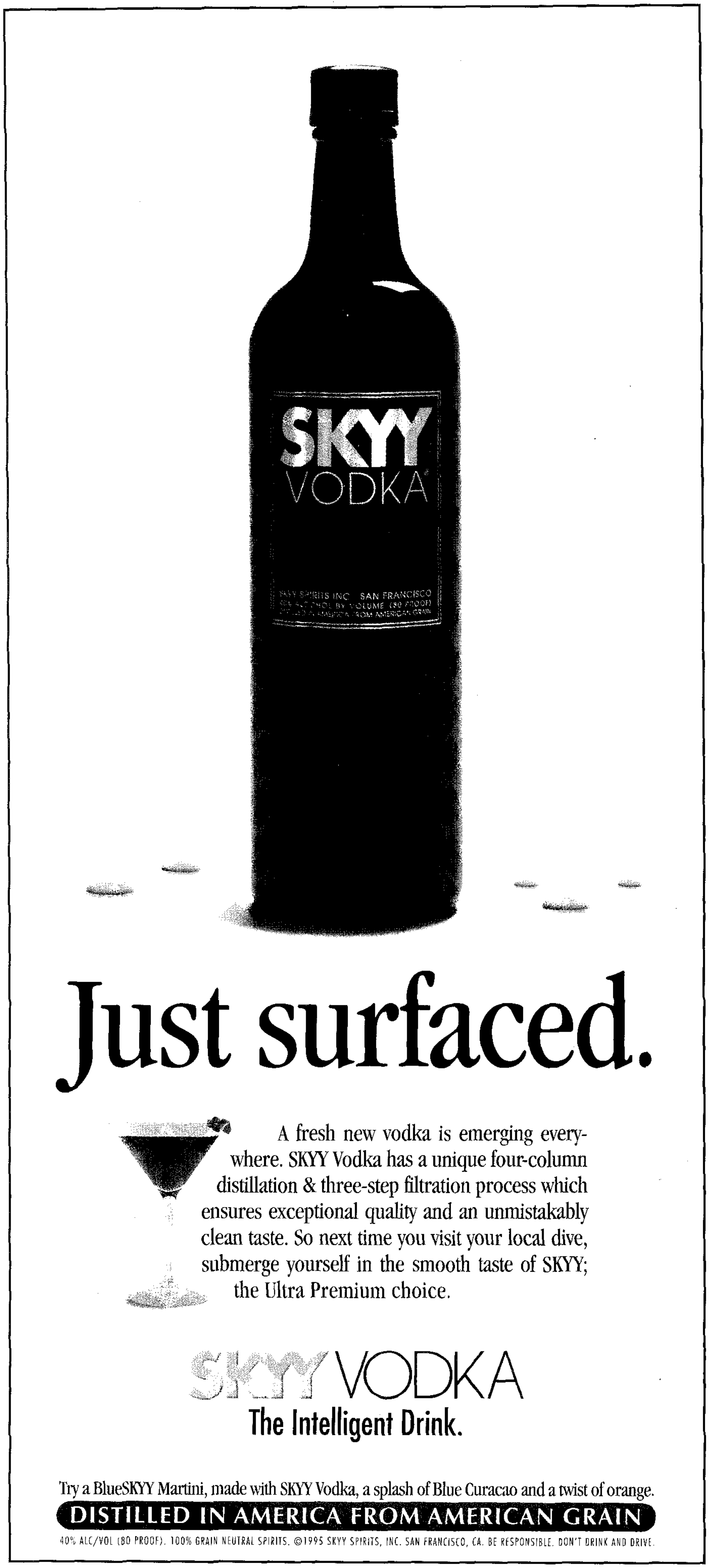

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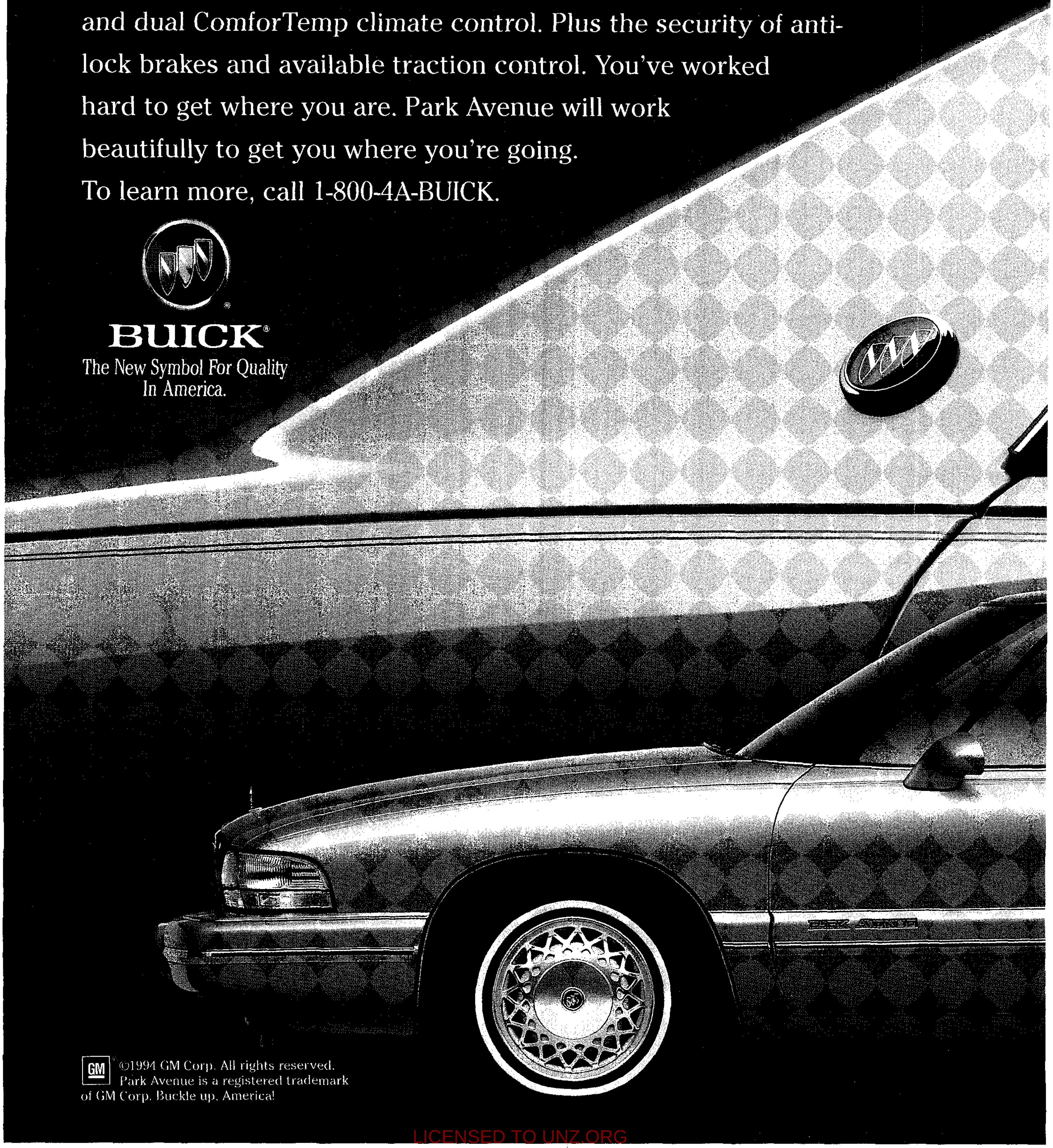

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THE THEATRE

Hats Off

JUST about everybody with a young child and a VCR is familiar—*very* familiar—with the late Howard Ashman's work: he wrote the lyrics (in collaboration with the composer Alan Menken) for "The Little Mermaid," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Aladdin." Fortunately for the Disney weary, the WPA Theatre's celebration of Ashman, "Hundreds of Hats," doesn't emphasize his film triumphs. Familiar songs from the WPA-produced "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater" and "Little Shop of Horrors" and from the Broadway musical "Smile" are on the bill; but it's the rarities—numbers excised from "Little Shop" and "Aladdin," and others written for shows that were never produced—that are likely to attract the connoisseurs.

According to Kyle Renick, who was, along with Ashman, one of the WPA's co-founders, in 1976, and who, as its current artistic director, got the project off the ground, "Howard was a poet of yearning—of what *could* be. As his movie work keeps growing, justifiably, in popularity, his theatre stuff is becoming less and less known. I wanted to help correct the situation."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Buttons on Broadway—Red Buttons celebrates his sixtieth year in show business with a retrospective one-man revue. Previews begin June 5. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—Lincoln Center Theatre presents a musical adaptation of Gabriel García Márquez's novel, directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crumbs from the Table of Joy—A Southern black family moves North in the fifties in pursuit of a better life. Written by Lynn Nottage and directed by Joe Morton. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Works by David Mamet, Cassandra Medley, and Laurence Klavan make up the final series of this year's one-act marathon, which ends June 11. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

The Heather Woodbury Report: 9 Months in 8 Days—Heather Woodbury offers a condensed version of her twenty-hour serial solo show, in which she conjures up ten disparate characters with interconnected lives. Opens May 31 at 7:30 and runs through June 7. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Hundreds of Hats—A salute to lyricist-librettist Howard Ashman's musical-theatre and film work. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

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John & Jen—A musical chronicling forty years in the lives of a woman and her younger brother, whose birth in 1952 begins the story. Two previews on May 31. Opens June 1 at 7. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

J. P. Morgan Saves the Nation—En Garde Arts' new site-specific musical, about the famous financier, will be staged on the steps of Federal Hall. The intersection of Wall and Broad Streets will be closed nightly for performances. Previews begin June 6. (279-4200.)

Prisoner of Love—The New York Theatre Workshop presents an adaptation of Jean Genet's final novel. Directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. Preview on May 31. Opens June 1 at 8. (79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

The Radical Mystique—Arthur Laurents' new play revolves around two Greenwich Village friends who are planning a Black Panthers fund-raiser in 1969. Previews through June 4. Opens June 6 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Twelve Dreams—James Lapine wrote and directed this drama, inspired by a case study from Carl Jung's "Man and His Symbols." In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Winter's Tale—Ingmar Bergman directs the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden in Shakespeare's play. Performances are in Swedish with simultaneous English translation. May 31 at 7 and June 1-3 at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

OPENED RECENTLY

After-Play—Anne Meara's comedy, recently seen at Manhattan Theatre Club, has moved to a new venue, with Ms. Meara in a starring role, along with Barbara Barrie, Larry Keith, and Merwin Goldsmith. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Arcadia—Despite some casting glitches, the American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve a riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Coming Through—Wynn Handman has adapted interviews gathered by the Ellis Island Oral History Project to chronicle the struggles of five immigrants who arrived in this country in 1922. Though their accounts lack any narrative connection, they are occasionally funny, often harrowing, and always touching in their innocent enthusiasm. The play becomes interactive when audience members—seated, immigrant-style, on replica Ellis Island benches—are invited to share tales of their own ancestors. Handman directed, with obvious care; the acting is strong and the lighting effective. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—This slapstick hour-and-a-half romp through the Bard's œuvre, carried out by three fine young gentlemen in high-tops, is utterly sophomoric and a complete waste of time—like some of the best things in life. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Cryptogram—David Mamet's new play, which dramatizes a child's emotional abuse from the child's point of view, ranks with his best work. The actors in this excellent production are Ed Begley, Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane; Mr. Mamet directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. Closes June 4.)

Damn Yankees—Jerry Lewis, the King of Comedy and the King of France, is now, in his Broadway début, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. The old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise, a sensational Lola, delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Donahue Sisters—In Geraldine Aron's thin comedy-drama, three siblings—a homebody, an addled London housewife, and a jaded New York writer—gather at their family's home in Ireland for some sisterly sniping, a huge joint, and a few snorts of vodka. At the very end they recall a childhood atrocity; the revelation is so sudden and unexpected that when the house lights come up you wonder whether they're going to go back down for another act. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Ecstasy—Mike Leigh's play is set in a dismal North London flat in the winter of 1979. The late-seventies costumes and set are depressingly perfect, and the actors bring the six working-class characters to life with great specificity and vitality. (Smokeophobes take note: the theatre is tiny, and there's a whole lotta smokin' goin' on.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

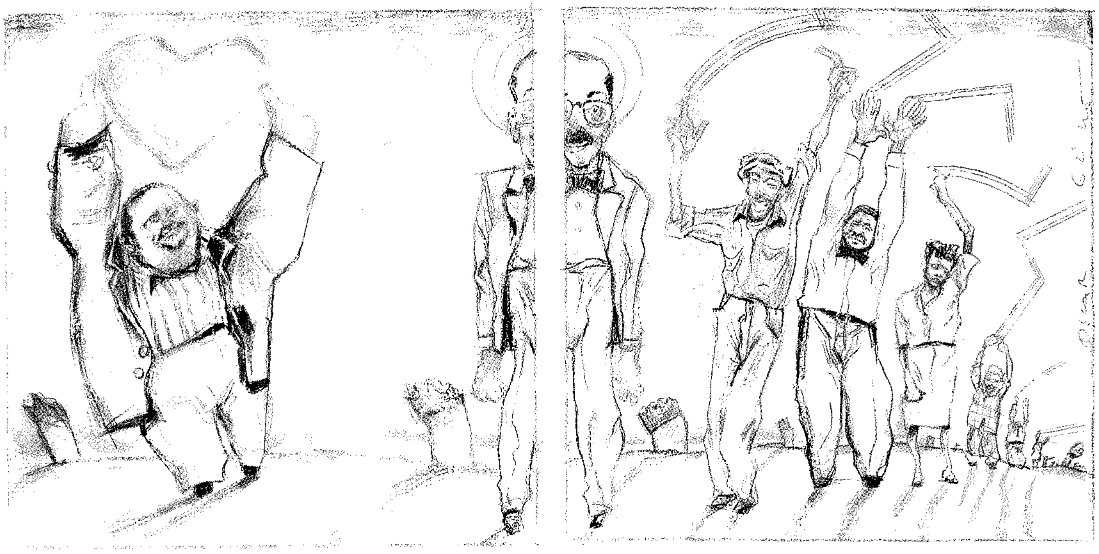
Fortune's Fools—A comedy about dating, love, and marriage in the Gen X set, by Frederick Stroppel. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

The Good Woman of Setzuan—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Bertolt Brecht's 1943 play—about the gods' search for one good person in all of China—lacks both irony and passion, even though some of the actors in the smaller roles are terrific. Paul Todaro directed and composed the songs and incidental music. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

Hamlet—London's Almeida Theatre has brought over a postmodern production whose refusal to risk interpretation reflects Britain's current bland and winded state. Ralph Fiennes, an intelligent, reticent player with a drop-dead matinée-idol profile, seems almost as unwilling to enter the vortex of Hamlet's torment as Hamlet himself is to take action. Directed by Jonathan Kent. (5/15/95) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Having Our Say—Sadie and Bessie Delany, two sisters who have passed the hundred-year mark, presented their vivid life stories in a 1993 best-seller; the book has been adapted beautifully from the page to the stage by Emily Mann, who also directed. Gloria Foster and Mary Alice are brilliant as the sisters, who were taught by their family to "reach high" despite the dogging of Jim Crow. (4/24/95) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter—Theatre for the New City reprises its 1993-94 production of Carson McCullers' 1940 novel. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes June 11.)



"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," at Theatre for the New City.

OSCAR GRILLO

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the title character, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—In this revival of Frank Loesser's 1961 musical, Matthew Broderick has polish and timing, but it's Lillias White's gospel solo in "Brotherhood of Man" that lifts the audience into a zone of joy. As a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—her display of guile made glorious is as good as it gets. (4/24/95) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Indiscretions—The brightest spot in this production of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles"—a dark comedy about the perversities of desire in family life—is Eileen Atkins, who plays a severely wise spinster with her usual magnetic minimalism. Kathleen Turner, as a hysterically possessive mother, is an unfocussed sprawl with a distractingly unplaceable accent. Roger Rees, Cynthia Nixon, and Jude Law also star, under the direction of Sean Mathias, in this import from London's Royal National Theatre. (5/15/95) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Lady-Like—Laura Shamas's drama about the love affair between Lady Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, who fled Ireland in 1778 to live together in Wales. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 741-6436.)

London Suite—Neil Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but he's serving leftovers: these four one-acts are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. The main pleasure in this production is Carole Shelley, who provides some much needed comic muscle tone. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, the actors present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

A Month in the Country—Turgenev's drama, set on a Russian estate in the eighteen-forties, is a tale of selfishness and self-delusion in the sphere of love. As Natalya Petrovna, the central character, Helen Mirren leaves no aspect of middle-aged romantic foolishness unplumbed. It's a breathtakingly funny performance, well supported by those of Ron Rifkin and F. Murray Abraham. Scott Ellis directed. (5/8/95) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes June 10.)

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me . . .—Dan Butler offers a procession of characters from the real world of contemporary gay culture, moving seamlessly from one monologue to the next in a one-man show that is by turns hilarious, infuriating, sad, and uplifting—a charmer. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

Party—Seven gay men get together to play a strip version of truth or dare, with terrifically funny (if occasionally didactic) results. The characters in David Dillon's comedy are stereotypes, more or less, but the solid cast makes them believable, and in the end you've had a look at some enduring friendships (and some nice bodies), as well as a very silly evening with what one of the men calls "the Brady Bunch on Fire Island." (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

The Professional—Just after the fall of Communism, a dissident writer in Belgrade receives a visit from the policeman who for eighteen years had kept him under surveillance; as the agent presents him with notebooks filled with transcriptions of the writer's speeches and conversations and a trunkload of his personal effects, the strange intimacy of their relationship comes to light. Fritz Weaver is both chilling and benign as the government operative, but he doesn't get much support from the other cast members, or from Dusan Kovacevic's underdeveloped play, either. Translated and adapted by Bob Djurdjevic. Directed by Peter Craze. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200. Closes June 4.)

Rob Becker's Defending the Caveman—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair number of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams's paean to sexual passion—he called it his "love-play to the world"—has returned to Broadway. As the central character, the alternately pious and hot-blooded Serafina, Mercedes Ruehl is funny and affecting (and she looks great in a black slip), and Anthony LaPaglia brings a sweet openness to the role of the young man who puts the bloom back in her cheeks. Robert Falls directed. (5/15/95) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's epic-size production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Smokey Joe's Café—The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A feast of early rock and roll, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close continues her triumphant run. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

Sylvia—In A. R. Gurney's new comedy, Sarah Jessica Parker plays a dog named Sylvia (who says there aren't roles for women?), who brings meaning to the life of a middle-aged currency trader (Charles Kimbrough) while driving a canine-shaped wedge between him and his wife (Blythe Danner). Parker has some funny moments: you should hear what she says when she sees a cat, and her attempt to mate with a matronly guest (Derek Smith, in a good drag turn) is hilarious. But this upper-middle-class fairy tale settles too soon into a monotonous sweetness; it lacks bite. John Tillinger directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Travels with My Aunt—Giles Havergal, directing his own witty adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, has captured the book's amusingly puzzled tone with his playful, inventive (though overlong) staging. Four wildly different actors—Brian Murray, Jim Dale, Martin Rayner, and Tom Beckett—all play Henry Pulling, the staid retired banker whose eccentric Aunt Augusta drags him into her international adventures. Dale doubles as Aunt Augusta, and the other three skillfully handle some twenty additional parts. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

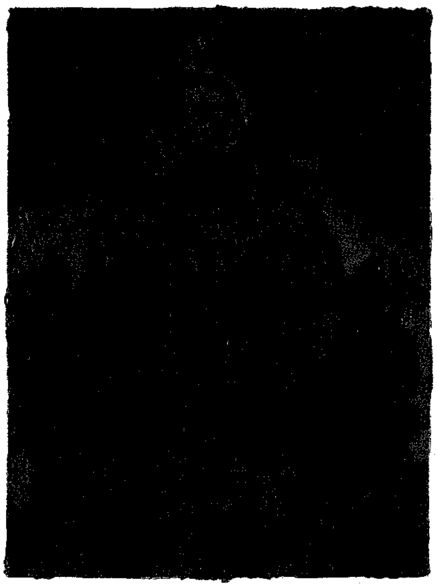
2—Romulus Linney's portrait of Hermann Göring, set in 1945, when Hitler's No. 2 man was on trial in Nuremberg. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes June 11.)

Vertigo Park—A triangle involving a movie star and two future Presidents forms the basis of this comedy, in which playwright Mark O'Donnell sends up our national obsessions. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 431-0051. Closes June 4.)

Word of Mouth—James Lecesne's remarkably varied solo show: eight characters, eight voices, and (you'd swear) eight bodies. In general, the technique is more startling than the material. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP / TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W.



Clarence Feld, in "2."

44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes June 4. . . . **JELLY ROLL!:** Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—May 31 at 2: "Paquita," "How Near Heaven," and "A Brahms Symphony." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "How Near Heaven," "States of Grace," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ June 1-2 at 8 and June 3 at 2 and 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ June 5 at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Airs," and "How Near Heaven." . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 17.)

New York City Ballet—May 31 at 8: "Serenade," "Sinfonia," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ June 1 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Adams Violin Concerto" (première), and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ June 2 at 8: "Gershwin Concerto," "West Side Story Suite," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 3 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Sinfonia," "Prodigal Son," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ June 4 at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Operetta Affezionata," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ June 4 at 7: "Danses Concertantes," "Adams Violin Concerto," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

Jennifer Muller / The Works—The twentieth-anniversary season of the ten-member company includes revivals of "Speeds" and of "Tub" (in which the company gets wet) and the première of "The Spotted Owl," a work that combines dance and fragmentary dialogue. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 31-June 2 at 8, June 3 at 2 and 8, and June 4 at 2 and 7:30.)

"What to Name Your Baby"—Karen Pearlman and Richard James Allen, who make up the That Was Fast dance company, appear in an evening-long duet. Sam, their one-year-old, plays a supporting role. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 1-4 at 8.)

Reggie Wilson / Fete Fuh So!—The dance griot Reggie Wilson curates an evening of Trinidadian choreography and a performance by his own company. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. June 3 at 8.)

American Ballroom Theatre—The six-couple company waltzes, salsas, mambos, tangos, and swings into town for a two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre. Opening performance on June 6 at 7. Through June 18.)

Noche Flamenca—The eight dancers from Madrid bring their traditional percussive steps to a venue just down the block from "Stomp." (80 St. Marks Pl. 924-0077. June 1-4 at 8. Through July 2.)

Fielday—P.S. 122 presents a dance-and-performance version of the open-mike reading, in a five-hour marathon of new choreography, including works by Ty Boomershine, Tina Croll, and Sodanela Rivera. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. For more information, call 691-6969. June 4, from 5 to 10. Seatings every half hour.)

NIGHT LIFE

Hot Fun

Summer is the season of the big outdoor concert, the time when rock and roll takes off its shirt. For long-suffering fans, open-air shows have come to mean high-priced tickets, warm beer, and greasy wieners—but we love them anyway. This summer is shaping up as a Spielbergian carnival of nostalgia and rebirth. Take, for instance, the lineup at Jones Beach: Earth, Wind & Fire (June 16), Van Morrison (July 1), Donna Summer (July 20), and—our favorite—the spandex-and-saccharine coupling of Pat Benatar and REO Speedwagon (July 28). Bring a towel and some tanning butter, and make a day of it.

SummerStage, deep in the heart of Central Park, is probably the best of the outdoor spectacles, and not just because it's free: over the past few years, the series has evolved into an inspired multicultural blowout. This year's Africa Fête features the Senegalese superstar Baaba Maal (July 8), but Oumou Sangare (July 9), a twenty-six-year-old vision who has been called the Madonna of Mali, is the real main attraction. Also noteworthy, for anyone who thinks rock is dead: the radioactive singer Joan Osborne (July 1) and the impossibly groovy Soul Coughing (July 29).

The mother of all outdoor events takes place on June 18-19, when the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan truck into Giants Stadium. One caveat for summer-of-love types: according to the promoters, everyone will be "subject to search in a manner permissible by law." In other words, no more blowin' in the wind.

CONCERTS

Seal—In 1991, after scoring big with the sinuous, intoxicating dance hit "Crazy," the British singer (his parents are Nigerian and Brazilian, and his real name is Sealhenry Samuel) had a few minor problems. After taking up residence in Southern California—where the hot weather inspired him to lop off his dreadlocks and shave his majestic head—he wrecked his car, narrowly escaping serious injury. Then he developed double pneumonia. He witnessed a shooting on Sunset Boulevard, had a series of panic attacks, and suffered through an epic love affair. Fortunately, he survived (with a little help from a therapist and a faith healer), and last year he released an impressive second album—"Seal." The singer's moody, seductive voice and his state-of-the-art techno-soul continue to evoke equal parts Terence Trent D'Arby, Peter Gabriel, and Sade. It's an alluring combination, conducive to dancing and other pleasurable forms of abandon. With Des'ree. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 3 at 8. . . . ¶ Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 6 at 8.)

King Crimson—The darkest of the original English art rockers, Crimson has always been a chameleon: over the past twenty-five years the group has dabbled in everything from Celtic folk to industrial funk. Its latest platter, "Thrak," is hitting the shops after an eleven-year hiatus. The band is perhaps best known for giving the world Robert Fripp, the inventor of Frippertronics and the finest electric guitarist ever to play sitting down. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 3-4 at 7:30.)

Bonnie Raitt / Ruth Brown—In 1990, almost two decades after her début, Raitt was the comeback story of the year: thanks to "Nick of Time" she had three Grammys and a No. 1 hit. Rarely have style and substance merged as effortlessly as they do in her warm, throaty vocals—she could teach Whitney and Mariah volumes about the power of subtlety and restraint. And she's equally impressive on slide guitar. / Taking her cues from gospel and swing, Brown developed a lithe, intuitive style of R. & B. singing. The definitive collection of her work is a 1989 anthology titled "Miss Rhythm," and it's got the right name. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 4 at 8.)

Hassan Hakmoun—Moroccan trance music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 4 at 7.)

Ian Anderson—For years this genteel salmon farmer has been mistakenly called Jethro Tull, but that was a band, not a guy. Now Anderson has released a disk on his own of music for flute and orchestra, which is not without a certain piquant dignity (especially for a man who used to parade about in leggings), but unfortunately it's titled "Divinities: Twelve Dances with God." Live, expect more of the same, along with the odd rock chestnut. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 5 at 8.)

Boston—A clever rock archivist recently noted that the intro of Boston's 1976 opus "More Than a Feeling" sounds frighteningly similar to Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit." So much for alternative rock. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 6 at 8.)

Billy Taylor / Jon Jang Sextet—A multiethnic piano evening. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. June 6 at 8.)

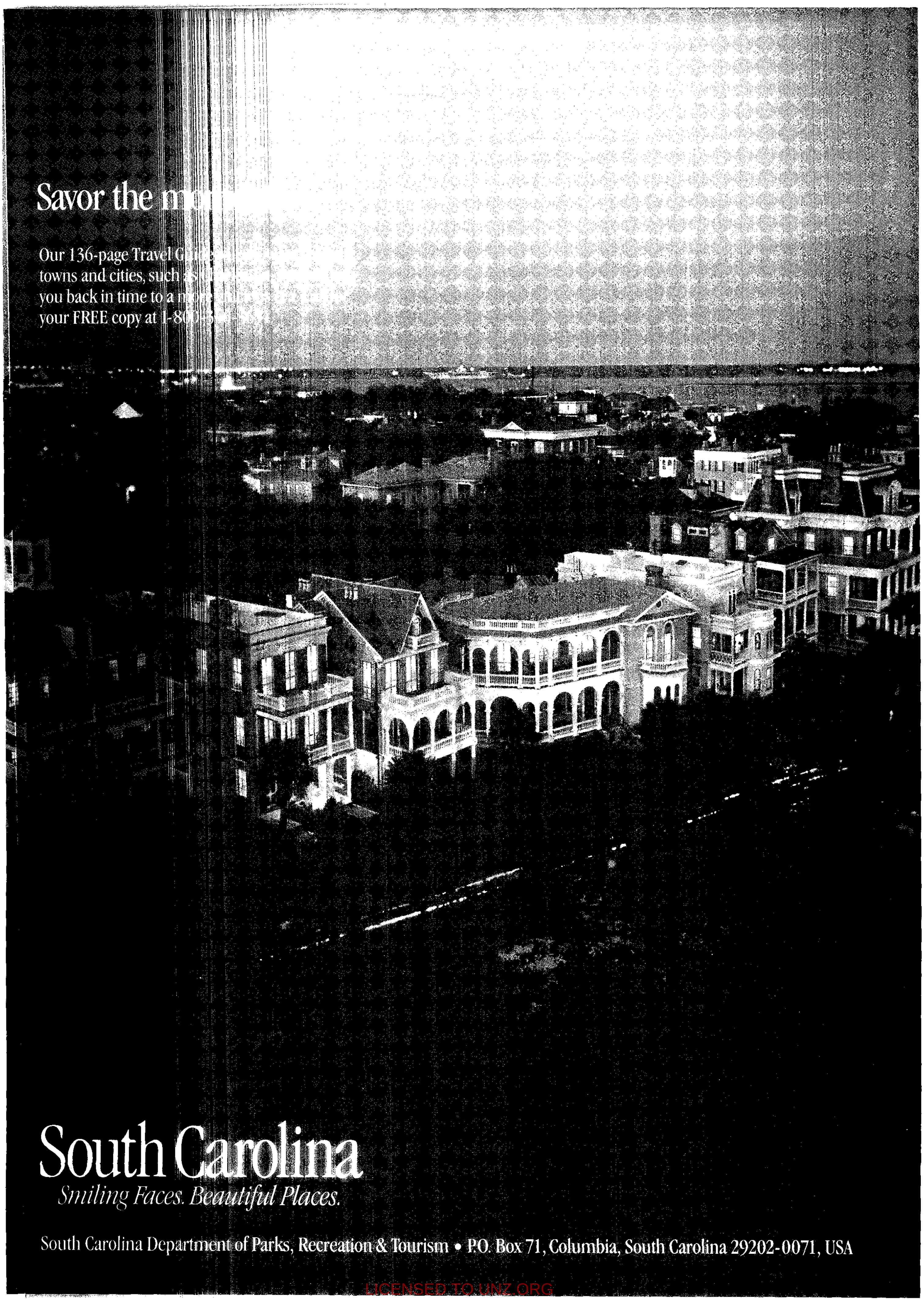
CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Hip-hop, jazz, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. June 2: **NRBQ.** Often hailed as the world's greatest bar band, NRBQ can live up to the hype. There just isn't another outfit with such a mastery

JAMES BURRIS



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of virtually every American popular-music idiom, from rockabilly and blues to jazz and swing. June 3-4: **GRAHAM PARKER.** Back in the seventies, Parker belonged to a handful of groundbreaking singer-songwriters who dragged the ruggedly lyrical tradition of Bob Dylan and Van Morrison kicking and screaming into the punk era. His first album, released in 1976, actually predates Elvis Costello's début by a year, as he would be only too glad to tell you. Unfortunately, over the years he hasn't matched Costello's consistency or his inspired eclecticism. Still, if a terse, acerbic love song is what you're after, Parker's your man.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—**BEN FOLDS FIVE** entertains on May 31.

Jurassic Rock: King Crimson at Town Hall, Ian Anderson at the Beacon Theatre, and Boston at Jones Beach.

CHRISTIAN CLAYTON

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. June 2: **KENDRA SMITH,** formerly of Opal. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. May 31-June 1: The **NEVILLE BROTHERS** (with **IVAN NEVILLE** on June 1). **MORPHINE** (June 3) is a power trio with a twist: it has no guitar player—just a drummer, a saxman, and a two-string bassist/vocalist. The band's skeletal instrumentation might seem like a drawback, but Morphine takes full advantage of its sonic limitations, weaving monstrous riffs in and around singer Mark Sandman's eerily sinister baritone. With **SKELETON KEY,** a savage little combo whose raunchy material sounds like a cross between Nirvana and Tom Waits. . . . ¶ Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down (late) every Tuesday. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KAPTAIN BANANA, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's *also a singing gorilla. Dining.*

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—June 1-2: **MORPHINE.** (See Irving Plaza.)

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. June 6: **GENERAL PUBLIC,** featuring former members of the English Beat. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MATCH, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This hip SoHo *boîte* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND.** Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—Romance awaits! Meet your date at the World Trade Center and hold hands on the PATH as it burrows its way under the Hudson to Hoboken, the burg that gave the world baseball and Ol' Blue Eyes. **FREEDY JOHNSTON** (June 2-3) is a young singer-songwriter from Kansas who has already produced a remarkable batch of tough, literate, haunting songs. He brings a country-punk spirit to folk rock, and he has a shot at attracting the kind of intelligent audience that Mary-Chapin Carpenter has built for herself.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—June 1: **CHRIS BOTTI.** This trumpeter may be the Chuck Mangione of the nineties. He's just released an exquisitely glossy début called "First Wish," and except for one guest vocal by Edie Brickell, it's full of the sort of instrumental music that sounds perfect for Hollywood love scenes. June 3: Spoken-word chanteuse **MAGGIE ESTEP** and special guests. June 4: **MAGNETIC FIELDS.** This band's mastermind, Stephin Merritt, recently enlisted a Who's Who of alternative-rock vocalists for a side project called The 6ths, but he claims to have no affinity for the genre. Instead, he likens his sophisticated, spare synth-pop to seventies-era Elton John and Abba. He's become one of New York's most revered underground artists and a reluctant antihero whose work is as catchy as his dour bon mots are clever. With the **SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS.**

MONKEY BAR, 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600)—Beyond the monkey murals, there's a bright see-and-be-seen dining arena that's perfect for committing high-profile indiscretions in a strapless gown. But the place to be is the dark and crowded bar up front, by the grand piano, where the bar stools look like stuffed olives. You perch on the pimiento.

NELL'S, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing. Sundays belong to the **FLYING NEUTRINOS.**

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. June 1: **WHITE ZOMBIE,** the **REVEREND HORTON HEAT,** and the **MELVINS.** June 2: **JULIANA HATFIELD** and **JEFF BUCKLEY.** A former Blake Baby, Hatfield doesn't enjoy being a girl very much, but the kids seem to relish her postfeminist self-loathing and ennui. Perhaps it's her coy but deceptively supple voice that sucks them in, or her intuitive way with a guitar. On his début album, "Grace," enfant-terrible Buckley served up jarring, lyrical rock awash in vocal and instrumental drama. His intuitive dynamics are particularly striking, and his tenor is pure and fine, if occasionally histrionic. With **COLD WATER FLAT.** June 3: Rave with the **ORB.**

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. May 31-June 1: **ART PORTER.** Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Flipping the Script, a set of rap and poetry. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—June 1: **RADIOHEAD.** June 3: **SOUL COUGHING.** Last year, this excellent downtown combo released its début album, "Ruby Vroom," an impressive slab of tiny, insinuating melodies and skittering acid-jazz grooves overrun with obscure sound bites, phone conversations, Howlin' Wolf samples, and more puzzling allusions than the "Cantos" of Ezra Pound.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—June 1: **GOV'T MULE,** featuring members of the Allman Brothers Band.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, Fridays and Saturdays to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. June 4: The **ROBYN GRYPHE** trio. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through June 4: **ABBEY LINCOLN** and the **CHARLES LLOYD** quartet. Lincoln is a wry chanteuse. Lloyd, every hippie's favorite tenor saxophonist, hasn't managed to maintain the crossover audience that he cultivated during the sixties. He's guilty of some head-in-the-clouds posturing, but when he comes down to earth, he can be entrancing. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June, the great **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling, nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. A fixture at the Carlyle, he can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving

Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A delightful, de-lovely evening. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through June 4: **RONNI CUBER.** The recording studio's loss is jazz's gain, now that Cuber is back on stage. He's an estimable baritone sax player—a hardy bopper given to R. & B. and Latin adventures—and his range spans the whole massive horn. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Through June 3: **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and **MIKE HASHIM.**

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. June 2-3: The **PANAMA FRANCIS** quartet. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece swing band.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **PHYLICIA RASHAD** is the current diva-in-residence; you may know her best as Claire Huxtable. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through June 4: the **YOSUKE YAMASHITA** trio. This Japanese pianist just can't wait to open his Pandora's box of dervish rhythms, multi-register passages, and razor-edged grooves, all of which set him apart from the conservatives of the jazz world. He'll be supported by his American A-team: drummer Pheeroan Ak Laff and bassist Cecil McBee. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room, which resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment. Through June 4: **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, smells, and feels like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through June 4: **MAL WALDRON** and **STEVE LACY.** Pianist Waldron, a man who can turn three notes into a symphony, joins Lacy, who weighs in on the soprano sax. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

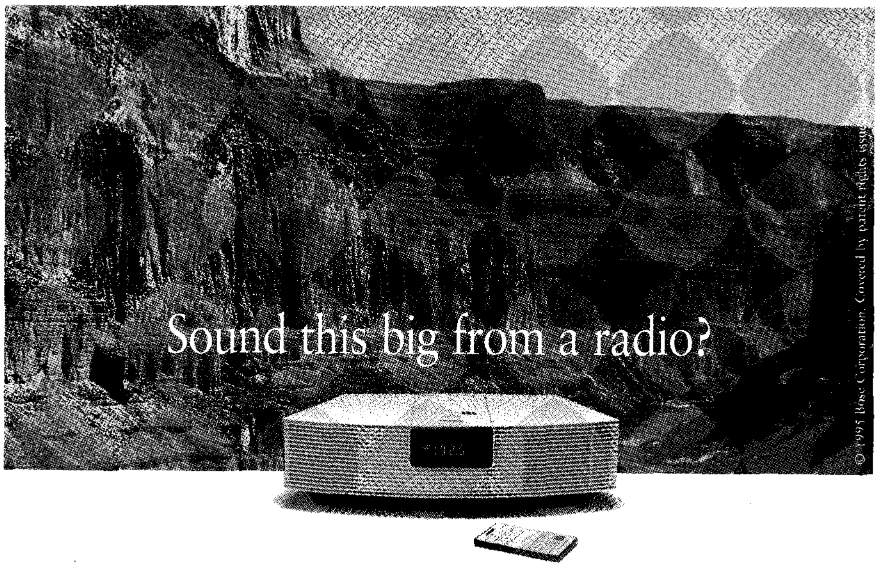
VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Through June 3: pianist **JIM MC NEELY.**

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." The booty from Austen Henry Layard's spectacular excavations at Nineveh and Nimrud in the eighteen-forties landed in the British Museum, and for the most part it remained there until this splendid loan exhibition. A series of superbly rendered low-relief stone carvings possess Homeric narrative power and irresistible charm; in one, which shows soldiers swimming across the Euphrates to escape Assyrian archers, the trees on the bank are as vivid as Matisse cutouts. The freshest, most beautiful piece is a small ivory panel inlaid with gold, lapis lazuli, and carnelian, which depicts a man being devoured by a lion. A room devoted to Layard himself contains some Mesopotamian jewelry that the archeologist gave his wife, and it's as illuminating about the Victorians as the great carvings are about the Assyrians. A small companion exhibit, "Assyrian Origins," displays early objects from the collection of the Vorderasiatisches Museum, in Berlin. . . . ¶ A major exhibition of work by Nadar (1820-1910). The great French photographer had a shrewdness about the relationship between publicity and fame which made him a forerunner of contemporary sensibilities—a sort of nineteenth-century Andy Warhol. The prominent Parisians who sat for him included Berlioz, Delacroix, and Dumas *père*. Like Warhol, Nadar formed a surrogate family out of his fellow bohemians. In addition to capturing underground characters, he shot underground Paris itself: the catacombs, with their skeletons, their sewers, their haunting chiaroscuro expanses. And he was obsessed with hot-air balloons and flying machines, photographing them, investing in them, and crashing in them. (His pictures of model helicopters suggest Duchamp's conceptual objects and Calder's mobiles.) Particularly fascinating are the images, including physiological experiments and Pierrots, that Nadar's younger brother had a hand in. The curators fall into a not quite convincing favoritism when they compare the older brother's talent with that of his less respected, less versatile, less productive, and far less famous sibling. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Seven Deadly Sins," a suite of paintings by Paul Cadmus, is at the center of a small show of his works (another of which is "The Eighth Sin: Jealousy"). . . . ¶ "An Egyptian Bestiary," a large non-petting zoo of falcons, baboons, hippos, and ibis, in stone, ivory, gold, bronze, and wood. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open, when weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection," thirty-six paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Kandinsky, Picasso, Monet, Seurat, Braque, Degas, and Moore. . . . ¶ "Helen Chadwick: Bad Blooms." Large, round photographs of flowers suspended in different substances (dandelions in hair gel, narcissi in bath bubbles, bluebells in oil and milk). Through July 11. . . . ¶ "American Sculptors in the 1960s: Selected Drawings from the Collection." A superb group of works on paper, with an emphasis on American minimalism and post-minimalism. Many are working drawings, and the curators have also included some of the finished sculptures—by Sol LeWitt, Robert Smithson, and Carl Andre; Smithson's mirrored corner piece is especially beautiful. Through June 13. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)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Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large survey of paintings by the German Neo-Expressionist Georg Baselitz. . . . ¶ "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light," a show of paintings on glass and glass constructions, oil paintings, and rarely exhibited photographs. (A show of works from Albers' "Homage to the Square" series is at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., through June 2.) (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—An exhibition of Gary Hill's video installations. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1995 Whitney Biennial. For decades, the Biennial was curated by committee, and detractors complained that so many backs were being scratched that there was no room for any fresh work. That changed in 1993; this year Klaus Kertess, the museum's adjunct curator of drawings, did the choosing, and there are fewer scratched backs. Some of the best work comes from outside New York. Nancy Rubins, a Los Angeles sculptor, has created a thrilling installation by jamming hundreds of mattresses together and hanging them from the ceiling, then stuffing cakes into the crevices. Cake is a theme: Austin Pop artist Peter Saul has contributed an outrageously funny cartoon painting showing God as a pink-frosted slice flanked by Elvis as Jesus and a black floozy as the Virgin. Kertess has even included Mexican and Canadian artists—the magical canvases by the Monterrey painter Julio Galán are some of the strongest in the show. A lot of important New Yorkers are unhappy with the lineup, so Kertess must have done something right. The third floor closes June 4; the fourth floor, June 11; the second floor and lobby gallery, June 25. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; and Fridays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6 and live music and performances in the lower gallery.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Guess who's back? Some one hundred saurischian and ornithischian dinosaurs. That means a cleaned and repositioned *Tyrannosaurus rex*, an apatosaurus with a new skull and neck bones, and many other specimens, eighty-five per cent of which are real fossils (as opposed to casts). . . . ¶ "Spiders!" Are you ready for this arachnorama? Twelve live tarantulas are at the center of the web. You can also get caught up in anatomical diagrams, habitat dioramas (who knew?), exoskeleton models, and courtship videos (yecch). Through June 4. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb," a series of sixty gridded paintings with Native American, Freudian, Joycean, and other imagery, in free-associative compositions. . . . ¶ The museum has impressively reinstalled its African holdings. The art works and artifacts span a millennium and encompass scores of cultures. Much is beautiful, and much is familiar, but it's the weirder stuff that really catches the eye—for example, a gilt "linguist staff" from Ghana. . . . ¶ "A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

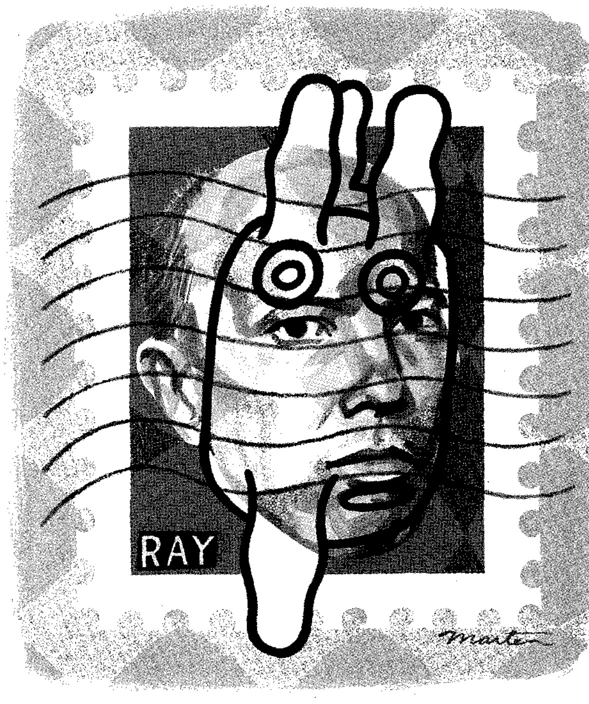
Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Monkeys acting like humans, monkeys in their natural state, and monkeys as divine figures: these images grace sculptures, prints, and objects from India, Southeast Asia, Tibet, China, and Japan in a show called. . . "Monkey.". . . ¶ "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics from the Meiyintang Collection." Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Fifty pieces, by both women and men, that use unconventional techniques (sewing, knitting) and have nontraditional subject matter (domesticity, housework). The artists include Judy Chicago, Miriam Schapiro, Charles LeDray, Yayoi Kusama, and Kiki Smith. Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Manchu invasions and imperial infighting in the mid-seventeenth century forced potters in the major cities of southern China to search out new patrons. Luckily, the scholar-gentry and merchant classes of the region were wealthy and eager enough to step in. "Chinese Porcelains of the Seventeenth Century: Landscapes, Scholars' Motifs, and Narratives" illustrates the resulting shift in style and design, with sixty vases, brush pots, jars, and bowls. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Gems of the Floating World," seventy flawless examples of ukiyo-e, the highly stylized wood-block prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Through June 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—Three exhibitions mark the reopening, after a two-and-a-half-year renovation, of the hundred-and-ninety-year-old institution. In "Treasury of the Past," an object or a set of objects representing each year from 1750 to 1950 is on view. . . . ¶ "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue" offers a promenade, via prints, photographs, maps, and other objects, past the mansions, stores, hotels, parks, and churches that thrived from the 1840s to the 1920s. . . . ¶ As part of the Public Art Fund's "Lost: New York Projects," the installation artist Christian Boltanski has created "Inventory," a display of the belongings of an anonymous contemporary New Yorker. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)



A Ray Johnson memorial exhibition, at Feigen.

RUTH MARTEN

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"What Price Freedom" features twenty objects, from a Jefferson draft of the Declaration of Independence to a student handbill distributed in Tiananmen Square. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) . . . ¶ Part one of "The Collecting Adventure, 1895-1995" examines the way the library has documented and preserved avant-garde and pop culture. (Salomon Room.) . . . ¶ The librarians have chosen a hundred and fifty books, ranging from rare editions to dog-eared paperbacks, as the "Books of the Century." (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Richard Baker—Small, finely executed canvases with intellectual heft and a compelling carnal presence. Baker flirts with Surrealism—for example, in "Feature Cutups," a realistic painting of magazine cutouts on which different parts of faces are depicted—but he keeps his allegiance nicely ambiguous. Through June 9. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

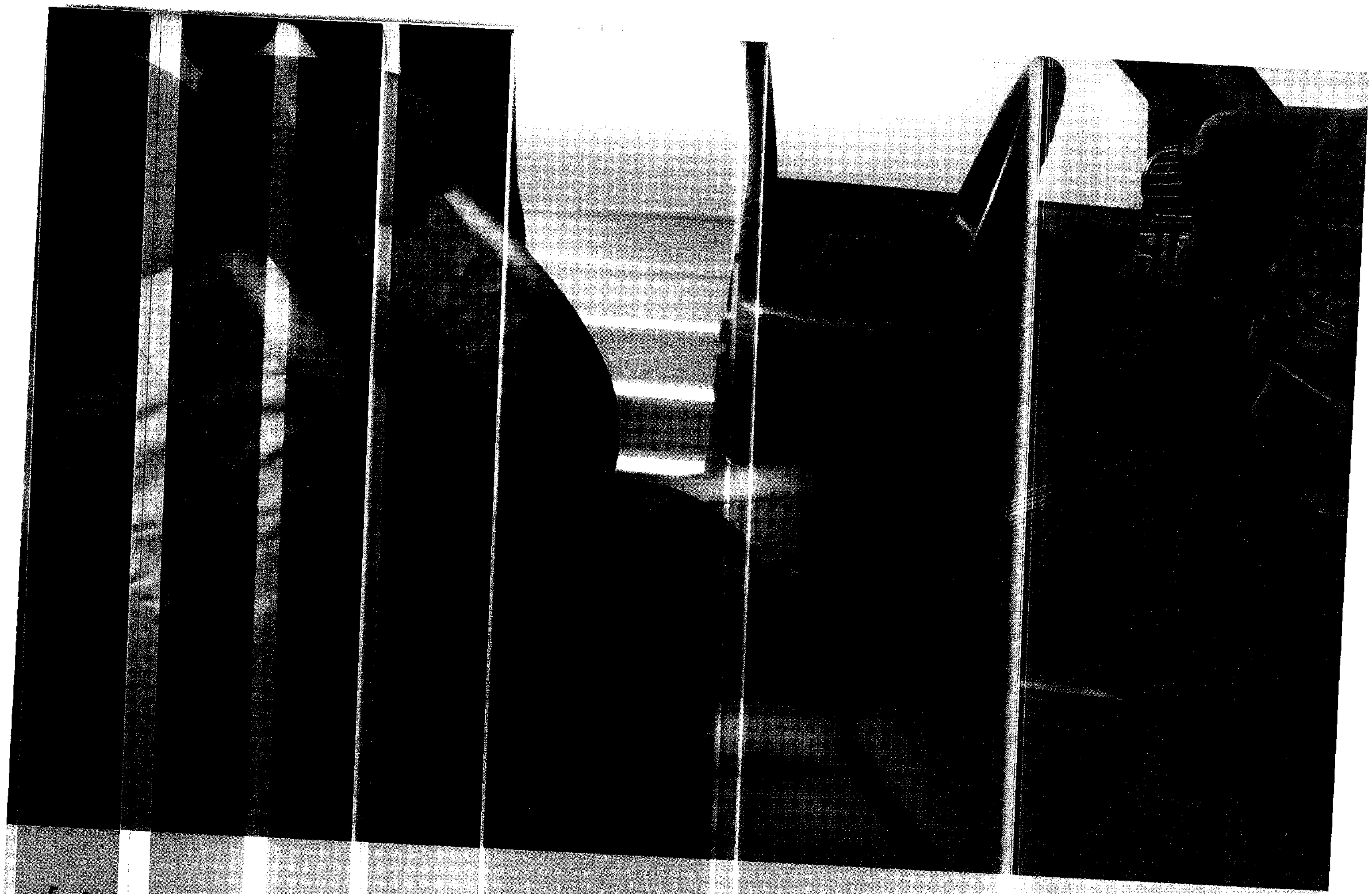
Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Bland boogie-woogie from a pioneer American abstractionist. These geometric paintings, drawings, and sculptures have irreproachable formal virtues, but viewed from the century's end they look like art-school homework. Through June 3. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Glackens (1870-1938) and **Alfred H. Maurer** (1868-1932)—If Glackens, who painted pretty pictures of girls and flowers, was the American Renoir, Maurer, best known for his neatly composed, boldly colored still-lifes, was our Matisse. They weren't the most brilliant or original painters the country produced, but they knew what they were doing. This exhibit unites nineteen flower paintings by the two artists, who were friends for more than thirty years. Through June 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A mini-retrospective of the artist's great fifties abstractions. The show crescendos from cool, understated near-monochromes to massive, shifting forms in boldly contrasting colors. Through June 3. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Keith Haring (1958-90) / **Josef Albers** (1888-1976)—Drawings executed in the last year of the artist's life, when he was dying of AIDS, interesting mainly for their poignance. A series of cartoons in bold red and black gouache have the intensity of African body painting; a suite of small, calligraphic ink works on Japanese drawing board presents nightmarish arabesques of dismembered body parts with an odd grace. Through June 9. / Albers was nothing if not patient: he cranked out hundreds of variations on his "Homage to the Square," working in a narrow color range but with every combination of the hues mathematically possible. Here's another load of them, including some early sketches that aren't as neatly painted as the finished canvases. Through June 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alfredo Jaar—A conceptual meditation on the massacre in Rwanda. The Chilean artist took hundreds of photographs on a twelve-day visit to the unhappy African nation last year; they are "exhibited" here in black archival boxes, each box embossed with a terse description of the photograph inside. A notice posted in the gallery instructs visitors not to open them. Some of the boxes are piled up in minimalist pillars; others are arranged on the gallery floor in the style



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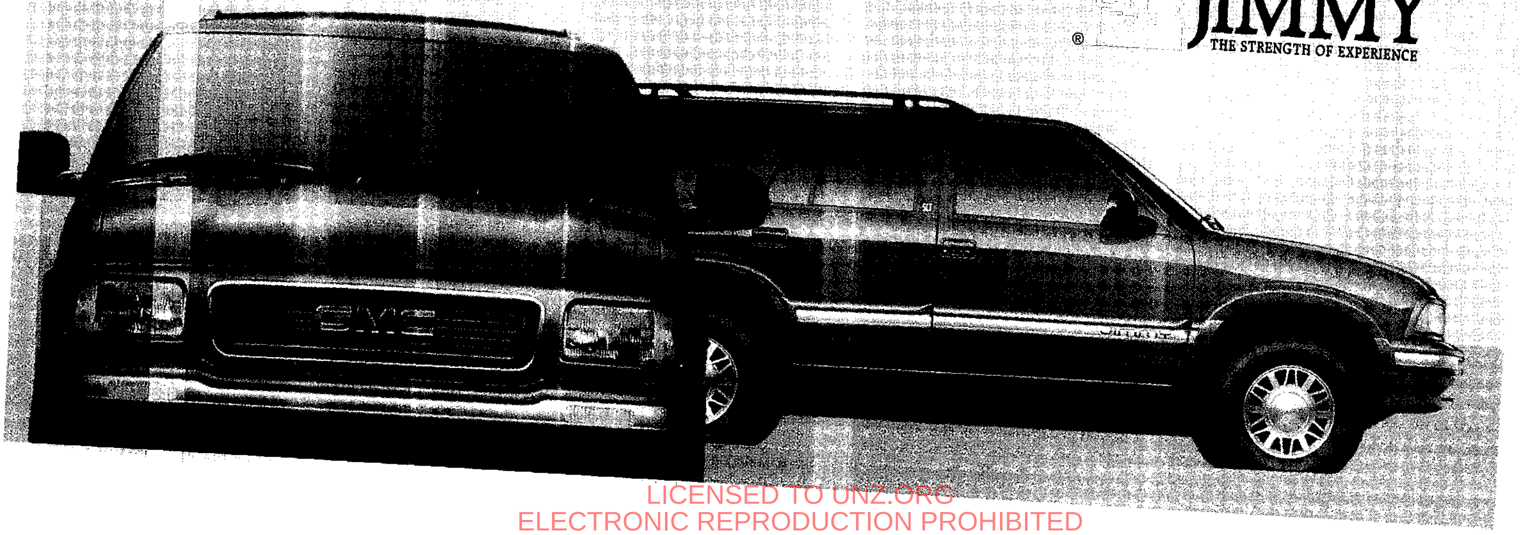


of Donald Judd. Not deep. Through June 17. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ray Johnson (1927-95)—A memorial exhibition for the artist, who committed suicide in January, that includes many of his collages (including early, proto-Pop examples), documentations of conceptual performances (which he called "nothings"), and pieces of "mail art"—thousands of business envelopes containing collages and photocopies related in cryptic ways to their recipients and meant to be added to and sent on to someone else or returned to the artist. Through June 16. (Feigen, 49 E. 68th St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—The Fuller Building (41 E. 57th St.) is the site of two shows from Pop's founding father that together form an impromptu overview of his career. At Robert Miller: nudes, early and late. Nowhere near Warhol's best work, they are basically gilded trash, though the sensational pornographic drawings of male genitals have been tossed off with a Matisse-like panache. Through June 16. . . . ¶ At O'Hara: a more interesting exhibit—of works from every period of the artist's career—includes some classic early pieces: a very mod 1966 collage portrait of Barbara Feldon in polka dots; a 1961 painting of Schlitz beer cans; and one of Warhol's first multiples, a rarely seen 1963 suite called "$1.57 Giant Size." Through June 3.

Short List—**LUIS CRUZ AZACETA,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 2. . . . **LEONARD BASKIN,** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 30. . . . **RICHARD ESTES,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 10. . . . **EPHRAIM RUBENSTEIN,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 17. . . . **KURT SCHWITTERS,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through June 30. . . . **JOAQUIN TORRES-GARCIA,** CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. Through June 24. . . . **JOHN WALKER,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through June 30. . . . **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through June 10.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Nancy Balliett—Island landscapes in pastels on paper. Through June 10. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Ouattara—Huge, resonant paintings that mix pan-African shapes and symbols (ankhs, shields, drums) with found objects (a burlap coffee bag, record-album covers) and scrawled mathematical signs. Trained as a shaman in his native Ivory Coast, Ouattara has lived on lower Broadway for seven years now, and he has become an anomalous hybrid: a traditional African artist (he ascribes the mystic powers of fetishes to his paintings) who is also a thoroughly Manhattanized painter. Through June 10. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953) / **Luc Tuymans**—Picabia's late works are seldom exhibited, but they are frequently invoked in discussions of contemporary parody and pastiche. An undeniable influence on many contemporary painters, from David Salle to John Currin, these self-consciously bad pictures—buxom babes rendered in a flat, sign-painterish style, or lumpy, ridiculously ugly abstractions—are nowadays more revered and more fiercely debated than the early, great works you can see at MOMA. David Zwirner has done us a service in pairing seven of these eccentric canvases with recent paintings by Tuymans, a Belgian artist whose ghostly, awkward, resolutely antiheroic images provide a nice foil to the Dadaist's late work. Through June 17. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

Alexis Rockman—Works on paper, most of them comparatively straightforward depictions of flora and fauna. (Some of the pencil drawings of insects and arachnids would be at home in an entomology textbook.) Except for an occasional foray into interspecies miscegenation, there is little evidence of the artist's previous fascination with weirdness and mutation in the natural world. Rockman's line is precise, his colors lapidary; still, this show represents no advance in his art. Through June 10. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

George Stoll—A deliciously sensuous installation of colored beeswax-and-paraffin sculptures, based on Tupperware forms. Through June 4. (Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

"Drawings from the Albertina"—The Graphische Sammlung Albertina, in Vienna—one of the great drawing cabinets of Europe—has lent some of its choicest sheets for this travelling show of Dutch Baroque landscape drawings. Rembrandt's "Cottages Under a Stormy Sky" is graphic perfection; it transports the viewer to a place that seems as tangible as the street outside the gallery. Cuyp is represented by a lovely study for his painting of Ubbergen Castle (in London's National Gallery). But some of the minor artists are equally fine draftsmen. A drawing of carts trundling down a forest lane, by Cornelis Hendricksz Vroom (who has the best name), is pure charm. Through June 3. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

Short List—**HERBERT BAYER,** Kent, 67 Prince St. Through June 3. . . . **WILLIAM GIERSBACH,** 55 Mercer Street Gallery. Through June 3. . . . **MARY HAMBLETON,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway. Through June 24. . . . **BARRY LE VA,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through July 28. . . . **MALCOLM MORLEY,** Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through June 24. . . . **KENNY SCHARF,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through June 3. . . . **AL TAYLOR,** Nolan-Eckman, 560 Broadway. Through June 17. . . . **LINCOLN TOBIER,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through June 25. . . . **CHRISTOPHER WOOL,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. Through June 3. . . . **YUKINORI YANAGI,** Blum, 99 Wooster St. Through July 31. . . . **HEIMO ZOBERING,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. Through July 1.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Orkin (1921-85)—Candid photographs of celebrities and other subjects, including Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Albert Einstein (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). Through July 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Joel-Peter Witkin—Horror has never been more seductive than it is in these sharp images of hideously mutilated corpses (real ones, from a morgue in Mexico City) that have been propped up in carefully art-directed pseudo-Victorian sets. It's hardly surprising that so many people loathe Witkin's photographs—living creatures hate death. The work, however, has an essential property of great art: it astonishes. Through June 24. (Pace-McGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Animal Attractions"—Many members of the kingdom, from Peruvian lambs to one of Siegfried and Roy's white tigers, by James VanDer Zee, Helen Levitt, Emmet Gowin, Mary Ellen Mark, and others. Benefits the Humane Society of New York. Through June 17. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

New York School—Vintage urban landscapes, street scenes, and portraits by Louis Faurer, Lisette Model, Leon Levinstein, and Weegee. Through June 30. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Short List—**ZEKE BERMAN,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **BRUCE CRATSLEY,** A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. Open daily, 10 to midnight; through June 30. . . . **MIKE DISFARMER,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through June 10. . . . **LINDA MC CARTNEY,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through June 30. . . . **ARNO RAFAEL MINKKINEN,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through July 14. . . . **DAVID NOBLE,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 28. . . . **JO ANN VERBURG,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 24. . . . **JEFF WALL,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 10. . . . **BRETT WESTON,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through July 29.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

"Masque of Angels"—A semi-staged musical-theatre piece by Dominick Argento, employing solo singers, dancers, two choruses, and an orchestra. Owen Burdick conducts the assembled forces, which include the Choir and Orchestra of Trinity Church. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. 602-0747. June 4 at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—The Philharmonic makes an unusual appearance as a pit band (though without actually leaving the stage) to play excerpts from the score that Prokofiev wrote for "Ivan the Terrible." Sergei Eisenstein's film (1944-46) grew into a two-part behemoth, the second half of which Soviet censors suppressed until 1958. The Philharmonic will screen selected highlights rather than the entire epic, but as consolation the audience will see the film in a newly restored print. Yuri Temirkanov conducts the performances, which feature contralto Larissa Diadkova and bass Mikhail Kit (both from the Kirov Opera), and the Pro Arte Chorale. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. June 1 and June 3 at 8, and June 2 at 2. Lectures begin an hour before the June 1 and June 2 performances.) . . . ¶ On June 3, from 2-5, the Philharmonic will sponsor a symposium on Prokofiev and his film scores. The event includes screenings, lectures, roundtables, and a reminiscence by Oleg Prokofiev, the composer's son. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. No tickets necessary. For details about the symposium schedule, call 875-5700.)

Collegiate Chorale—Performing Dvořák's D-Major Mass and Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore" (K. 339); with soprano Joyce Guyer, mezzo-soprano Eugenie Grunewald, tenor Steven Tharp, bass Steven Condy, and organist Kenneth Bowen. Robert Bass directs. (St. George's Episcopal Church, 207 E. 16th St. June 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 664-1390.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Violinist Dylana Jenson is featured in concertos by Bach (in E Major) and Mozart (his Fifth); Sharon Kam is the soloist in Mozart's Clarinet Concerto. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. June 4 at noon.)

Central City Chorus—Charles Pilling directs Purcell's "Hail! Bright Cecilia" (the Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 1692) and Hindemith's "Six Chansons" and "Frau Musica." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-0808. June 5 at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Workshop—Carnegie Hall's workshop for young professional chamber musicians includes public coaching sessions overseen by eminent performers such as violinists Isaac Stern and Felix Galimir and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (May 31-June 1, from 10 to 5. For specific schedule and ticket information, call 247-7800.)

Music for Lunch—Free midday offerings. May 31 and June 2 at 12:30: Singers from the Juilliard School. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.) . . . ¶ June 5 at 12:30: Cello (a cello quartet). (Bryant Park.) . . . ¶ June 1 at 12:30: Gryphon & Co., a folk and early-music ensemble. (St. Mark's Park, Second Ave. at 10th St.) . . . ¶ June 5 at 12:30: The Alhambra Spanish and Sephardic Music Ensemble. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

Fiddlefest II—A benefit concert to support violin instruction in East Harlem's public schools. The participants come from a variety of musical persuasions: classical performers Itzhak Perlman, Dmitri Berlinski, Hillary Hahn, and Isabella Lippi; jazz players Diane Monroe and the Uptown String Quartet; Scottish traditional fiddler Alasdair Fraser; and students from the East Harlem

Violin Program. Also on the roster is a luminary who plays with no strings attached: trumpeter Wynton Marsalis. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 31 at 7:30.)

Irving Berlin's Piano—Consummate songwriter that he was, Irving Berlin was not a fluent performer; he could play the piano with assurance in only one key—F-Sharp Major, which kept his fingers poised principally over the black keys. He had special pianos constructed with pedals that could transpose into other keys while he continued to play in what at least felt like F-Sharp. Rob Fisher will demonstrate the mechanics of Berlin's pianos in a program with soprano Judy Blazer in conjunction with the Morgan Library's current exhibition of musical memorabilia from the James Fuld Collection. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008. June 1 at 6:15.)

Bargemusic—Cellist Fred Sherry plays Carter's "Fragment" and Saegusa's "Cello '88" (both for unaccompanied cello); violinist Carmit Zori and pianist Phillip Bush join him for Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio; and violist Rainer Moog completes the ensemble for Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 1 at 7:30 and June 4 at 4.) . . . **NOTE:** On June 2 at 6:30, Bargemusic launches a new series. During its informal "study readings" of major string quartets, audience members can eavesdrop as the musicians grapple with the scores. In the first installment, late quartets by Beethoven—his Op. 130 (with the Op. 133 "Grosse Fuge" attached) and his Op. 131—will be on the music stands.

Salon Soirées—Clarinettist Sharon Kam, violist Ori Kam, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform trios by Mozart, Bruch, and Mr. Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 4 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sue Lund and Christine Diwyk—The flutist and the pianist perform works by Franck and Howard Hanson, and Ms. Diwyk offers a Schumann piece. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. June 4 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

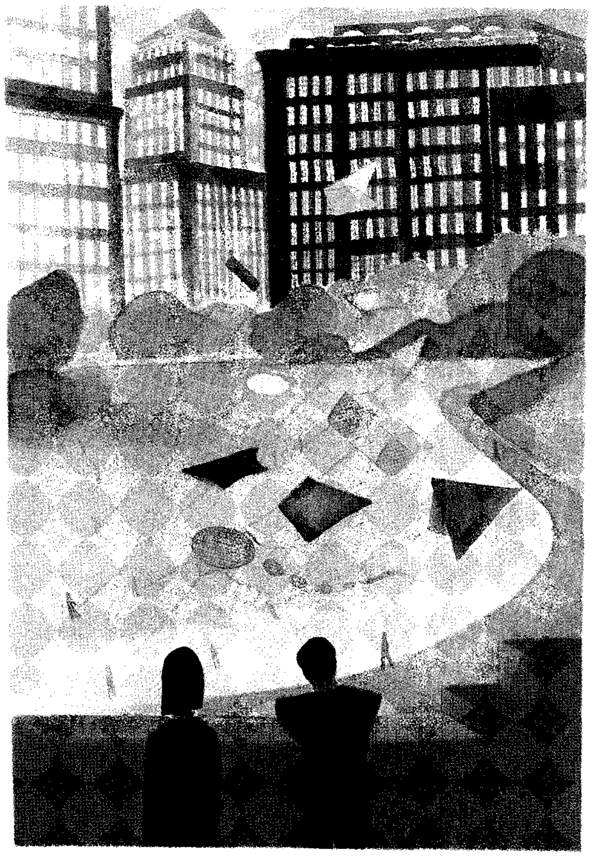
New York Festival of Song—Mezzo-soprano Bernarda Fink, baritone Christopher Trakas, and pianist Steven Blier perform songs by Brazilian and Argentine composers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Villa-Lobos, Ginastera, Ernesto Nazareth, and Carlos Guastavino. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. June 5 at 8.)

Trio Bell'Arte—Johann Sebastian Bach produced four musical sons among his numerous offspring; Wilhelm Friedemann, the eldest son, led the other three in carrying the family's artistry into late Baroque music. He had the advantage of his father's tutelage, as well as violin lessons from Johann Gottlieb Graun, and by 1733 he had started his professional life, as the organist of one of Dresden's principal churches. His career took him to Halle and eventually to Berlin, but his early promise dwindled as he fell prey, apparently, to a combination of alcoholism and schizophrenia. Wilhelm Friedemann's works are both inspired and bizarre; of the four Bach sons, he turned out to be the quirkiest, in his music and in his life. Members of the Trio Bell'Arte—a flute, oboe, and harpsichord ensemble—will perform a selection of his solo-harpsichord music, a flute sonata, and several of his idiosyncratic trio sonatas. (Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. 925-8500. June 5 at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Otto Luening, a pioneer in electronic music and a prolific composer whose œuvre has touched down in all of the principal classical genres, celebrates his ninety-fifth birthday on June 15. The contemporary-music ensemble salutes him with a concert that includes three of his recent works: his Divertimento (for clarinet, violin, and piano, completed in 1994), his "Fantasia Etudes" (with pianist Max Lifchitz), and his brand-new "Canonic Variations" (featuring flutist Lisa Hansen). Also on the program: vocal and instrumental music by Jack Beeson, Raoul Pleskow, Robert Starer, Richard Toensing, and Mr. Lifchitz—all of whom have been students or close associates of Mr. Luening. (Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 6 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

PHOENIX: Playing chamber music by Beethoven, Barber, and Brahms. (Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. May 31 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **CHINESE OPERA FESTIVAL:** Works from the Cantonese, Shaoxing, and Beijing traditions. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. June 3 at 7.) . . . **GOTHAM CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** Dorothy Savitch conducts Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's "Prologue and Variations," Copland's "Appalachian Spring," and a flute concerto by C. P. E. Bach (with Helen Campo). (St. Francis Xavier Parish, 225 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. June 4 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.) . . . **"COSÌ FAN TUTTE":** Mozart's opera, semi-staged. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. June 6 at 2. 362-8719.) . . . **ADOLFO DEL MONTE:** Tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 6 at 8.)



GEOFFREY PARKER

OUT OF TOWN

Cape May Music Festival—May 31 at 8:30, June 3 at 8, and June 4 at 8:30: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Music Festival Orchestra. June 6 at 8:30: An evening with the New York Chamber Ensemble. (The May 31, June 4, and June 6 performances will be held at the Congress Hall Hotel, Cape May, New Jersey; the June 3 performance takes place on the Music Pier, Ocean City. For ticket information, call 1-609 884-5404. The festival continues through June 25.)

Long Island Mozart Festival—Concluding concerts of the festival's tenth season, featuring the Sea Cliff Chamber Players, take place on June 3 at 2 and 7 and June 4 at 2, 5, and 6:30. (Planting Fields Arboretum, Oyster Bay, Long Island. For information about tickets, call 1-516 671-6263.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Stories of Home—Artist Jane Dickson leads children eight to fourteen years old on a tour through the contemporary- and Asian-art galleries at the Brooklyn Museum. Dickson says the vertical composition and flattened figures of her neighborhood scene "Cops and Headlights V" were inspired by certain Chinese and Japanese hanging scrolls; that painting and scrolls of the type that inspired it are on the tour. Afterward, in a workshop, the kids can illustrate their own stories, using rice paper and ink. (Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn. 1-718 638-5000, ext. 230. June 4 at 2.)

Feast Days—St. Anthony, who is eight centuries old this year, will be celebrated on West Houston and Sullivan Streets, with feasting (zeppole, kabob, sausage, etc.) and midway games (sharpshooting, milk-bottle toppling, magnetic darts). (June 2-13, from noon to 11, and till midnight on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.)

One Frisbee Clapping—The Buddhist review *Tricycle* holds a picnic and public meditation in Central Park. Philip Glass hosts the musical portion, offering new compostions set to Kerouac's earlier, Zennier stuff, and Tibetan Buddhist monk Michael Roach debates the existence of the self with Ngawang Thupten and Jampa Lungrik of the Sera Mey monastery, near Mysore, India (participation from passersby encouraged). Bring lunch, blankets, non sequiturs. (Mineral Springs, south of W. 72nd St. June 3, from 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.)

May I Have This Trance?—Hassan Hakmoun, who plays the sintir, a goatskin lute, joins his mother, Fatima, in a *derdeba*—a Moroccan Gnawi trance ceremony. The ritual involves drumming, ecstatic acrobatics, and songs of history and of Sufi prayer. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 4 at 7.)

Readings—June 5 at 7:30: Poets Walid Bitar, Sophie Cabot Black, and Sapphire read from their work. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ June 5 at 8: Harvard English professor Marjorie Garber reads from her book "Vice-Versa: Bisexuality and the Eroticism of Everyday Life." (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 6 at 6:30: Eamon Grennan, Philip Levine, and Sharon Olds open the summer's Sunset Poetry Reading Series at the Pavilion in Hudson River Park. (Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: *Times* science writer Natalie Angier reads from her collection "The Beauty of the Beastly." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—June 1 at 6:30: Bob Columbe and Peter Crescenti, founders of the Royal Association for the Longevity and Preservation of "The Honeymooners" (R.A.L.P.H.), and Joyce Randolph, who played Trixie, show video clips and reminisce over Jackie Gleason memorabilia (including Ralph Kramden's bus uniform). (Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the talk.) . . . ¶ June 5 at 7:30: Author David Halberstam and U.N. Commissioner Sadako Ogata discuss the future of United States-Japanese relations. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. For more information, call 715-1222.)

Tour—June 3 at 1: Peter Salwen explores the underside of the Upper West Side, in an archeological expedition to the current excavations on Columbus Avenue. For more information, call 873-3400.

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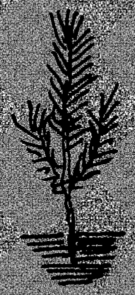

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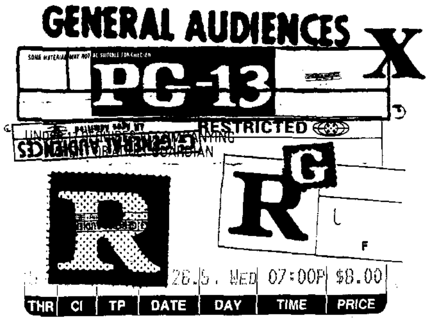

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Bridges of Madison County—The screen version of Robert James Waller's 1992 best-seller, about a travelling photographer (Clint Eastwood) and a lonely housewife (Meryl Streep) who meet in Iowa in 1965. Eastwood also directed; Richard LaGravenese wrote the screenplay. Opening June 2. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Fluke—A tale of a mutt who was once Matthew Modine. With Nancy Travis as his former wife and Eric Stoltz as her new lover. Directed by Carlo Carlei, who co-wrote the script with James Carrington, from James Herbert's 1978 novel. Opening June 2. (19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Glass Shield—A young African-American sheriff's deputy (Michael Boatman) discovers corruption in his Los Angeles station house, in a drama written and directed by Charles Burnett. With Ice Cube and Lori Petty. Opening June 2. (First & 62nd Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)

Love and Human Remains—Denys Arcand's 1993 comedy about two roommates (Thomas Gibson and Ruth Marshall), who were once lovers, and their circle of friends. Written by Brad Fraser, from his 1991 drama "Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love." Opening June 2. (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Mystery of Rampo—In this fictional drama set in the nineteen-thirties, the real-life Japanese author Edogawa Rampo (1894-1965), played by Naoto Takenaka, investigates a murder and falls in love with the victim's widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama, who co-wrote the screenplay with Yuhei Enoki. In Japanese. Opening June 2. (Village East Cinemas.)

Pushing Hands—In 1992, before he made "The Wedding Banquet" and "Eat Drink Man Woman," Ang Lee wrote and directed this drama about a seventy-year-old widowed Tai Chi master who leaves Beijing to live with his son's family in suburban New York. Opening June 2. (Cinema Village and Angelika 57.)

Rift—A psychological thriller about a triangle made up of a New York songwriter (William Sage), his best friend (Timothy Cavanaugh), and the friend's wife (Jennifer Bransford). Written and directed by Edward S. Barkin. Opening June 2. (Quad Cinema.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 28.)

The Basketball Diaries—Leonardo DiCaprio plays a high-school-age Jim Carroll, a New York kid who scoffs at his teachers, reduces his mother (Lorraine Bracco) to tears, and hangs out with a bunch of friends, looking for trouble. Early on, the picture offers some fine, flowing scenes of the gang loping and shoving across the basketball court. But then Jim discovers heroin, and the latter half becomes a gruelling catalogue of cold nights, blue lips, and scummy needles. DiCaprio gives it everything he's got, but the picture doesn't ask him for much. Directed by Scott Kalvert, scripted by Bryan Goluboff, and based on Carroll's own chronicle of his wasted youth, it's all too pleased with itself for getting down into the gutter.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas.)

Braveheart—Mel Gibson directs and stars in an action film about the Highlander patriot William Wallace. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Lincoln Square.)

Burnt by the Sun—Set in 1936, in the high summer of Stalinist rule, Nikita Mikhalkov's movie centers on a Soviet Army colonel (played by Mikhalkov) and the family group that circulates around him in an idyllic dacha. The idyll cracks when the state, in the person of a family friend (Oleg Menchikov), comes to wreak havoc. The director's eight-year-old daughter, Nadia, offers a sharp-eyed, wholly uncute performance, gazing at the unfolding events with the air of one who will never be able to banish them from her memory. The movie may sound dispiriting, but it has an amazing ability to cheer you up. In Russian.—A.L. (5/8/95) (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Casper—The friendly ghost transmigrates from the comic book to the screen, in a comedy starring Christina Ricci, Bill Pullman, Cathy Moriarty, and Eric Idle. Directed by Brad Silberling. Written by Sherri Stoner and Deanna Oliver. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Crimson Tide—A doomsday thriller that reunites the infamous "Top Gun" team: producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer and director Tony Scott. It's a movie for people who really miss the Cold War. Russkies are on the rampage again, and the fate of the world hangs by its customary thread. Aboard the nuclear sub U.S.S. Alabama, the captain (Gene Hackman) and the executive officer (Denzel Washington) bicker and take turns relieving each other of command. The action is loud and flashy, but there isn't really much suspense. The movie operates in such well-charted waters that it feels less like a dangerous naval mission than like a luxury cruise: the accommodations are cozy and the activities carefully planned.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 1.)

Crumb—Terry Zwigoff's brilliant, scary documentary about the underground-comics artist R. Crumb. While the film is reviewing Crumb's career, from its psychedelic-era heyday to the present, and following him as he goes about his everyday activities, it's also telling a harrowing story about his damaged family. The movie is often funny, but what makes it extraordinary is that it explores, without presuming to explain, the sources of a unique and savage comic sensibility. And it shows us that Crumb's gift—the detachment that allows him to create such hilariously contemptuous images of the world around him (and inside him)—is also a kind of curse, or, at least, a nasty habit.—T.R. (5/1/95) (Film Forum 3.)

Die Hard with a Vengeance—The third adventure with New York cop John McClane (Bruce Willis), the sweaty, blue-collar American counterpart of James Bond; once again, McClane gets his undershirt dirty foiling the schemes of a world-class megalomaniac (here, Jeremy Irons). John McTiernan—who directed the original "Die Hard" (1988) but sat out the first sequel—has returned, and his professionalism gives the series a lift.

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But if this picture is any indication, the ultimate fate of all action-movie series may be to become perfectly indistinguishable from one another: the most elaborate set pieces seem to belong in an Indiana Jones movie; Willis now has a black co-star, Samuel L. Jackson, and their interracial buddy routines are straight out of a "Lethal Weapon" film. McTiernan supplies one climax after another, but when the whole intense, meaningless experience is over, you may have trouble putting a name or a face to the movie that just had its way with you. Also with Graham Greene and Sam Phillips.—T.R. (5/29/95) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

THE ENGLISHMAN WHO WENT UP A HILL BUT CAME DOWN A MOUNTAIN—Hugh Grant again unleashes his bashful-boy smile and cloaks himself in an aura of modest, befuddled sincerity. But the illusion of ease has vanished, and his charm has gone with it. For a while, this slight anecdote about a Welsh village during the First World War seems an amiable anachronism—a throwback to the eccentric-community formula of Ealing comedy. But the writer and director, Christopher Monger, tries to pile more meaning onto his story than its fragile structure can support, and he buries the small good thing he started out with.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Orpheum VII, and Lincoln Square.)

ERMO—A Chinese peasant (Alia) takes a second job, has an affair with her neighbor, and sells her blood, all in her quest to buy the biggest TV in the village. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

FORGET PARIS—A Billy Crystal movie with a vengeance: he produced, directed, and stars, as Mickey, a basketball referee who flies to Paris (or a tourist parody of Paris) and loses his heart to Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline worker. They get married, and the problems start—for them, and for the movie. Crystal and Winger make one of the great no-sparks couples in recent cinema: he cracks jokes, she looks baffled and strained. He also co-wrote, with the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, whose scripts since "Splash" (1984) have been getting less nutty and more therapeutic; this one turns into a marriage-counselling session.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

FRENCH KISS—Meg Ryan travels to Paris to win back Timothy Hutton, who has gone off with a Frenchwoman. On the plane, she meets Kevin Kline, a French small-time crook and full-time slob. They win each other's hearts, but, boy, does it take a long time: two hours later they're just working up the courage to hold hands. (The title promises a steaminess that never arrives.) This is cinema as soufflé: light and fluffy if you do it quickly, leathery and sunken if you don't. The director, Lawrence Kasdan, doesn't. (How did the hazy shots of vineyards or the discussion of visa applications make it through the final cut?) The best reason to stick around is Kline's broad, shrugging pastiche of a Frenchman—the dumbest role in the picture, and the only performance that comes alive.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Embassy.)

HOTEL SORRENTO—Australian director Richard Franklin's drama about a reunion of three sisters—a widowed mother (Carlone Gillmer), a New York executive (Tara Morice), and a London-based novelist (Caroline Goodall)—at their family home in a seaside resort south of Melbourne. With Joan Plowright, Ben Thomas, and John Hargreaves. Adapted by the director and Peter Fitzpatrick, from Hannie Rayson's 1990 play. (Eastside Playhouse and Quad Cinema.)

JEFFERSON IN PARIS—The subject of Thomas Jefferson's five years as ambassador to France is so rich and engaging that it should be impossible to make a dull film about it; nevertheless, the producing and directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory have pulled it off. The period detail is numbing, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script sounds like a stash of letters being read aloud. Nothing sparks between Nick Nolte, as Jefferson, and Greta Scacchi, as the married woman with whom he is in love, and the high point of his ardor for the black maid with whom he is alleged to have had an affair (Thandie Newton) is the furtive unbuckling of a shoe. When Gwyneth Paltrow, who plays Jefferson's impatient daughter, tears off her fancy wig and stuffs it into a vase, we know just how she feels.—A.L. (Paris.)

JOHNNY MNEMONIC—Keanu Reeves plays a messenger with a microchip implanted in his head, in a science-fiction feature set in the twenty-first century. With Dina Meyer, Dolph Lundgren, and Ice-T. Directed by the painter Robert Longo. Written by William Gibson, from his short story of the same name. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Tim Roth in "Little Odessa."

JOE DAVIS

Little Odessa—Joshua the hit man (Tim Roth) returns to the Russian section of Brooklyn on a job, and for the first time in years he links up with his family: his mopey younger brother (Edward Furlong), his dying mother (Vanessa Redgrave), and his disapproving, belt-wielding father (Maximilian Schell). The writer and director, James Gray, draws formidable work from his cast (Schell, especially, looks invigorated), but you may feel that the characters are being used to thicken a mood piece rather than to advance a story. The tone alternates between dark-and-threatening and scummy-and-washed-out, as though Dostoyevski had had a hand in the screenplay. This potent, cheerless movie gets to you, and gets you down. It's one for a rainy day.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII and 84th Street Sixplex.)

A Little Princess—Alfonso Cuarón's film, based on a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is one of the rare children's movies that don't merely pay lip service to the imagination but actually use it. The script, by Richard LaGravenese and Elizabeth Chandler, presents the battle of youthful fancy against adult "realism" as a kind of epic struggle; the antagonists are Sara Crewe (Liesel Matthews), a bright, happy, exuberantly creative girl, and Miss Minchin (Eleanor Bron), a boarding-school headmistress who is a ruthless downsizer of her pupils' imaginations. Young viewers should recognize this as their favorite sort of story: in the end, the children are rewarded for their spontaneity and the grownups are punished for their rigidity. The message, spoken by Sara, is "*All* girls are *little* princesses," and, although that may sound a bit sticky, this funny, lively, stirring movie makes us believe it.—T.R. (5/29/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Mad Love—A movie about teen-agers desperately in love. Drew Barrymore and Chris O'Donnell are the stars, Antonia Bird ("Priest") is the director, and Paula Milne is the writer. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Panther—A fascinating, completely hysterical dramatization of the founding and the demise of the Black Panthers movement. The father-and-son team of Melvin (writer) and Mario (director) Van Peebles throws in everything plus ten kitchen sinks: real and simulated documentary footage, gratuitous punches and gunshots in glorious surround-sound, buddy-movie elements in the interaction of Bobby Seale (Courtney B. Vance) and Huey Newton (Marcus Chong). With Kadeem Hardison as Judge, the Nick Carraway-style ambivalent observer; and Dick Gregory as a gentle minister, Anthony Griffith as Eldridge Cleaver, and the fresh young Wesley Jonathan as Little Bobby Hutton.—S.K. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Astor Plaza.)

The Perez Family—Juan Perez (Alfred Molina), a newly released Cuban political prisoner on his way to Miami to find Carmela Perez (Anjelica Huston), the wife he hasn't seen for twenty years, is identified through a clerical error as the husband of a passionate young refugee named Dottie Perez (Marisa Tomei). Directed by Mira Nair. (First & 62nd Cinemas and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Picture Bride—A nice-looking, earnest feminist lesson, about a young Japanese woman (Youki Kudoh) who enters into an arranged marriage with a sugarcane cutter (Akira Takayama) in Hawaii in 1918. The picture examines the role of the Japanese contract laborers in the early part of this century and the limited choices available to the women who joined them. Although the director, Kayo Hatta, and her co-writer (and sister), Mari Hatta, have added some Hawaiian folklore and a little Magic Realism, the characters are stereotyped composites of sociohistorical forces. Even as history, though, this film fails to answer the most basic question: what was it like to bend over all

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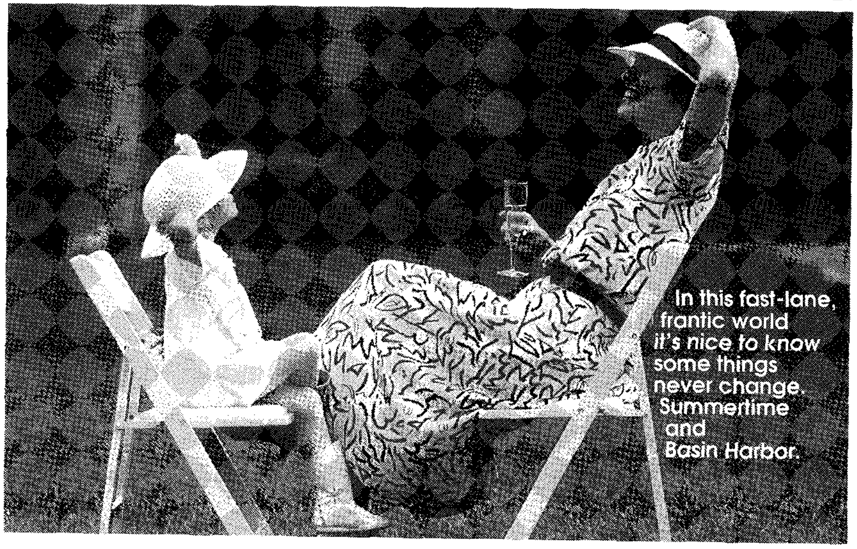
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day in a hot field cutting sugarcane? In Japanese and English.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse.)

A Pure Formality—Roman Polanski plays a police inspector who interrogates a successful novelist accused of murder (Gérard Depardieu), in a thriller directed and co-written by Giuseppe Tornatore ("Cinema Paradiso"). In French. (Village East Cinemas and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Rob Roy—Michael Caton-Jones's film about the eighteenth-century Scottish outlaw Robert MacGregor uneasily straddles the line between swashbuckler and prestige picture. In Alan Sharp's screenplay, Rob (Liam Neeson) is a rugged, principled man at war with artful English fops (Tim Roth and John Hurt). This should make for rousing spectacle, but somehow it doesn't. With Jessica Lange as the hero's loyal wife, the picture is actually more effective as a conjugal-love story than as a ripping yarn.—T.R. (4/17/95) (First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through June 1.)

Stalingrad—Director Joseph Vilsmaier's epic re-creation of the 1942 battle that marked the turning point in the fortunes of the Third Reich. Written by the director, Johannes Heide, and Jürgen Büscher. In German. (Film Forum; through June 6.)

Tales from the Hood—A set of horror stories that unfold when three teen-age hustlers (Joe Torry, De'Aundre Bonds, and Sam Monroe, Jr.) go looking for a drug stash in the mortuary of a mysterious inner-city undertaker (Clarence Williams III). Directed by Rusty Cundieff. Written by Cundieff and Darin Scott. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

While You Were Sleeping—Trouble on the tracks: Sandra Bullock is a sad and lonely subway clerk (yeah, right) who drags a handsome customer (Peter Gallagher) away from an oncoming train. She's in love with him, but he's in a coma, and his brother (Bill Pullman) falls in love with *her*. Out of this pleasing confusion the director, Jon Turteltaub, has fashioned something so simple and predictable that you have no option but to submit. The required resolution is a long time in coming, but there's plenty to keep you diverted, including the light backchat among the semi-weirdos who make up the brothers' family, and Bullock's ridiculously watchable performance. She knows one of the secrets of doing romantic comedy: treating the romance as a good joke.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

Wings of Courage—The first feature film to be made in Imax 3-D has to be watched through a special headset (satisfyingly chunky) and lasts forty minutes (gratifyingly short). Craig Sheffer plays a pilot in 1930 hired to fly mail across the Andes while his wife (Elizabeth McGovern) sits at home feeling worried. Instead of rethinking the shape of the drama to suit the format, the director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has taken a small, simplistic plot, filled a couple of lonely roles with flat performers, and marooned them in the midst of a spectacle that is not so much a movie as a demonstration. With Val Kilmer and Tom Hulce.—A.L. (4/24/95) (Lincoln Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

AMATEUR (reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95): Angelika Film Center. . . . **BAD BOYS:** Astor Plaza. . . . **BEFORE THE RAIN** (3/13/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE BRADY BUNCH MOVIE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE BROKEN JOURNEY:** Quad Cinema. . . . **BULLETS OVER BROADWAY** (10/31/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BYE BYE, LOVE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CHARULATA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **CIRCLE OF FRIENDS:** Cinema 3. . . . **CLERKS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DON JUAN DE MARCO** (4/10/95): Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . **EXOTICA:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **FARINELLI:** Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . **FORREST GUMP** (7/25/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FRIDAY:** Criterion Center. . . . **FUNNY BONES:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **KISS OF DEATH** (5/1/95): First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE** (1/16/95): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MURIEL'S WEDDING:** Village East Cinemas, Plaza, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **THE MUSIC ROOM:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MY FAMILY:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **PRIEST** (3/27/95): Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **PROFESSION: NEO-NAZI:** Cinema Village. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): 59th Street East Cinemas. . . . **SEARCH AND DESTROY:** Angelika Film Center and Angelika 57. . . . **THE SECRET OF ROAN INISH:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION** (9/26/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE STRANGER:** Quad Cinema. . . . **STRAWBERRY AND CHOCOLATE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE UNDERNEATH:** Tower East. . . . **THE WORLD OF APU:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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EAST SIDE

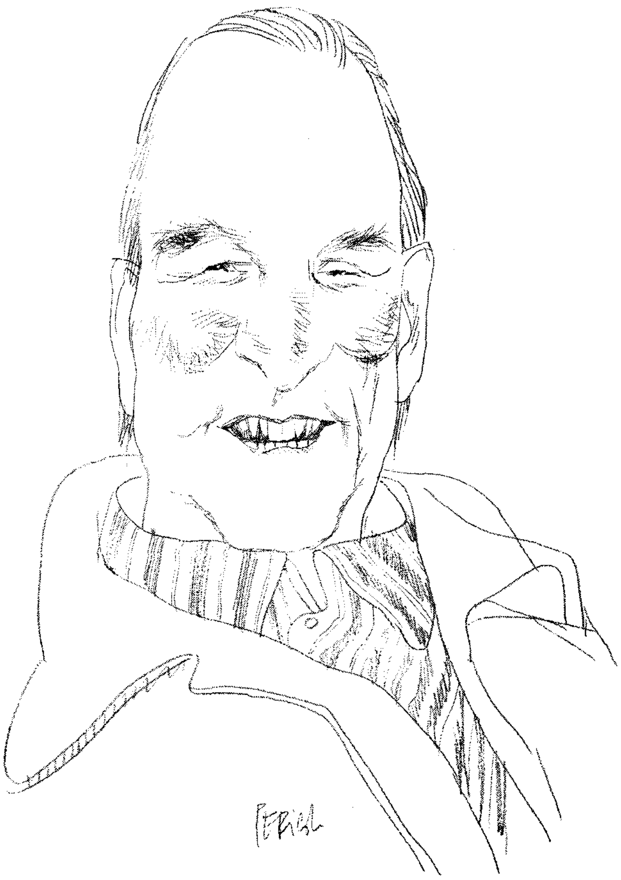
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (504-0960).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).



Film and video work by and about Ingmar Bergman, at the Walter Reade Theatre and the Museum of Television and Radio.

TULLIO PERICOLI

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubsy comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 1-4.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixillated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloudborne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish.—P.K. (Museum of Television and Radio; May 31-June 2. . . . ¶ Walter Reade Theatre; June 4.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti, the Brazilian who was active in the French film avant-garde of the twenties, is best known in this country for his direction of the ventriloquist episode in "Dead of Night." His fast-moving, English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway, Sybil Thorndike, Alfred Drayton, Bernard Miles, Aubrey Woods, Jill Balcon, and Sally Ann Howes.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting June 6.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—In Ingmar Bergman's magnetic psychodrama, four damaged people search for meaning in morality, emotion, observation, and sex: Anna (Liv Ullmann), an enigmatic woman whose husband and child died when the car she was driving crashed; Andreas (Max von Sydow), a man trying to retreat from life; Elis (Erland Josephson), an architect proud of his detachment; and Eva (Bibi Andersson), Elis's floundering wife. But the malaise is broader—a mad animal-killer ravages the remote island setting; Andreas and Anna witness a Vietnam atrocity on TV; Anna has an apocalyptic nightmare. However forbidding the picture may sound, Bergman holds our attention by pushing his craft to its breaking point. With a fragmented narrative and actors who step out of character to address the camera as themselves, the movie is a great filmmaker's declaration of uncertainty about the power of his art to grasp contemporary strife. It's frustrating, unsatisfying, but also harrowing and moving. Sven Nykvist did the pellucid cinematography. In Swedish.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 2-3.)

The Tenant (1976)—Filmed in Paris with a French and American cast, the third of Roman Polanski's evil-apartment movies (following "Repulsion" and "Rosemary's Baby") is creepy, funny, and perilously misshapen. Polanski hit it about right when he wrote in his autobiography that the insanity of the antihero, a gentle immigrant bank clerk (played, sympathetically, by Polanski himself), "doesn't build gradually enough. . . . His hallucinations are too startling and unexpected." The movie has its moments, though, both as a comic nightmare about the horrors of renting and as a Kafkaesque farce about a personality too weak for urban living. With Isabelle Adjani, Shelley Winters, Melvyn Douglas, and Jo Van Fleet. Polanski and Gerard Brach co-wrote the script from Roland Topor's novel. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 3.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1924)—In this "Arabian Nights" extravaganza, Douglas Fairbanks is faster than a speeding street mob, more powerful than a Mongol army, able to leap tall castles at a single bound. As a thief who lives by the seat of his harem pants, he displays the atavistic instincts of a dog (sniffing out dinner and stealing it) and the reflexes of a master gymnast (descending a collapsing magic rope). But his romantic impudence is what spurs him to court a princess and abandon his life of petty crime. Fairbanks gets both laughter and applause, whether he's fending off monsters or racing over the bowed backs of worshippers; his seductive, outrageous movie is an adolescent daydream come true. Fairbanks wrote the script (pseudonymously) and, as the producer, hired Raoul Walsh to direct and William Cameron Menzies to design the production. Snitz Edwards plays the droll sidekick, Julanne Johnston the sinuous princess, So-Jin the creepy Mongol villain, and Anna May Wong the princess's beautiful, treacherous Mongol slave.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; June 3-4.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—A program of comedies produced at the Ealing Studios. May 31: "Hue and Cry" (1947, Charles Crichton) and "A Run for Your Money" (1949, Charles Frend). . . . June 1-4: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†) and "Passport to Pimlico" (1949, Henry Cornelius). . . . June 5: "Turned Out Nice Again" (1941, Marcel Varnel) and "Return to Yesterday" (1940, Robert Stevenson). . . . From June 6: "Nicholas Nickleby" (†) and "The Captive Heart" (1946, Basil Dearden).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)—From June 1: The 7th Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, with screenings at the Little Theatre and the Newman Theatre.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 1 at 2:30: "A Perfect World" (1993, Clint Eastwood). . . . ¶ June 1 at 3 and 6: "Uprising of '34" (1995, George Stoney and Judith Helfand). . . . ¶ June 1 at 6 and June 5 at 2:30: "Andy Warhol's Women in Revolt" (1971, Paul Morrissey). . . . ¶ June 1 at 8 and June 2 at 2:30: "Comrades" (1969, Marin Karmitz; in French). . . . ¶ June 2 at 6 and June 4 at 5: "Cinq et la Peau" (1982, Pierre Rissient; in French). . . . ¶ June 2 at 8 and June 3 at 5: "Broken Blossoms" (1919, D. W. Griffith; silent). . . . ¶ June 3-4 at 2: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†). . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola). . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: "Scarecrow" (1973, Jerry Schatzberg).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—May 31 at 2, 6, and 10 and June 1 at 4 and 8: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968). . . . May 31 at 4 and 8 and June 1 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "Shame" (1968). . . . June 2 at 2, 6, and 10 and June 3 at 4 and 8: "The Ritual" (1969). . . . June 2 at 4 and 8 and June 3 at 6 and 10: "The Passion of Anna" (†). . . . June 3-4 at 2: "A Clever Little Girl Like Lotta" (1992), for children. . . . June 4 at 3:30, 6:15, and 9: "The Magic Flute" (†). . . . June 5 at 2 and 6 and June 6 at 4 and 8: "The Touch" (1970). . . . June 5 at 4:15 and 8:15 and June 6 at 2 and 6:15: "Cries and Whispers" (1972).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—May 31-June 2 at 2: "The Magic Flute" (†). . . . June 1 at 5:30 and June 2 at 6: "The South Bank Show: Ingmar Bergman at Sixty" (1978). . . . June 1 at 6:30 and June 2 at 7: "After the Rehearsal" (1984). . . . June 3-4 at 1: "Man Alive Presents Ingmar Bergman" (1970). . . . June 3-4 at 2: "Face to Face" (1976). . . . June 6 at 2: "Fårö Document" (1970). . . . June 6 at 3:30: "Fårö 1979" (1979).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A two-day program of films for which Sven Nykvist was cinematographer. June 3 at 2: Mr. Nykvist will discuss his collaboration with Ingmar Bergman. . . . June 3 at 4:30: "The Tenant" (†). . . . June 4 at 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (1989, Woody Allen). . . . June 4 at 4:30: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On June 4 at 7, the feature will be Russ Meyer's "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1965).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Uranus" (1991, Claude Berri; in French).

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

GRAMM: TO COVER OR NOT TO COVER

"THE past is a foreign country." So opens "The Go-Between," a novel by the English writer L. P. Hartley. In the case of embarrassments to politicians, the media often treat the past the same way they treat an obscure foreign skirmish. Some cover it and some don't.

On Wednesday, May 17th, *The New Republic* was preparing to publish "The Porn Broker," a story by John Judis in which the former brother-in-law of Senator Phil Gramm, of Texas, was quoted as saying that back in 1973 Gramm had got interested in investing in soft-porn movies. Apparently, the former brother-in-law said, Gramm had become "titillated" upon viewing a movie called "Truck Stop Women." He wanted to put money behind the film, but it was already oversubscribed, so he invested instead in a project called "Beauty Queens." That film was never produced, however, and Gramm's investment finally went into a film called "White House Madness." According to the ex-brother-in-law, Gramm was fully aware that he was supporting a raunchy, vicious satire of Richard Nixon.

On Wednesday morning, Gramm, a Republican Presidential hopeful, who is courting the religious right, was at a Christian Coalition press conference, helping to unveil the coalition's ten-point Contract with the American Family. (Point No. 8: "Restricting Pornography.") That afternoon, Gramm tried to deflate the coming revelation by issuing a press release admitting that he had indeed invested in "White House Madness," to the tune of seventy-five hundred dollars. In other words, Gramm broke the news himself.

By late afternoon, nearly every news organization in the capital had learned of the story by word of mouth, and soon every self-respecting politico had a copy of the proofs of *The New Republic* article. By 6:30 P.M., when ABC's "World News Tonight with Peter Jennings" broadcast the story, it had achieved a fax circulation perhaps in the thousands—not an electronic town-hall meeting but an electronic inside-dopesters' fest.

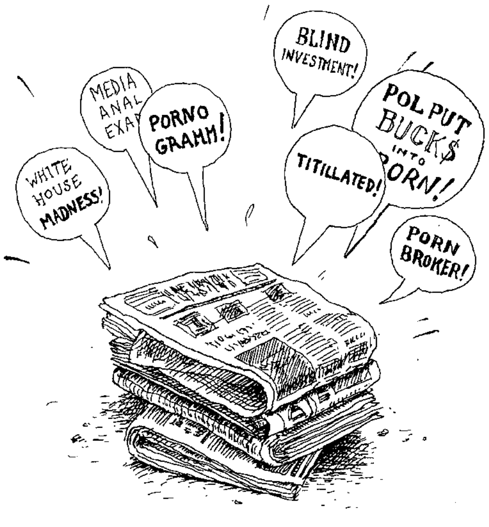
On Thursday, the New York *Post* ran a front-page screamer: "PORNO-GRAMM." "POL PUT HIS BUCKS INTO PORN" was the headline on a *Daily News* story. But the Washington *Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the Los Angeles *Times* all ran perfunctory items. The headline over an Associated Press story in the Washington *Times*, a right-wing paper that has published more than a hundred and thirty stories dealing with Paula Jones's allegations, seemed intended to help the beleaguered Senator: "GRAMM DENIES PRURIENT MOTIVATION FOR BLIND INVESTMENT IN R-RATED FILM." Rush Limbaugh was irritated that the story was distracting people from the investigation into the finances of Commerce Secretary Ron Brown; Republican candidates for President, he quipped, should expect a "media anal exam." Meanwhile, Senator Bob Dole, the Republican Presidential front-runner, delivered a speech on the Senate floor, without prior notice, and concerning no bill in particular, denouncing Hollywood for producing movies about "loveless sex."

ON Friday, the religious-right campaigner Gary Bauer told the New York *Post*, "My guess is that because it was twenty-two years ago, that it will not be a big thing. A lot of these types of people"—that is, religious activists—"are very big on redemption." Lou Sheldon, of the Traditional Values Coalition, defended Gramm in the *Wall Street Journal:* "I go to R-rated movies all the time, simply because I'm an adult."

On Sunday, Gramm, who claimed all week to have known nothing about the film he had invested in, went on "This Week with David Brinkley" to say that "the movie made supposedly was an action movie" and that "it was R-rated because it had violence in it." The Washington *Times* editorialized, "This is the silliest non-scandal to hit Washington in ages."

By late last week, the New York *Times*, which has published sixty-six stories dealing with Paula Jones, had not run a single mention of Gramm's trouble.

Now for the movie itself, which was originally called "White House Madness" but was renamed "The Way He Was." Nobody reporting on the incident last week had seen it, but a copy of it, R-rated, was made available to *The New Yorker*. In the picture, Nixon, played by a no-name actor, carries on a flirtation with his new dog, King Timahoe, while keeping the stuffed body of his old dog, Checkers, in a guarded White House bedroom. (Nixon apologizes to Checkers for the current romance.) Nixon also dresses up as Groucho


BLIND INVESTMENT!
MEDIA ANAL EXA
PORNO GRAMM!
POL PUT BUCKS INTO PORN!
WHITE HOUSE MADNESS!
TITILLATED!
PORN BROKER!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

Marx and, at a White House party, introduces a drag queen got up like Carmen Miranda who sings "Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen." The Reverend Billy Graham ties Nixon to a bed and performs an exorcism. John Erlichman, called to a federal courtroom as a witness against Nixon, announces to the judge, "Your honor, I've peed in my pants." There is much profane name-calling, with special emphasis on excretory expletives. The only violence is a gunfight in the White House between Henry Kissinger and King Faisal. (The two also negotiate a date for Egypt's invasion of Israel.) Only Nixon is shown without clothes, and everyone laughs at his nakedness.

The film is more tasteless than risqué. It is not clever enough to become a cult classic. Its principal intention is to offend the sensibilities of Republicans.

Gramm, the *Daily News* reported a week ago Friday, was "on the phone trying to reassure his big money supporters that the movie brouhaha would quickly die out." A week of "Doonesbury" strips on the affair is about to run.

DOC CHEATHAM PLAYS ON AND ON

MOST trumpet players begin to lose their chops at around the time Social Security kicks in. The facial muscles slacken (what muscle doesn't?), the breath gets shallow, the tone grows unsteady and the tune uncertain. Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham is an exception. He is going to be ninety on June 13th, and since he found a measure of solo stardom only in his seventies, he is not about to miss a date any time soon. Just before he brought the horn to his lips the other day to kick off his weekly jazz brunch at Sweet Basil, in the Village, he smiled and said, "Now, let's see what happens. Nothing's guaranteed. Hope I don't fall apart."

With his third wife, Amanda, at his side, Doc gets around pretty well. He uses a collapsible cane that is as polished and elegant as a professional's pool cue. He's stick thin, but he eats like a horse (shrimp gumbo for breakfast, or maybe a nice big piece of fish and a bowl of grits). He dyes his remaining strands of hair (this is a guess, but a fair one), and then sweeps them north over the crown of his skull and south toward the brow—the most spectacular comb-over since Zero Mostel's. On the bandstand, he is very sharp. The other day at Sweet Basil, he wore an apricot shirt, a red-print tie, a green linen jacket, and cream-colored slacks held up by skinny red galluses. And when he played the opening notes of a ballad with one of King Oliver's old mutes stuck in the bell it was clear that he has lost nothing.

CHEATHAM has played with nearly all the jazz greats, from Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, and Benny Goodman to Wynton Marsalis and Roy Hargrove. When it comes to his music, he has a keen sense of history ("These things I'm playing for you now will live forever," he says), but he is not out to celebrate his longevity within it. "Birthdays, holidays: that stuff is just making money for somebody—cards, presents, whiskey. I don't pay it no mind: Flag Day, Mother's Day, my birthday. I'll never celebrate. If they want to roll out a cake, fine. I'll eat it if it tastes good. If they want to be nice to me, that's their business."

Cheatham fronts a delicious quartet and is in special tune with his pianist, Chuck Folds. As the piano riffles softly behind him, Doc sings New Orleans standards and jazz standards in a sweet, breathy alto. The two men also have a kind of Martin-and-Lewis routine going, with Folds playing the impassive straight man as Doc paints little word pictures of jazzmen he has known.

"This next one's by Jelly Roll Morton," Doc said. "Not everyone used to like him. He'd stand on the corner all day bragging about being the greatest composer in the world. Of course, he could back it up. He wore a diamond in his front tooth. Wore a twenty-dollar gold piece in the tips of his shoes. He didn't play in places like this. Didn't play in the Waldorf-Astoria. Mostly, he played in bodegas—"

"*Bordellos*, Doc, bordellos," Folds said, with a little roll of the eyes.

"Yeah. Bordellos. 'Cause he was also a pimp," Cheatham said, and then he raised his horn to the ceiling and proceeded to blow it off.

"The truth is, I was a late bloomer," he said later, between sets. "I was born in 1905, in Tennessee, and I didn't even know there was a place called New Orleans until 1926. Nashville was a two-college town, nothing to listen to, dead as hell in those days. But when I got to Chicago that town was filled with New Orleans musicians. Louis Armstrong was inspiring everyone, me included."

Doc went on for a while, telling stories, until Chuck Folds broke in.

"Doc," he said, "we should resume."

Cheatham rose slowly from his chair. And as he did so someone asked if he thought he'd be playing his Sunday brunches at Sweet Basil in ten years, when he'll be a hundred.

"I don't know," Doc said, with a smile. "This place may not be standing in ten years. But we'll see."

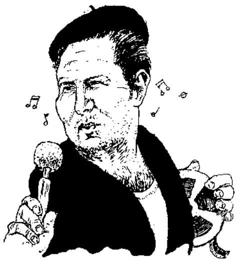
SOUND-BITE SOCIETY

IT hasn't been the best of times lately for the folks who cover the O. J. Simpson double-murder trial. Weeks of tedious scientific testimony have sapped public interest in the case; Judge Lance A. Ito evicted two reporters from the courtroom for talking too much; and when one of the lawyers referred to the throng of analysts commenting on the case in the media Judge Ito replied, "Your first mistake is to listen to the commentators." Clearly, a response was needed. How about a party?

"I call this group the commentariat," said Charles B. Rosenberg, who volunteered his home in West L.A. for the event. Rosenberg, a lawyer who used to be the legal consultant to "L.A. Law," pontificates on O.J. for E! Entertainment Television. As he fussed over a pot of vegetarian chili in his kitchen, many of those who have uttered the immortal words "It's been a good day for the prosecution" or "The defense really scored some points today" gathered in his living room. Guests included Roger Cossack of CNN, David Margolick of the *Times*, Kathleen Sullivan of E!, and the likely O.J. sound-bite champion—Laurie Levenson, of Loyola Law School and CBS. (Last month, Levenson herself held a seder that included some O.J. reporters who were far from home but close, they hoped, to God.)

The evening's entertainment was tailored to the crowd. "O.K.," one celebrator challenged another, "name all the dogs mentioned in testimony so far." Rosenberg circulated with pad and pencil and took a poll on the eventual verdict in the trial (with anonymity of the individual replies guaranteed). The tally? Twelve oracles predicted a hung jury, six said conviction, three refused to answer, and one bet on acquittal. "That," Rosenberg did confide, "was me."

WHY SCHNABEL'S FEELING INSECURE



DURING the mercurial eighties, when the art world was flush, a number of young artists left their lofts or ivory towers to follow Andy Warhol's lead and become famous by living, working, and partying in the realm where art, fashion, and commerce converge. No artist was more visible on that scene than Julian Schnabel. But just when Schnabel thought he'd experienced everything a critically acclaimed, financially successful, and still controversial forty-three-year-old white heterosexual male artist could experience, he experienced something new: self-doubt.

"I'm insecure now," Schnabel said one recent afternoon as he sat in his cavernlike work space, in a large building in downtown Manhattan, where he lives with his Spanish wife, Olatz, their twin sons, Cy and Olmo, and many paintings. "I'm insecure because I'm doing projects I've never done before, using a whole new set of tools."

Of the self-doubts Schnabel is currently experiencing, none create more anxiety than anticipating what the public's reaction will be to his début album, "Every Silver Lining Has a Cloud," just out from Island Records. In a prairie twang and melancholy tenor that recall the late Chet Baker, Schnabel sings of love and loss. "But I didn't want the album to sound like music," Schnabel said. "I wanted it to be like a story. Like Lou Reed's 'Berlin.' I wrote the songs myself, when I was sad. I'd broken up with the painter Anh Duong, because I just wasn't in love with her; she deserved better than me. And I was missing Olatz, who was just a friend, even though I knew there was more between us. Writing the songs freed me to face that. I'm not

CAMELOT REVISITED

FROM eight-thirty until nearly midnight on Friday, November 29, 1963—a week after John F. Kennedy's murder—while a driving rainstorm beat on the windowpanes of her Hyannis Port house, Jacqueline Kennedy poured out a turbulent stream of memory, passion, and despair to the journalist Theodore H. White. She recalled the horror of Dallas, recalled, too, her happiness with her husband, and declared her mistrust of history: "Something that bitter old men write."

Determined to stake out a claim of her own against the bitter old men, she brought up King Arthur's Camelot—the incarnation, she suggested, of idealism and honor—and told Teddy White how Jack loved to listen to the record of the musical and Alan Jay Lerner's lyric "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot / For one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot." She thereby launched a myth that time turned into a cliché. Now, a year after her death, the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library has released Teddy White's notes on the most celebrated of this noted reporter's interviews.

People still refer to the Kennedy years, whether admiringly or sarcastically, as Camelot. Yet no one while J.F.K. was alive thought of his Washington as Camelot. Had those of us around the President ever proposed such a fancy, no one would have kidded us more swiftly or decisively than Kennedy himself.

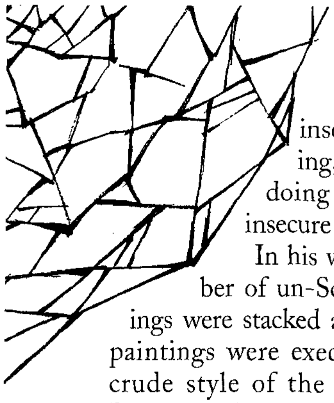
Certainly J.F.K. liked the score of the Lerner-Loewe musical. Alan Lerner was a boyhood friend. They had attended Choate and Harvard together. Certainly J.F.K. listened to the "Camelot" record late at night. So did we all. This did not implicate us in its plot. For that matter, the Camelot simile would not have been all that cheering anyway. King Arthur's Camelot was not famous for marital constancy, and it concluded in betrayal and death.

John Kennedy, for all his glamorous dash, was not a romantic. (Robert Kennedy, for all his realistic façade, was far more of one.) The President was a realist and an ironist, a man of sardonic wit and of impenetrable reserve who sought to apply reason to the problems of state. His direct and unfettered mind freed him to contemplate a diversity of possible courses. At the same time, he was a careful judge of those possibilities and was disinclined to make heavy investments in losing causes. Most people who worked closely with him agree with Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy—and with Mike Mansfield, Kenneth O'Donnell, Wayne Morse, Roger Hilsman, and many others—that he would never have Americanized the war in Vietnam. He once described himself to Jacqueline as "an idealist without illusions."

Jacqueline, too, was, in her way, a realist—increasingly so as time went on, and she came to feel, as she told John Kenneth Galbraith, that she had overdone Camelot. But because she was a reader of history she understood how historians tidying up after the struggle can strip the past of the tension and mystery that are part of reality as it is lived. As Frederic William Maitland, the great English historian, once put it, "it is very difficult to remember that events now in the past were once far in the future."

In a sense, Jacqueline Kennedy's mythologizing impulse may have been right. In a squalid time, when the drive is to transfer national power from the state to the counting house, it is agreeable to remember a moment in the life of the republic—a brief moment, and only intermittently shining—when the nation's leadership seized the public imagination and for a season impelled Americans to live up to their own best selves.

—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.



insecure about painting, because I've been doing that longer. I *am* insecure about my singing."

In his work space, a number of un-Schnabel-like paintings were stacked against a wall. The paintings were executed in the bold, crude style of the late Jean-Michel Basquiat, whose exceptional life and talent came to an end in 1988, when he died of a drug overdose, whereupon the media abruptly stopped glamorizing artists. Basquiat figures in another of Schnabel's experiments with a new set of tools—his first directorial effort, a film called "Basquiat," and tentatively subtitled "Build a Fort, Set It on Fire," which he will begin shooting this summer.

"That makes me nervous, too," Schnabel said, pointing to a large Basquiat-style canvas that showed an oversized hot dog. Schnabel had the paintings done for the movie. "Jean's father is still alive, and he controls Jean's paintings," he said. "But can he copyright his *image*?" Standing over a long worktable, Schnabel unrolled a poster-size black-and-white photograph of Jeffrey Wright, the actor chosen to play Basquiat. In the photograph, Wright, who is best known for his performance as Belize, in "Angels in America," wore Basquiat-like dreadlocks; his eyes were melancholy. It was difficult not to recall that at the start of the eighties Basquiat had been called "a radiant child."

"Jean was a friend of mine," Schnabel said as he put the photograph away. "He was a poet."

Was Schnabel, like his contemporaries Robert Longo and David Salle, turning to film as a way of redefining the artist's role for the multimedia nineties?

Schnabel paused. By way of avoiding the question, he said, "The film is like having a job." He smiled. "And I haven't been employed since *before* the eighties, when I was a cook."

FLAT-TAX FOLLIES

On a recent Monday, in the marble lobby of the Forbes Magazine Galleries, on Fifth Avenue, William Bennett, Jack Kemp, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., threw a party for Alvin Rabushka, a senior fellow at Stanford's Hoover Institution. They were celebrating the republication of a book Rabushka wrote ten years ago (with Robert E. Hall, another Hoover fellow and a Stanford professor of economics) which advocates a nineteen-percent flat tax on all Americans and is entitled, in the spirit of the simplicity it advocates, "The Flat Tax." Rabushka, giddy now that his proposal is getting serious play in Congress, praised his "diverse" group of supporters—the Christian Coalition, Jerry Brown, Dick Armey, Connie Mack, Arlen Specter, and Bob Packwood—and railed against his opponents, among them the "committed, die-hard leftists."

It was a raucous, stand-up-and-holler sort of affair, a cross between a big-top revival and an infomercial. Rabushka took a few swipes at the Democrats, then pulled a laminated postcard from his pocket, and announced, with the presentational flair of a man whose product has just removed a deep-set stain, "Everything you need to file your taxes fits on this card. And that's all there is."

"Hallelujah!" someone yelled, startling even Rabushka.

"I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready," someone else said.

"I'm a convert."

"Thank you for what you're doing for the country."

As it happened, the book party fell on Rabushka's fifty-fifth birthday, and Steve Forbes, whose editorials in his family's magazine have long advocated Rabushka's tax system, presented the guest of honor with a large "flat cake." As Rabushka hung around eating the cake, he was asked about a recent survey by an N.Y.U. economist named Edward Wolff, which found that the gap between the rich and the poor in America was at its greatest since the Depression. Rabushka said he hadn't read Wolff's report, but he gave his impression anyway. "He's in favor of taxing people with money to give it to others—a perfectly noble thing to do, but I'm not in favor of it," Rabushka said. "The problem is how to take high-school dropouts and educate them. Taxes haven't got too much to do with social pathology." As Rabushka dealt with a few more questions, his guests said their goodbyes and departed, taking with them a tableful of autographed copies of "The Flat Tax"—but leaving behind plenty of cake.

OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB

Using spiders, scientists at NASA labs in Alabama have identified the chemical agent responsible for human error. They don't appear to know that, but they have. According to the London *Independent*, the scientists considered the structure of webs spun by spiders under the influence of marijuana, benzedrine, chloral hydrate (a sedative), and caffeine.

The structure of the web spun by the spider under the influence of marijuana is pretty close to the conventional one but is unfinished. The benzedrine web is meticulous in places but has huge gaps. The chloral-hydrate web is a stray collection of strands. The illuminating example is caffeine. Anyone who has ever had a tip from an excitable stockbroker go south, or had the rearview mirror fall off his brand-new car when he slammed the door and discovered it was made on the night shift, or examined the film of his baby's christening and found streaks of light in place of his child's beaming face will be struck by the slipshod, disorderly, ill-planned, chaotic, and slaphappy structure laid down by the spider intoxicated by caffeine. It's the construction of a lonely man laboring in the middle of the night in a room at the Insomnia Hotel, his head bent over a piece of paper, and a neon sign outside his window endlessly repeating "SLEEP, WORK, SLEEP, WORK." He feels that his efforts have never gone so easily or so well—words and equations flow from his hand almost faster than he can write them down (and are worthless)—and he can hardly wait for the sun to rise so he can show them to everyone else. ♦

This week's contributors: Sidney Blumenthal, David Remnick, Jeffrey Toobin, Hilton Als, Warren St. John, Alec Wilkinson.

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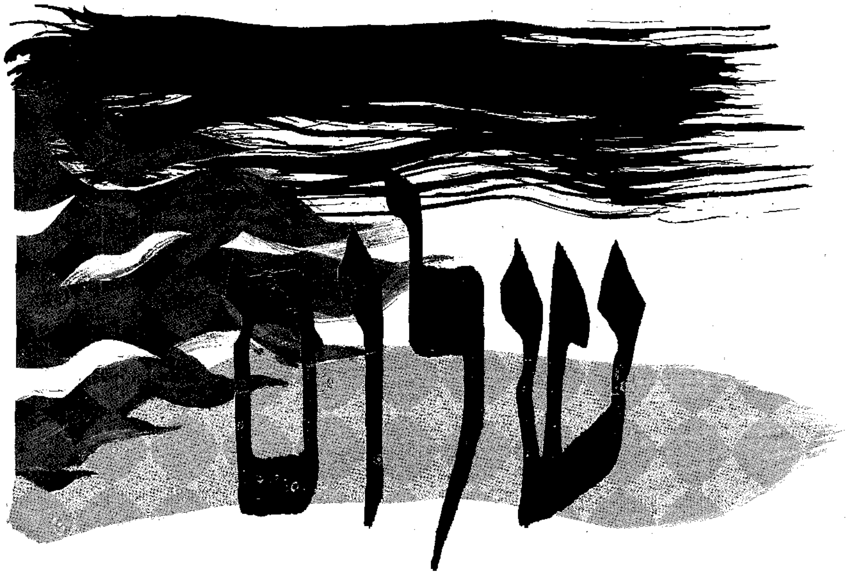
DEPT. OF DIPLOMACY

THE WESTERN FRONT

How far will Israel's right wing go to defeat the peace initiative? To Washington, where its unprecedented activities are splintering the pro-Israel lobby.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



(*Hebrew.* peace)

FILIP PAGOWSKI

FOR decades, the motto of the United Jewish Appeal—"We Are One"—was more than a fund-raising slogan for a charity drive. It was also the fundamental political strategy of Israel's American Jewish supporters in their lobbying of the United States government. There has never been a shortage of political and policy differences among Israelis, of course, and naturally they have always had their analogues in this country: American Jews, within the confines of their own publications and organizations, have passionately argued over the same differences. But when it came to asking Washington to support the security of the state of Israel as that was defined by Israel's elected government, the rule among Israel's American Jewish friends was solidarity—or, at worst, a self-imposed silence. Lobbying Congress or the White House *against* Israeli policy was considered beyond the pale.

With few exceptions, that discipline has held firm through the twists and turns of Israel's turbulent history, from the War of Independence to the 1956 Suez crisis, from the Six-Day War of 1967 to the Yom Kippur War of 1973, from Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy to the 1979 Camp David Accords, from the 1982 invasion of Lebanon to the expansion of Jewish settlements on the West Bank in the nineteen-eighties. To all appearances, it was still holding firm on September 13, 1993, when three thousand guests, including virtually the entire American Jewish leadership, took their seats in neat rows of white folding chairs on the South Lawn of the White House to witness the signing of the peace agreement that had been negotiated in Oslo between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization. When President Clinton stretched out his arms and drew Yitzhak Rabin and Yasir Arafat together for their handshake, the guests applauded with the fervor of participants. Many believed that they had helped make this peace possible—that it was a glowing chapter not only in the history of Israel but also in that of American Jews.

In retrospect, that afternoon on the

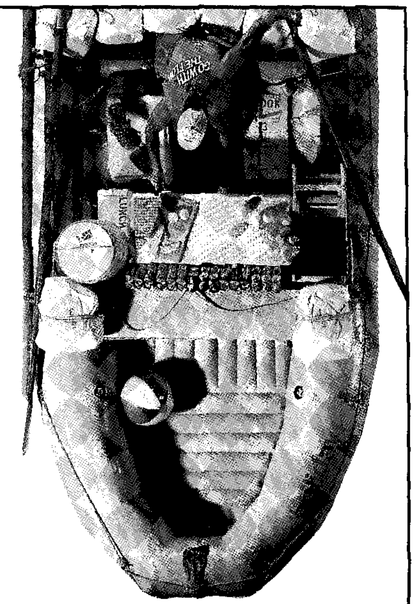
White House lawn appears less the zenith of the unity of American Jewry than its end point. In the twenty months since, the Likud, the major opponent of Israel's Labor government, has become panicked as the peace process has moved fitfully forward against a background of Jewish extremists' anger (epitomized by the machine-gunning, in February, 1994, of Muslim worshippers at Hebron's Tomb of the Patriarchs by Baruch Goldstein, a Brooklyn-bred physician and a believer in the divine imperative of Greater Israel) and bloody outrages by Hamas, the terrorist organization of Palestinian Islamic fundamentalists. But the hazards to the peace process have not all been confined to the Middle East.

In the aftermath of the Rabin-Arafat handshake, three Israelis closely connected to the Likud leader, Benjamin (Bibi) Netanyahu, travelled to Washington and quietly set in motion a coalition of American Jewish conservatives, Christian rightists, and underemployed ex-cold warriors. Prime Minister Rabin contemptuously refers to these operatives as the Gang of Three: Yossi Ben-Aharon, the director-general of former Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's office; Yigal Carmon, Shamir's counterterrorism adviser; and Yoram Ettinger, the Israeli Embassy's former congressional liaison. "The crisis was planted in Oslo," Ettinger told me, unabashed about his organizing efforts. "I wouldn't call it a 'peace process.' We have now a political process, which has deteriorated to an unprecedented lowest ebb." Netanyahu himself also came to America last fall. "I will lobby in Israel, and Americans will lobby in America—I think that's a good division of labor," he remarked before the Council of Jewish Federations General Assembly in Denver. Since then, members of the Gang of Three have been showing up on Capitol Hill, in the offices of certain American Jewish organizations and political-action committees, and in the suites of conservative groups.

The consequences of this campaign have been to split the American Jewish community into openly warring factions; to undermine the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, or AIPAC, which had applied the concentrated political force of the American Jewish community to every Administration and Congress since its founding, in 1951; and, for the first time, to inject the intensely bitter political conflicts of Israel directly into American politics, for the purpose of frustrating the Israeli government. Before last year's congressional elections, the coalition formed by the Gang of Three was marginal; now it lobbies the Republican Congress, and does so effectively. The Israeli government has found that on its western front it has been thrust into political warfare of a kind that none of its predecessors ever experienced.

ALL this explains why, on May 8th, the Republican Presidential front-runner and Senate Majority Leader, Bob Dole, delivered a speech before AIPAC's Policy Conference at the Sheraton Washington Hotel on an issue he had suddenly decided was urgent. The Israeli government had made it clear that it saw no immediate need for the United States to move its Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, even though the ancient city is unambiguously Israel's capital. Rabin, who was in Washington at the time, worried privately that raising such a delicate question would adversely affect the peace process and become a partisan issue in American politics. But Dole, who his aides acknowledged had been prodded by Likud lobbyists, nevertheless announced that he would introduce a bill forcing the Embassy to move. Extraordinarily, AIPAC, rather than withhold its approval (a gesture that would have indicated support for the complicated situation of Rabin's government), endorsed Dole's stand. AIPAC's open contradiction of the Israeli government's preferences was virtually unprecedented. It was a sign of how deep the political fractures have become since the handshake.

The Likud's efforts to subvert Labor are, in one sense, only the latest chapter in an old, bitter factional political conflict; Israel was founded amid armed struggles between the two groups. But the current Likud strategy is a radical departure: an unwritten but cardinal rule that disagreements over foreign policy end at the water's edge has been broken. Throughout the Likud's period of ascendancy, from 1977 to 1992 (including a period of coalition with Labor, from 1984 to 1990), its adherents invoked this principle to thwart American opposition to their irredentism. They vehemently insisted that those who suggested giving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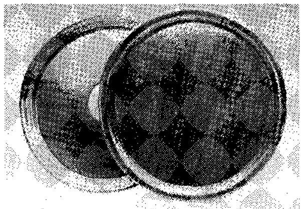
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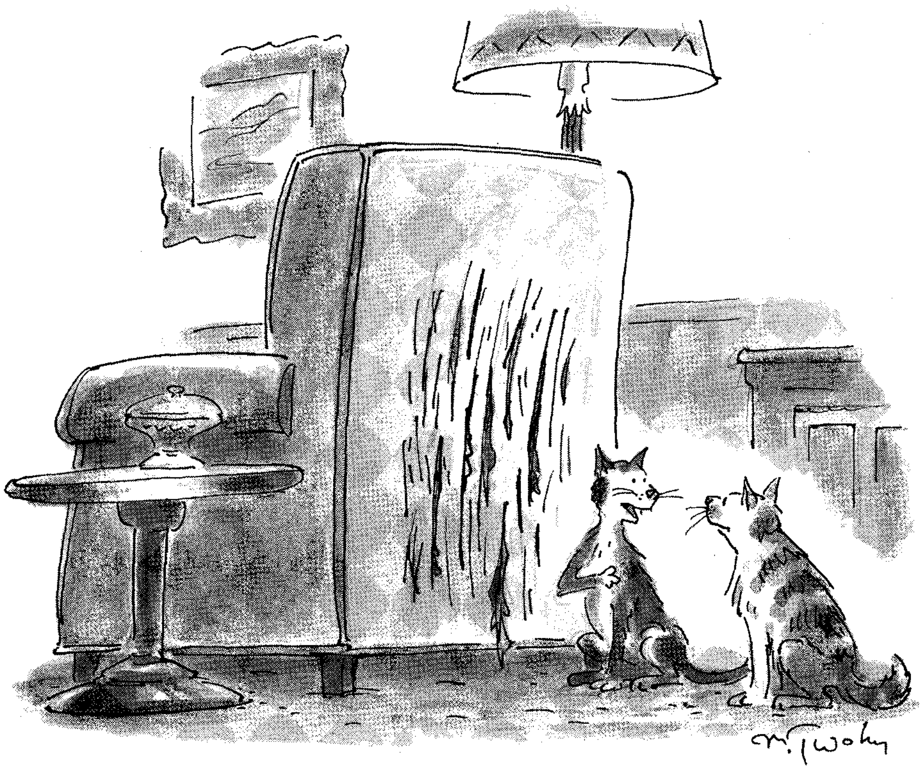

"I have a couple of other projects I'm excited about."

• •

up land for peace were enemies of the Jews or, if they were Jewish, "traitors." Now that the Likud is in opposition, it can play no role in negotiations, but by throwing monkey wrenches into the works from the outside it is trying to sabotage the slow peace process, discredit Labor, and, on the ruins of both, be carried back to power.

The Likud effort has shifted targets opportunistically. Lately, the focus has been on P.L.O. compliance with the Oslo treaty and on moving the American Embassy to Jerusalem. But the campaign began with the question of whether American troops should serve as part of an international peacekeeping force on the Golan Heights, which Israel will almost certainly have to relinquish in order to make peace with Syria. The Likud and its American sympathizers appealed to deep fears by raising the spectre of American boys at the mercy of Arab terrorists, and many of them spoke to me about the possibility that spilled American blood might be charged against American Jews. And though the question of United States troops will remain hypothetical until Syria advances much further toward an agreement, this was an issue that was used to further the breakup of the American Jewish consensus on Israel.

"It's a debate that has been exported," Abraham Foxman, the national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, says. "It's a subterfuge for people opposed to the peace process."

ON January 17th, Morton Klein, the president of the Zionist Organization of America, appeared at a meeting on the Golan sponsored by two freshman Republican senators. The Z.O.A., which had been virtually moribund until a year and a half ago, when it was taken over by Klein, has become the most effective of the pro-Likud organizations, by dint of Klein's obsessive energy. His is a classic case of the zealous crusader who emerges suddenly through a political crevice. He was born to Holocaust survivors in a displaced-persons camp in Germany, but, he told me, "until five years ago, frankly, I didn't think much about Israel." He was an economist and biostatistician turned investment counsellor. Then, he said, "my wife began complaining about how unfair the media were to Israel. She said that this is terrible. I said, 'What should I do? I don't know anything.' I began educating myself. I began launching campaigns."

Klein's first campaign was against a travel guide, Baedeker's Israel. He argued that it slighted Jewish sights. Changes were made. Other crusades followed: against "one or more anti-Israel errors" in his daughter's high-school history textbook, and against Lynn Yeakel, the Democratic candidate for senator from Pennsylvania in 1992. Klein had heard that anti-Israel statements had been made in sermons at the Presbyterian church where Yeakel was a board member. He demanded that she disavow them. "I went on the campaign, went all over, gave lectures," Klein said. "She said she disagreed with her church, but didn't repudiate it." Klein went on to claim that Yeakel had lost much of the Jewish vote, and that that might have made the difference in the election.

"Morton Klein," Senator Arlen Specter, the Republican who beat Yeakel by three percentage points, told me, "is a terrific guy."

In December, 1993, Klein was elected president of the Z.O.A., which he had joined almost two years earlier. He has been careful not to assail the peace process per se, and has criticized only parts of it. Yet he would not have run if he had not believed that "you won't get peace out of this," he explained to me, and added, "They'll use the land as a launching pad for a war against Israel." Klein lobbied against Strobe Talbott's nomination as Deputy Secretary of State, which had already been quietly vetted by AIPAC, and then he raised the issue of P.L.O. compliance with the Oslo accord, which the Israeli government has maintained is its responsibility: it does not want outsiders setting conditions that impinge on its maneuverability in making peace. Klein went as far as to rouse eighteen senators, led by Specter and Richard Shelby, of Alabama, and twenty-seven representatives to form what he called "peace-accord-monitoring groups" in each body. And his freelance lobbying on Capitol Hill was a violation of the conventions governing the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, an umbrella group including fifty organizations, among them the Z.O.A.; these conventions uphold the primacy of AIPAC's role in lobbying on Israel. After Klein personally buttonholed senators at the Capitol from three o'clock one afternoon until four o'clock the next morning, on a Specter-Shelby amendment to the 1995 foreign-aid appropriations bill, AIPAC filed a formal complaint with the Conference of Presidents. In a toothless decision with Solomonic pretensions, the conference asserted AIPAC's central role but did not admonish the Z.O.A. when Klein failed to attend a hearing on the matter.

Now the split among the Jews was out in the open. Those who had been leading critics of the policies of the Likud when it was in power but had studiously avoided voicing their sentiments before Congress were outraged by the Likud supporters' attempts to frustrate the Labor government. "You can criticize, but you don't lobby Congress and the Administration in active opposition," Henry Siegman, the former executive director of the American Jewish Congress and now a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, told me. "Yet that's exactly what these people are doing now. Without even bothering to explain the inconsistency in their position, they're doing the one thing they agreed not to do."

Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, the vice-president emeritus of the World Jewish Congress, who has been among the most prominent critics of the Likud, was asked to testify against the Likud's policy on West Bank settlements before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He refused. "I took the attitude that those at war with Shamir on policy couldn't be silenced, but I did not feel it was cricket for American Jews to use the U.S. government as a weapon against the elected Israeli government," he told me. "I made the point, and we made it stick, that nobody on the left, no one, should ever appear as a lobbyist, or testify before any committee to say, 'I am a Jew, a dove, and I think the Israeli government shouldn't be allowed to do this, and don't give it money.' " Now he is incensed. "The very right wing screaming bloody murder at our criticisms of Begin's policy—when we would never open a lobby—these guys are doing all these things against the elected government of Israel."

Even though a May, 1994, poll taken for the Israel Policy Forum, an organization that supports the peace process, showed that only nine per cent of American Jews opposed the Israel-P.L.O. accord and two-thirds wanted Jewish groups to do "a lot" to support the peace process, AIPAC itself is divided between Labor and Likud backers, and so is the membership of the Conference of Presidents. Neither AIPAC nor the conference mounted a sustained public campaign for the peace process, at least partly because of the initial complacency of Rabin's government, which expected the American Jewish community to line up naturally behind its diplomacy. Another problem was that, while Jewish public opinion does support the peace process, the Israelis failed to account for the political sediment left from the Likud period, including the views of a sizable faction within AIPAC which has now won a victory with the endorsement of Dole's Embassy proposal. "Organizations in support of Likud are actively seeking to destroy the process," Siegman said. "The moderate-liberal, or centrist, organizations will never do anything to disrupt the peace process but have done absolutely nothing of impact to counter the Likud supporters' influence and to advance the peace line here in this country."

LAST June 7th, a full-page ad appeared in the *Times*. Above a grisly photograph of an American soldier being dragged through the streets of Mogadishu ran the headline "NO U.S. TROOPS ON THE GOLAN HEIGHTS." The group that placed the ad called itself the Coalition for a Secure U.S.-Israel Friendship. The coalition turned out to be composed of a number of mostly obscure groups: many had histories of intense efforts on behalf of the Jewish right wing, and some had been founded to advance the settlers' movement on the West Bank, the inviolability of Greater Israel, and the rest of the Likud agenda. All of them are hostile to the mainstream American Jewish organizations and eager to provoke factional warfare against the peace process. The coalition is proud that it has upset the Israeli government and the major Jewish organizations. In the words of Ernest Bloch, a former economics professor at Adelphi University who is a fund-raiser for right-wing settlers on the West Bank, through a coalition group called Pro Israel, "We are strongly opposed to the Rabin-Arafat agreements. We consider them a threat to Israel's existence. We can't stand idly by and watch a leadership in Israel lead the people of Israel over a cliff. The areas of Judea, Samaria, Gaza, and the Golan Heights are the heartland of Israel. They're part of the heritage of

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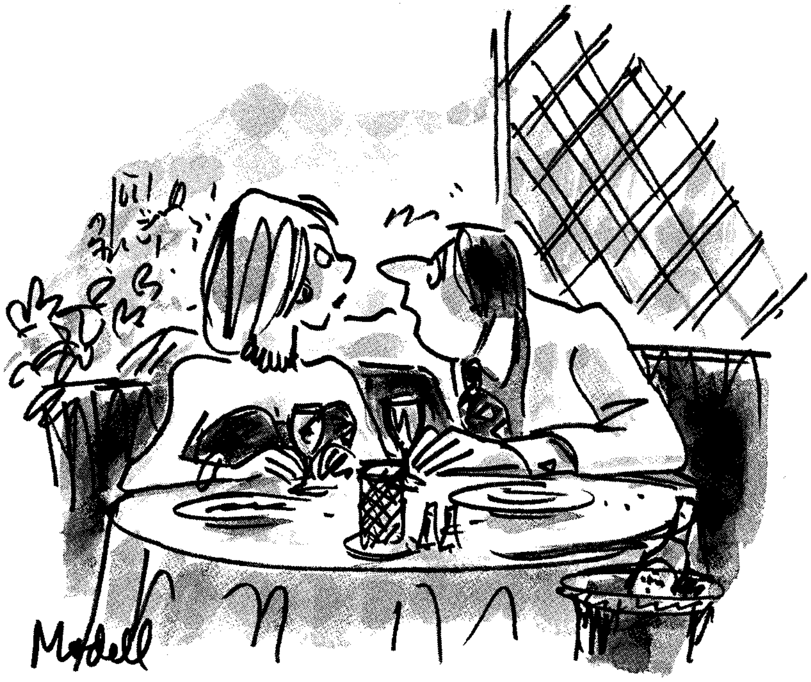
the people of Israel since Biblical times."

Another member of the coalition is the Washington-based Christians' Israel Public Action Campaign, or CIPAC, an evangelical-Christian lobby on Israel and the Middle East. Its opposition to the peace process is based not only on an allegiance to the right, here and abroad, but also on a belief in the literalness of Biblical promises. Richard Hellman, a former staffer for Republican Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, and a lawyer who worked for seven years in Israel, is the president and founder of CIPAC. In June of 1994, he persuaded Senator Thad Cochran, a Mississippi Republican, to propose an amendment to a Pentagon appropriations bill which would have required the Joint Chiefs of Staff to issue a report on the risks to American troops if they were stationed on the Golan. "We, as a little band of Christians, drafted that amendment," Hellman told me. "I took that amendment up, and it became the Cochran amendment." Somehow, Cochran explained later, he had got the impression that he was doing a favor for the Israeli government. But he soon received calls from the Israeli Ambassador, Itamar Rabinovich, and several AIPAC lobbyists, and immediately dropped the amendment. Senator Malcolm Wallop, of Wyoming, thereupon attached his name to it, but it was overwhelmingly defeated. Nonetheless, its proponents felt that they had scored "a moral victory"—as a press release issued by Americans for a Safe Israel, another member of the coalition, put it—because they had forced the start of the polarizing debate.

The handoff of the amendment from Cochran to Wallop was orchestrated by a conservative activist named Frank J. Gaffney, Jr., who is the director of what is essentially a one-man think tank called the Center for Security Policy. Gaffney, who is not Jewish, said to me of his involvement, "It's a target-rich environment." In the mid-nineteen-eighties, Gaffney was a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, the sidekick of Richard Perle, his friend and immediate superior; he helped Perle devise ploys to frustrate arms control, which they both considered dangerous appeasement. In 1987, Perle resigned, and Caspar Weinberger left as Secretary. Gaffney resigned under pressure from the new Secretary. A few months later, Gaffney set up his think tank, warning that the notion that the Cold War was coming to an end was a Soviet ruse. By early 1994, he found himself making common cause with right-wing Jewish groups in the fight against Strobe Talbott's confirmation as Deputy Secretary of State. The effort failed, but Gaffney had found not only new allies but a new enemy: Israel's Labor government.

In April, Gaffney faxed a "decision brief" entitled "Reckless Abandon: Can Either Israel or the U.S. Afford Rabin's Bid to 'Bet the (Golan) Farm?' " to politicians and the media. Thereafter, Gaffney's fax bursts—his tactical forte—came along like clockwork artillery barrages. After preparing the ground with his faxes, Gaffney began to make forays to the Hill to brief senators, representatives, and their staffs. Last October 25th, Gaffney's think tank released a study entitled "U.S. Forces on the Golan Heights?" that was signed by four retired generals, two retired admirals, and five Reagan-era defense officials; it categorically declared unjustifiable any "mission or rationale" for troops on the Golan. A summary version appeared on the Op-Ed pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and the Washington *Times.* The complete report was published as a special section of *Commentary*, the central organ of the neoconservatives, who are, in effect, a lost tribe of the Old Left that wandered long ago to the right. The editor of *Commentary*, Norman Podhoretz, had been railing against the peace process since Rabin's election, in 1992. "I might as well go the whole distance," he wrote in 1993, "and quote from my own favorite prophet, Jeremiah, who on more than one occasion denounced as false prophets those of his own day who cried 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace." By last November, when Yitzhak Rabin paid a visit to Washington to shore up support for the peace process, opposition to American troops on the Golan had become a commonplace on the right.


"The way I see it is, we're both serious, but about different things."

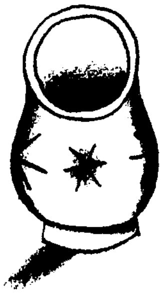
THE religious right's growing presence in the Republican Party has quickened the anxiety of Jewish voters about the Party at the same time that conservative appeals based on the Cold War have lost potency. The Republicans are, naturally, gravitating to the roughly twenty per cent of Jewish voters who support them; unsurprisingly, this group includes a disproportionate number of Likud supporters. During the entire history of Israel, the Israelis have had to deal with a Republican Congress only twice before—during the first seven months of statehood, and from 1953 to 1955. In the forty years that followed, the Democratic Congress stood as an unmovable pillar of support. Now Israeli diplomats are fearful of the isolationism that they see growing among the Republicans. "To say to hell with the world—this is a problem the United States has to decide," Rabin remarked late last year. "You can decide to have no foreign policy." Since the 104th Congress has taken over, the Israeli government has had to fight defensively, skirmish after skirmish.

Jesse Helms, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has never voted for a foreign-aid bill in his twenty-one years in the Senate. Seventy-three years old and in precarious health, he has decided that this is his last chance to strike a mortal blow at the serpent of foreign aid. Helms has consistently voted against aid to Israel, even aid to underwrite the Camp David Accords; remarked that such aid was a "luxury" that upheld "the Israeli conquests of 1967"; and opposed an effort to punish American firms that participated in the Arab boycott. After a trip to Israel in 1985, during which Helms, a deacon in the Southern Baptist Church, was impressed by the conservatives and the religious fundamentalists he met there, he began speaking rapturously of the Biblical lands of Greater Israel, but he continued to vote against aid. Over the last several weeks, Helms has introduced two bills: a bill that would eliminate the Agency for International Development, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and the U.S. Information Agency, and, for the first time in his career, a foreign-aid bill that authorizes support for Israel and Egypt—but includes deep cuts for almost every other region. President Clinton has vowed to veto both bills. Representative Charles Schumer, of New York, says that Helms sees Israel as "the engine to carry carload after carload of junk." He added, "It's a policy that will hurt Israel in the long run."

Helms, once a minority (sometimes of one) of the minority, may now occasionally shape and command a meddling majority. For Israel, he is an erratic but inescapable factor. Yet Israeli government officials find him less annoying than either Senator Alfonse D'Amato, of New York, who intensely cultivates the votes of Orthodox Jews, many of whom are opposed to the peace process, or Jon Kyl, a freshman senator from Arizona, who has tirelessly pushed to move the United States Embassy to Jerusalem and has often been advised by Douglas Feith, a Reagan-era Pentagon official and a close associate of Frank Gaffney's.

The new Speaker of the House, Newt Gingrich, has assured the Israelis at length that he will support them. He has, after all, met with Rabin and travelled to Israel, and his wife, Marianne, was recently made a vice-president of the Israel Export Development Company, which hopes to build a tax-free business zone in Israel. On the peace process, Gingrich, according to one of his aides, has "a wait-and-see attitude."

The first practical issue important to Israeli security which Speaker Gingrich had to handle was debt relief for Jordan. The agreement between Israel and Jordan, the sturdiest part of the peace process, had been made possible by the United States, which had pledged three hundred and seventy-five million dollars to wipe out Jordan's entire debt to the United States. Last year, the United States paid almost a hundred million dollars of the debt; the remaining money was scheduled to come in three installments, but at the request of both Israel and Jordan, and to spark the peace process generally, the Administration asked the new Congress to approve the two hundred and seventy-five million dollars this year. In late February, however, the Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee suddenly slashed the appropriation to fifty million dollars.



There was consternation on all sides. King Hussein appeared humiliated for having made peace. An alarmed Rabin telephoned Clinton and, according to an Israeli source, told him that what was at stake was not just the peace process but the international credibility of the United States.

The man in whose hands the issue rested was the newly elevated chairman of the Foreign Operations Subcommittee, through which all aid requests flow. He is Sonny Callahan, a Republican representative from Mobile, Alabama, who during his ten years in Congress has consistently voted against foreign aid. Callahan didn't understand all the fuss about Jordanian aid. "No one has yet told me what the emergency is," he said to me. "I should shudder to think—Israel, Egypt, and Syria and all of them—the only thing that is holding it together is the U.S. contribution to their well-being." To Callahan, the real issue is the evil of federal spending. "I'm not going to increase the deficit to offset the debt of Jordan. If this is such a dire emergency, then the President should recognize that on Capitol Hill we're trying to balance the budget. He may not be aware of that. That means we have to reduce spending. If he wants to increase spending and increase the deficit, which is what he's requested—'Look, this is a dire emergency, war is going to erupt in the Middle East'—he ought to find two hundred and seventy-five million dollars in his Administration and rescind that to pay for it. He's failed to do that so far."

On March 7th, Ambassador Rabinovich paid a visit, which had been previously arranged, to the Speaker. His plea to Gingrich on behalf of Jordanian aid was significant, because it underlined the change in Israel's self-image which had been wrought by the peace process. An ambassador was no longer depicting Israel as Fortress Israel, needing to bolster itself against encircling enemies. Israel's fate was now linked to the fates of those with whom it had signed treaties. In this case, Jordan had become part of the fabric of Israeli security.

The Speaker told the Ambassador that he was upset that the issue of Jordanian aid had become partisan; that the Administration was unfairly blaming the House Republicans for what had gone wrong; that none of this was his intention; that the Administration had not explained why the total amount needed to be paid immediately; and that he resented the Administration's criticism.

Ambassador Rabinovich also called Callahan to discuss the issue. "He said that this is very important and that his Prime Minister wanted us to act on it, if we could," Callahan told me. "I told him to ask the Prime Minister, if it's so important, would Israel be willing to reduce its economic support accordingly, its foreign-aid request. He hadn't talked to the Prime Minister."

Callahan was especially piqued by a speech that Clinton made on March 1st in which he warned against a drift into isolationism. "I don't know who he's talking about," Callahan said. "I'm not an isolationist. I think he's an isolationist. He's isolating me." Callahan said he would hold his ground: "He might get someone else in the Congress to increase Jordanian funding, but not me."

According to a Democrat close to the

committee, Callahan picked the number fifty million dollars for Jordanian aid out of thin air and never offered a justification for it. From the start, Gingrich's staff was in on the decision-making, but during the two weeks between the subcommittee's action and the full committee's decision to keep the figure at fifty million dollars the Speaker did nothing to reverse the initial decision. Although the Senate voted for the entire Jordanian-aid package, a House-Senate conference decided to insert the money into a broad rescissions bill that includes cuts in education and environmental programs, anathema to President Clinton, who has vowed to veto it.

Gingrich, for his part, stepped up to the podium at AIPAC's Policy Conference a day after Dole, and enthusiastically endorsed the proposal that the Embassy be moved to Jerusalem.

AFTER a series of suicide bombings that culminated in one at Beit Lid in late January, in which twenty-one Israelis were killed, support for the agreement with the P.L.O. plummeted in Israel, and Netanyahu, the Likud leader, led Yitzhak Rabin in polls for the election scheduled for 1996. In early February, Foreign Minister Shimon Peres arrived in Washington to reassure the Administration and Congress that the Israeli government intended to press the peace process forward. On February 7th, Peres met with a small group of journalists at the Mayflower Hotel. "We don't have a process for peace," he said. "We have a war for peace. . . . We are giving back land. We are suffering casualties. We are losing popularity." Nonetheless, he added, "It is working one hundred per cent. If, at all, we did it too late. . . . Israeli society is divided half and half. All polls are irrelevant. Polls represent moods. It's like perfume—nice to smell, dangerous to swallow. What's more important—to win an election or win peace? Winning peace should be the business of our time. Then you should fight it out."

Netanyahu was in Washington at the same time, to stir up opposition to the peace process in many of the congressional offices visited by the Foreign Minister, often on the same day. He paid calls on Gingrich, and on Anthony Lake, the President's national-security adviser, among other figures of influence. Netanyahu's campaigning in the capital was his final casting off of the accepted rules of Israeli political conduct. For years, Bibi Netanyahu, who has a glass-smooth American accent and a gift for sound bites, had been the most effective exponent in America of the Likud point of view. He had served as the Deputy Chief of Mission for the Israeli Embassy and as Israel's United Nations Ambassador, and had become a veritable fixture on "Nightline." The hard-line arguments that Americans heard against trading land for peace were made to them most forcefully by the charismatic Bibi, wrapped in the haunting aura of his brother, Jonathan, who was the commander and the only fatality of the Entebbe rescue mission. Now, in Washington, as Bibi stalked Peres, his political hunger was undisguised.

On February 6th, he gave a lecture at the leading conservative think tank, the Heritage Foundation, in which he presented the case for Fortress Israel. "Israel in its present boundaries cannot be destroyed," he said. "To roll it back to its former boundaries is to destroy it." Travelling around Washington, he hinted at his coming incarnation as Prime Minister. "In my talks on the Hill, I find a great responsiveness, a great willingness to understand," he said. "I suggested to Mr. Gingrich today to separate support . . . " He trailed off, then added, "I don't want to create diplomatic incidents. I may have to deal with them in the future."

The Likud and its supporters in its American campaign are playing with a double-edged sword. They are appealing to the anti-internationalist current in the country and the 104th Congress, as if the effects would be restricted only to the issue that serves the Likud's particular interest at this particular moment. Netanyahu, in his lecture, conjured up the threat of an expanding Islamic fundamentalism, which would require a containment policy like that of the Cold War. "You will have a situation like you had in Europe in 1949 when Russia acquired nuclear weapons," he warned. Facing this new enemy, Fortress America and Fortress Israel would stand together as before, he said. Thus, on the one hand, Netanyahu was demanding a withdrawal of commitment, while, on the other, he advanced a scenario requiring a commitment as unrestrained as that of the Cold War. Behind his rhetoric lies the assumption that the old American political equations are still in place—that the labels "Republican" and "conservative" mean exactly what they did when he was a featured speaker at counterterrorism conferences in the late seventies and early eighties. He exploits isolationism as though it would simply disappear after serving his purpose.

Shortly after Netanyahu's February visit, the Republican Presidential hopefuls, one after another, began inscribing the Likud's positions on their banners. Senator Phil Gramm (who knows Yoram Ettinger, one of the Gang of Three) announced his opposition to American troops on the Golan. In early May, Governor Pete Wilson, of California, made a speech that was an exact summary of the Likud line. And then, on May 8th, Bob Dole made his call for moving the Embassy to Jerusalem. With that, Israeli politics and American politics became thoroughly entangled, and the turbulence in Israel flooded into the American Presidential campaign.

THE Israeli elections, scheduled for November, 1996, set a political deadline for all the actors: Rabin and Netanyahu, Arafat and Hamas, and even Syria's Assad, have no true alternative but to redouble their efforts. They are caught in a cycle that can only accelerate. And the Israeli campaign, of course, will continue to affect the American campaign.

The handshake was the apotheosis of Israel as a religion for American Jews. But it was also the beginning of an existential crisis. If peace, in the end, succeeds, and security is no longer the defining issue for Israel, the organized Jewish community will no longer play the ultimate paternal role as the guarantor of American commitment. Yet proclaiming peace, even a peace marked by sporadic episodes of terrorism, is premature. Until peace comes about, American Jews, for or against the peace process, are being swept along by the opposing forces. Every gesture made in either direction will only widen the embittering divisions. ♦

Leonardo painted the renowned work in tempura on the wall of a friars' refectory in 1497.—*Minneapolis Star Tribune.*

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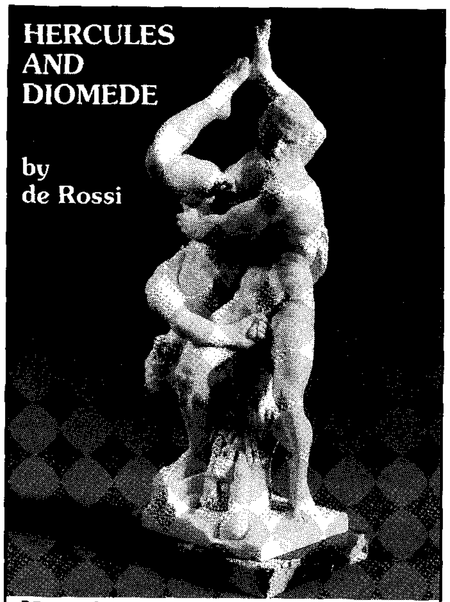

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THE JUSTICE FILE

REJECTING GINA

When Harvard withdrew its offer of admission to Gina Grant, she became the subject of a national debate about the protection of juvenile killers.

BY JANE MAYER

UP until the unusually chilly early-morning hours of Thursday, September 13, 1990, Gina Grant's future seemed assured. At age fourteen, she was perhaps the most promising girl in the town of Lexington, South Carolina. She was bright, popular, accomplished, and pretty—a cherubic-faced, blond-haired honors student, who always seemed to have time to help her friends with their problems, from homework to romance, and who had finished eighth grade in glory as her school's first female student-body president. The day before, she had still been musing about which she wanted to be when she grew up—a Supreme Court justice or a doctor. But now her choices had narrowed: either she could sit in the back of one of the patrol cars parked in her family's driveway while detectives, uniformed officers, and forensic experts swarmed through her family's stiffly proper Colonial brick house or she could warm up at the Lexington County sheriff's office, a few miles away. Ostensibly, the law-enforcement officers presenting her with these choices were concerned about her catching cold. But in truth Gina Grant was already in custody, the prime suspect in the savage killing of her mother.

Inside the house was a grisly scene—the detritus of what Detective John (Jay) Phillips, a long-faced, laconic veteran of the Lexington County Sheriff's Department, described as "one of the top three most brutal homicides I've ever seen." In the kitchen, blood was splattered from the floor to the cereal boxes on top of the refrigerator. On the parquet floor in an adjoining hallway, a wide smear of blood traced a trail from one room to another. And at the end of the trail lay the corpse of Gina Grant's mother, forty-three-year-old Dorothy Mayfield—or, as she was known around town, Dot. Protruding from her throat was the handle of a kitchen knife, which had been plunged so deep that the tip lodged an inch and a half into her spinal column.

In January, 1991, Gina Grant pleaded no contest to her mother's killing. She served approximately eight months in detention. Three years later, in the fall of 1994, she applied for admission to next September's freshman class at Harvard. Nearly eighteen thousand students applied for places in the Harvard Class of 1999, and just over two thousand were admitted. Gina Grant was one of them. It was a remarkable turnaround.

Harvard, however, knew nothing of the nature of the dark chapter of Gina's past. Indeed, the university's admissions officers had come to refer to her as "the orphan," because, as a number of glowing recommendations revealed, for the previous four years she had been living without parents. Her father, an engineer, had died of cancer when she was eleven; and, as far as the admissions office knew, her mother, an executive secretary at Bankers Trust, had died in "an accident" when Gina was fourteen. The facts were that after being released on probation Gina had moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to live with a paternal aunt and uncle, and to piece her life back together as a high-school student. She had gone back to school, at Rindge and Latin, a large and well-regarded public high school, where she

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had ranked near the top of her class, tutored underprivileged children, and served as co-captain of the tennis team. Her secret, she believed, would stay legally buried. As a juvenile, she'd been told, most of her court records were confidential, although some court proceedings were open to the public, and had been reported in the local papers. Her time had been served, and, having paid her debt to society and succeeded in staying out of additional trouble, she expected to be given the fresh start that is the fundamental premise of the juvenile-justice system.

In her determination to be treated just like any other college applicant, Gina Grant posed some uncomfortable questions: Should someone who took another person's life—whatever the circumstances were, and however reformed the taker of that life was said to be—be granted so spectacular a second chance? Should a young killer, even one of inarguable talent and accomplishment, be accorded the same opportunities as her law-abiding peers to seek the rewards of society? In juvenile-justice theory, the law says yes: rehabilitation is the primary goal of corrections. But theory and practice can be quite different things. In an era of anger and frustration at the erosion of values, the special protections extended to juvenile offenders are coming under particular attack. In April, the Harvard admissions office rescinded its acceptance of Gina Grant. The school, which considers admissions matters confidential, suggested that its only reason for deciding against Grant was that she had failed to tell the full truth about herself. But it is far from certain that had she done so she would have fared better.

Gina Grant quickly became the subject of a national debate, even though only the barest outlines of her case were known. A *Times* editorial criticized Harvard for "unseemly haste" in rescinding its offer of admission and declared, "Because universities teach by how they act in society as well as what they offer in the classroom, Harvard has an obligation to behave in an educated way. In the matter of Ms. Grant, it has not." Frank Rich, the *Times* columnist, suggested that although not all the facts were known, it appeared that Grant had faced a judge and been punished for a crime "that may have been committed in at least theoretical self-defense." Some conservatives took Harvard's side; Tom Knott, a columnist for the Washington *Times*, mocked Grant's defenders and asked, "What's a little matricide if a person is willing to grow from the experience?"

The debate has divided those who know Gina Grant as well as those who do not. It is a debate between those who see her as a con artist who has lied, connived, and literally got away with murder and those who consider her to be as much victim as perpetrator—someone with a childhood so horrific, and a life both before and after the crime so exemplary, that she is the very model of a juvenile offender entitled to a new beginning.

CERTAINLY no one questions the brutality of the killing. Dana Grant, Gina's older sister—she was twenty-three at the time—later recalled the events of that night in a statement to police. Dana had arrived home shortly after midnight and had been unable to open the front door. Upon finding it bolted shut, she rushed to a local gas station to call the sheriff. When she returned, she found her sister at the top of the family's driveway in a state of near-hysteria. Gina told her that she and their mother had got into a terrible fight, and that their mother was hurt, possibly even dead.

By the time the first police officers arrived at the house, Gina had recounted, further, that she and her mother had been arguing over a boy she was dating at the time—a football player in her class who was a poor student and had a record of petty crime. Mrs. Mayfield (who had taken the surname of a man she had married three months before she died) had forbidden her daughter to see him. Gina had also stated that later that evening, when she came out of her bedroom after a twenty-minute phone conversation with her boyfriend, her mother—who tests later showed was inebriated at the time—had told her they "needed to have it out" about "that son of a bitch." Mrs. Mayfield, according to transcripts of Gina's initial statement, then "took off her blouse and said, 'I don't want to mess up my $300 suit' . . . and took off her watch and rings like she was getting ready to fight someone," and began to attack Gina at the top of the stairs. At one point, Gina told the officers, her mother had rolled down the stairs and landed unconscious at the bottom. But then she unexpectedly "got up, and started tussling again," Gina said. "She grabbed my neck and said, 'One of us has got to go.' " Then Gina said, "I don't know how she got it, but she got a knife. Her eyes were half closed—they were always like that when she was drunk—and I was terrified. I knew at that point she was going to kill me. I said, 'No Mamma! No!' " The next thing she knew, Gina said, her mother had grabbed the knife and stuck it in her own neck.

The investigators were not convinced. It was improbable that someone would commit suicide by stabbing herself in the throat. Besides, the coroner later counted at least thirteen crushing blows to Mrs. Mayfield's skull. Gina's explanation that her mother's head injuries had been caused by a combination of her falling down the stairs and "bumping into" a heavy vase did not enhance her credibility. Nor did the discovery in Gina's bedroom closet later that night of a black garbage bag stuffed with bloody towels and a heavy crystal candlestick. The candlestick had been a birthday present from Gina to her mother. Forensic studies later suggested that it had been the object used to bash in her mother's skull.

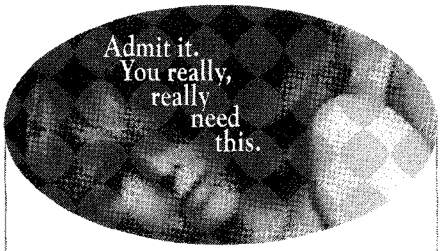
Confronted with this newly discovered evidence, Gina said, "I only withheld it from you because I thought you'd think I killed her. I didn't want to go to jail because I did not kill her. I knew you would find it, but I was just hoping you wouldn't. I did not kill my mother. I promise you, I did not." At that point, Dana Grant cut off further questioning, saying she believed that her sister needed a lawyer. Gina was thereupon charged with her mother's murder, and only then, according to the law-enforcement officials present, did she begin to cry.

By the next afternoon, because of unusual actions taken by the Lexington County sheriff, James R. Metts, virtually the entire county knew of Gina Grant's arrest. A South Carolina state law protects juvenile defendants by requiring that their names be withheld from the press and the public. For nearly a hundred years, the American judicial system has treated juveniles differently from adult offenders, on the ground that their judgment and sense of responsibility are less developed and that their potential for rehabilitation is greater. In essence, the system holds that the punishment of youthful offenders should not include the stigma of public censure. But Metts released Gina Grant's name to the press that very day. Four years later, a packet of the resulting newspaper stories was anonymously dropped off at Harvard's admissions office, prompting the college to rescind its offer. "Yes, I did give her name out," Metts said recently. "There was a law, and still is, that juvenile activity should remain anonymous," he acknowledged, but in this case, he went on, he decided to ignore the law. "I was agitated," he explained. "I felt this was a serious, adult kind of crime. And I think that the juvenile-justice system makes a mockery of justice."

The sheriff's attempt to make an example of Gina Grant backfired, however. In the aftermath of such a brutal killing, one might have expected mass condemnation of the accused—particularly in Lexington County, a conservative pocket of the Deep South that has been voting Republican long before it became fashionable to do so. Lexington County, whose population of a hundred and sixty-seven thousand is largely white, affluent, and fundamentalist Christian, is a bedrock of support for traditional family values—a place where "Honor thy father and thy mother" is still a matter of religious conviction. Yet, instead of branding Gina Grant a pariah, many members of the community embraced her cause. Her defense attorney, Jack Swerling, says that at first he was "outraged" that her case had been opened to the media, "but then it started working for us."

Some would later suggest that the sympathy for Grant was merely an expression of élitism. "She was one of theirs," declares Penny Miller, one of several juvenile-parole-board officers who saw no other reason to support Grant. The chairwoman of the board, Marlene McClain, suggested that if Grant had not been white, pretty, smart, and upper middle class, attitudes would have been quite different. "If she had been a minority with an I.Q. of seventy, she'd still be in jail," McClain said.

While this is probably true, there was an additional reason for Lexington's sympathy. Unlike the police, the parole board, and, later, the Harvard admissions committee, many in the community actually knew Grant and had some inkling of the difficulties she had faced at home. Although none condoned the killing, a number of conservative, hard-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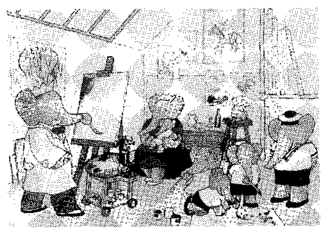
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line supporters of law and order—including the family-court judge who eventually allowed her to plead no contest to voluntary manslaughter and serve less than a year in detention—believed that there had been mitigating circumstances. In fact, as word of Gina Grant's incarceration spread, so did details of the home life she had been covering up, and these engendered a collective sense of guilt that a girl who had helped many other people with their troubles had tried to keep far more serious troubles of her own hidden. "We thought we had this terrible secret," Dana Grant later said, "but after this happened we realized that it was no secret at all. Everybody knew about it, from the clerks to the neighbors."

SELF-PORTRAIT

The *I* examines itself
as it thinks it is seen,
resting its fingers
on its temples,
stares into its own eyes,
declares: What lies,
you broken, divine,
pain-bound, ethereal,
excrement, perfection . . .

The mystery, the self-deception:
look at me for a moment,
turn your face from these reflections
of self-love and self-loathing:

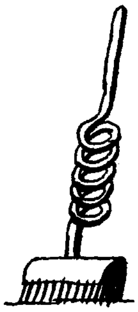
I, too, have a mirror.

—Revan Schendler

Mrs. Mayfield's death was not the first to take place in the family's house. When Gina was eleven, her father, Charles Grant, whom she adored, died, after a long and painful struggle with lung cancer. Although Gina was only in elementary school at the time, she had taken care of him herself after school until her mother got home from work. Moreover, there were nights during that period when her mother, whose drinking was growing more pronounced, did not come home at all. "She saw things that no child should see," Eddie Walker, a former assistant principal of the Lexington Middle School, says. For one thing, Walker believes, Gina's mother was "running around" with other men "at the time her daddy was dying."

Then, one morning not long after her father's death, Gina awoke to find herself alone in the house with the corpse of one of her mother's older male friends: he had died overnight, and she was left to figure out what to do with the body. These traumas were compounded, according to several sources, by the behavior of her mother, who inexplicably blamed her for her father's death, berated her incessantly, and refused to allow her to keep a photograph of her father in the house. Gina's father, other family members say, had harbored hopes that Gina would one day go to Harvard.

By all accounts, Dorothy Mayfield's alcoholism, which had been severe enough for her to have sought treatment at a rehabilitation center not long after her husband's death, worsened alarmingly over the next three years. Although she managed to hold down a responsible bank job, court testimony suggested that she had passed out drunk almost every night, frequently after unleashing wild, abusive tirades, many of them directed at Gina. On occasion, she had also threatened to harm Gina if she ever told anyone about the family problems.



Dr. Harold Morgan, a forensic psychiatrist in Columbia who was a consultant to the state's Departments of Mental Health and Corrections, and who was hired as an expert witness by Gina Grant's defense team, says, "It was the worst case of psychological abuse I have ever seen—and I've seen other kids who have killed their parents."

Because the court records of Gina Grant's case were supposed to be treated as confidential, Swerling and the presiding judge, Marc Westbrook, say they are not at liberty to discuss the nature of the child abuse to which Grant was subjected. Gina herself has also declined all comment. But Swerling, one of the state's premier criminal lawyers, who has represented hundreds of murder defendants, and who has a wife and two teen-age children, says he was so moved after learning how difficult her family life had been that he toyed with the notion of becoming her legal guardian, but then an uncle and aunt, Allen and Carol Bennett, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, agreed to take on that role. "I was just floored when I learned what had been going on in her life, and how well she had been capable of doing anyway," Swerling says. "In my twenty-three years of practicing, this is the quintessential case of a juvenile who deserves a second chance."

Equally sympathetic, though for different reasons, was her mother's brother, a certified public accountant named Curtis Dickson, who lived nearby and had special insight into the family problems. "Before this happened, I had never heard of a dysfunctional family," he says. "But since then I've done a lot of reading. This family is not dysfunctional—it's nonfunctional."

The parents of Curtis Dickson and Dorothy Mayfield were small farmers battered by the Depression and overwhelmed by financial and psychological strains while the children were growing up. Dickson says his father "hoarded money" and "refused to provide" for his children; at one point, they were reduced to wearing flour sacks for clothes. Even more damaging, though, was their father's "emotional violence." Dickson says, "He'd run you down in a minute. You were stupid, lazy, couldn't do anything right. He was just mean." Like their father, Dickson adds, his sister could be "vicious," and later on his nieces "faced constant harassment and ridicule, just like what we faced growing up." And so when his niece Gina killed her mother, Dickson says, he understood why. He says of his own father, "I could have been driven to kill him. Don't think I can't relate to what went on in Gina's mind."

Yet, Sheriff Metts counters, there were virtually no eyewitnesses to this psychological abuse other than Gina's sister, Dana, and although she corroborated Gina's account in court, she had made no public statements. According to Paul Mones, a nationally known attorney and child advocate from California who has made a career of defending children in parricide cases, lack of witnesses and the defendant's failure to confide in anyone are typical. "These cases are so alike it's eerie," Mones says. "I can't tell you how many straight-A, honors students I have seen." Rarely, he says, do such children tell authorities of abuse at home, even when they are asked about it. And something that further complicates their cases in the eyes of juries is that frequently they don't just kill but "overkill," leaving gruesome scenes behind. Moreover, most of them, he says, have a tendency to come across badly when they testify, because they become so detached from their own emotions that they seem to exhibit no remorse. Finally, in order to survive at home they are likely to develop "manipulative" personalities. Many seem, in Mones's words, "like little shits."

Indeed, one of the strikes against Gina Grant, in the eyes of the sheriff and also, later, of the parole board, was what was seen as a tendency to coolly "evade responsibility" by "minimizing" what she had done. Metts was particularly scandalized by a report that only hours after killing her mother she had joked to a female officer accompanying her into the ladies' room, "Don't worry, I don't have body parts in my pocket." Gina was soon suffering chronic nightmares and needed to be sedated in order to sleep, but Metts had by then concluded that she was "a sociopath with no conscience."

Lacking eyewitnesses, Gina was left with a number of adults who could testify only that they had seen what they described as previously overlooked signs of abuse. Eileen Harrelson, the mother of Gina's best friend, Christy Harrelson, says she blames herself for not having taken more seriously various times when

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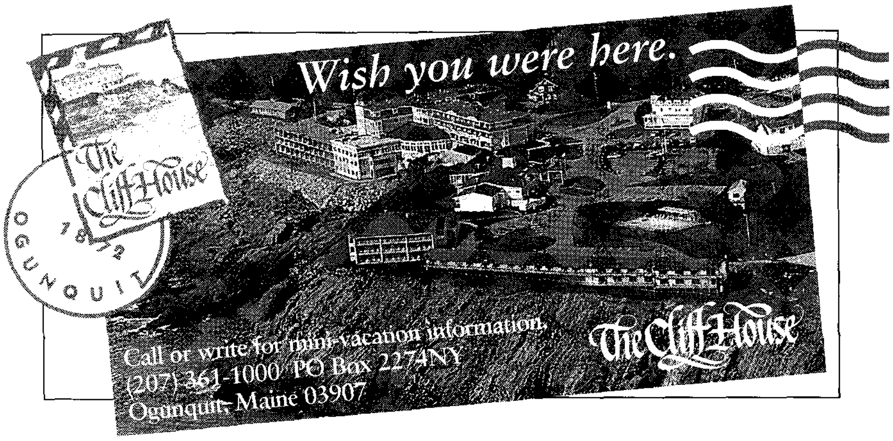

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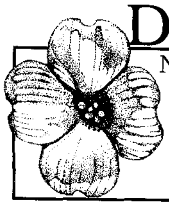

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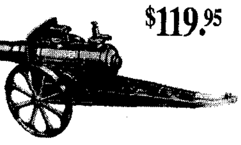

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Gina showed up at her house with oddly explained injuries. Once, when Gina had a black eye, she said that her mother had accidentally poked her in the eye with her knuckle. On another occasion, Gina arrived on crutches after being treated at the hospital for torn ligaments in her ankle; she said she had fallen down the stairs, but admitted years later that in fact her mother had caused her fall. On occasion, according to Gina's testimony in the court records, her mother had hit her hard enough to raise bruises for such lapses as failing to wax the kitchen floor after washing it.

Mones says that the act of parricide is usually triggered in children by a sense that their survival is at stake. "It just explodes one day, when all their options seem to them to collapse," he says. "They've attempted to run away, and it didn't work. They've tried to notify some authority, and no one cares. Afterward, everyone says, 'Why didn't they just tell someone, or open the door and run?' But to them the apparent reality is that they are going to be killed, and in certain cases they are right."

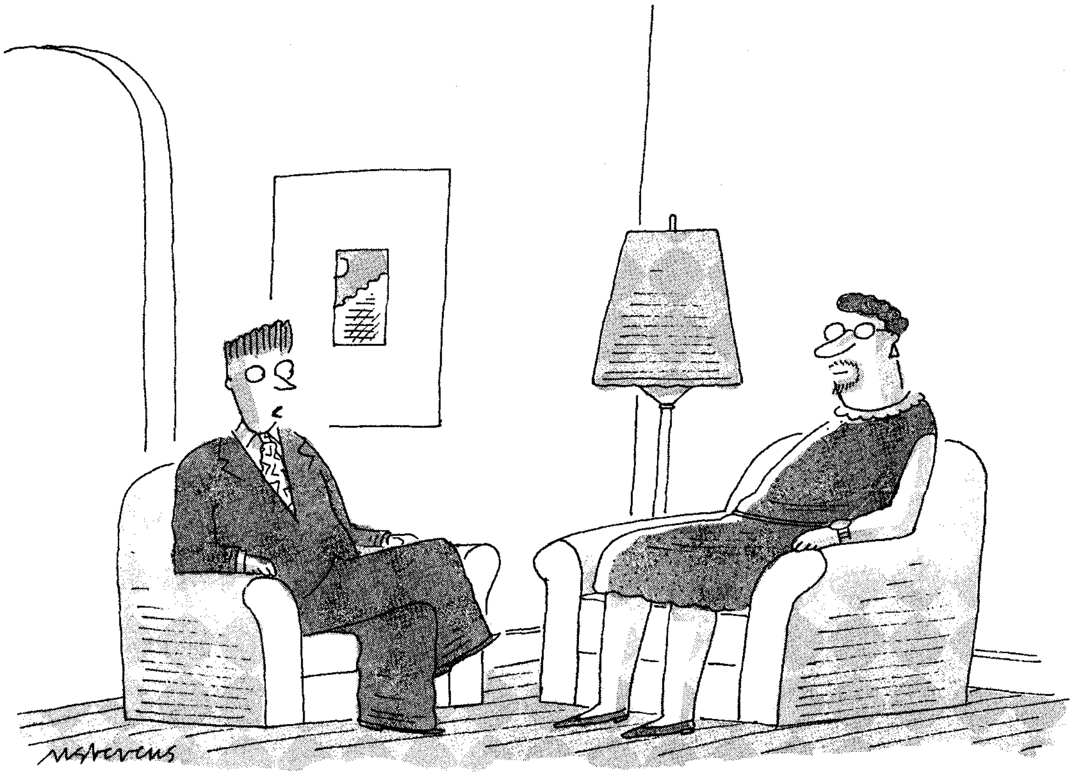
In the period preceding Gina's killing of her mother, a number of these conditions coalesced. To begin with, two of the adults to whom she had grown closest had withdrawn from her life. Eddie Walker, the assistant principal who had taken a real interest in her, had been promoted to principal and moved to another school. Meanwhile, Gina's former nursery-school teacher, Norma Brown, who had hired her as a helper when she was in eighth grade, had subsequently become, she herself says, too preoccupied with her own divorce to pay much attention to Gina's growing problems. Then, during the summer before the killing, Gina faced the futility of trying to run away. Twice she stayed out of the house all night with the boyfriend her mother had forbidden her to see; each time she was caught. On the second occasion, she told police an incredible tale of her own abduction just as her mother was phoning in a missing-person report. Her concocted alibi suggests that she had a healthy respect for her mother's temper, even if she disrespected her authority. As her friend Christy Harrelson says, "She really didn't think of her mother as a parent. It was more like her mother was the child—a baby—just a drunk idiot."

Ten days before the killing, Gina finally confided to Christy, whose family she had been living with as much as her mother would allow her to, that she was really scared. "Before that, she'd just tell me it wasn't true when I said her mother was an alcoholic," Christy, now a student at the College of Charleston, recalls. "But I knew. All you had to do was to go over to her house. Her mother was always drunk, and yelling at her." As Christy relates it, the two girls were out on a float in nearby Lake Murray that Labor Day, when Gina confessed for the first time that she was afraid her mother might kill her. Christy urged Gina to repeat her account of her fears to Christy's mother. And Gina finally opened up. "She told us she was scared for her life," Christy recalls. Gina said that her mother had been drinking and taking Xanax, a sedative, and that she had been flying into violent rages, breaking into Gina's room in the middle of the night and threatening to kill her. Gina and Dana had become so worried that they had disposed of a gun their mother kept.

Alarmed, Eileen Harrelson called the sheriff's office the following day, and reached an officer named Mary Van De Weghe. As Mrs. Harrelson recalls the conversation, she told the policewoman that the mother of fourteen-year-old Gina Grant was a violent alcoholic, and that the daughter was afraid for her life. She says that Officer Van De Weghe told her that if she wanted to file a formal complaint she could, but Mrs. Mayfield would have to be told who had filed it. "For sure, that would have made Dot blow her stack, and probably would have kept her from letting Gina stay with us anymore," she says.

Nine days later, after the sheriff's office charged Gina Grant with murder, documentation of a self-defense motive might have helped her considerably. But there was no record that Harrelson had ever called. Van De Weghe soon left the sheriff's office, with no forwarding address, and the sheriff himself questions whether such a call was ever made.

But Mary Van De Weghe, on being reached



"I think we've bent our genders about as far as they want to go."

in Louisville, Kentucky, where she now works in the security department of the Federal Reserve bank, confirms that Harrelson called to alert the sheriff's office. She says that Mrs. Harrelson's call had seemed like a minor matter and that she hadn't bothered to take notes. On being asked how she had felt about the killing so soon afterward, she said, "Well, it was just like one of those things—damn, it happened!"

On January 21, 1991, Gina Grant, by now fifteen, pleaded no contest to voluntary manslaughter in the death of her mother. Notes taken by the psychologists who examined her for the state's Department of Youth Services indicate that she couldn't remember exactly what had happened that night. But after her psychiatrist had given her sodium amytal, a narcotic used to reduce inhibitions, she blurted out in a jumble of fragmented sentences the recollection that her mother had picked up a knife, that she herself had knocked it out of her mother's hand, that her mother had then picked up another knife, and that she herself had then reached for the candlestick on the mantel.

Gina Grant's boyfriend, a sixteen-year-old named Jack Hook, pleaded no contest to the charge of accessory to voluntary manslaughter after his fingerprints were found on the knife in Gina's mother's throat. Prosecutors believe that after Gina killed her mother Hook came over to the house and helped her make the death look like a suicide by stabbing Mrs. Mayfield, who was already dead, and then wrapping her right hand around the knife. Hook served nearly a year in a juvenile detention center, was subsequently arrested on new charges, of grand larceny, and is now serving a ten-year sentence in an adult high-security prison. (Hook declined, through his lawyer, to comment on Gina Grant unless he was paid, but he told one syndicated TV magazine show that Grant had lied about him. He also said he knew nothing about any abuse by her mother.)

Donald Myers, the prosecutor in the case, agreed to accept Gina Grant's plea to a lesser charge than murder because, he acknowledges, he was afraid that she would be acquitted. "To tell you the truth," Myers says, "I would have been afraid of a not-guilty verdict because of the whole victim thing. She is very convincing, and in this county people believe in self-defense." Grant's defense attorney also had reasons for bargaining. The coverup at the crime scene, along with her changing stories, created problems. Particularly disturbing was a statement she gave that falsely pinned the murder on Hook. Even worse, Hook's mother had taped Gina confessing to her on the phone that she had falsely accused him, in what Gina described as a gambit designed to get them both off.

The greatest surprise in the case was the lenient sentence imposed by Judge Westbrook. Despite a reputation for toughness, he sentenced Gina Grant to about a year of incarceration, including her pretrial detention. In September of 1991, he released her on probation, until the age of eighteen, into the custody of the Bennetts, in Massachusetts, who promised to enroll her in a residential treatment center for girls considered dangerous to themselves or to others. Gina lived at the treatment center only a few months, undergoing psychotherapy, while she was attending Rindge and Latin.

By taking Gina Grant out of the hands of the overcrowded and understaffed Department of Youth Services in South Carolina, Judge Westbrook stirred up a furor, and won the lasting hostility of the state's juvenile-parole board, which believed that its authority was being undercut. As the parole board saw it, Gina Grant needed not just rehabilitation but punishment. "In the final analysis, people are responsible for the choices they make about their own actions," Richard McLawhorn, then the Department of Youth Services commissioner, wrote in a letter to Allen Bennett in August, 1991. "And teenagers are no exception. They need to understand that principle and not see themselves as hapless victims whose antisocial actions should be excused because of their backgrounds." Not only did the parole board refuse to accept the idea that Gina Grant was a victim; it found the arguments made in her favor, such as her superior intelligence and the community support she had received, to be aggravating rather than mitigating circumstances. "We have many, many children who have been abused physically or emotionally who don't commit crimes this brutal,"

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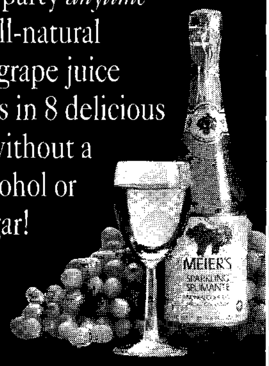

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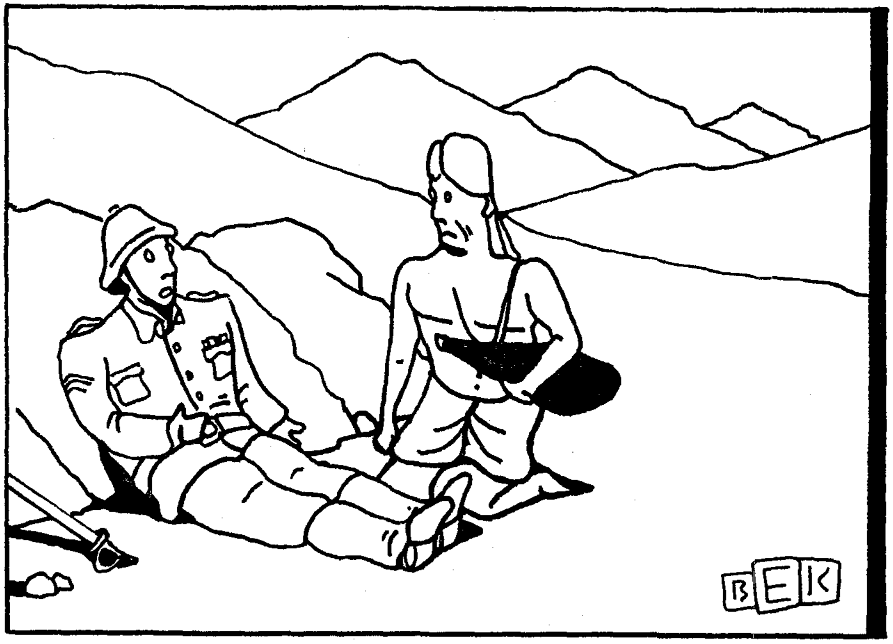


"No, but you've a stranger name than I do, Gunga Din!"

• •

Marlene McClain, the board's chairwoman, says. "And, with the resources and intelligence she had, I have to believe she could have found other solutions."

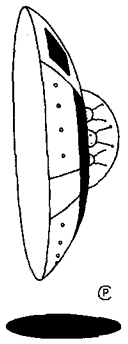
In many respects, the fight over Gina Grant's sentence presaged the later battle over her admission to Harvard, forcing participants into taking sides between condemnation and redemption. Judge Westbrook, though he did not excuse her behavior, focussed on her potential, which he believed would be squandered if she were to be locked up in South Carolina. Every judicial sentence requires a prediction of the future, and Westbrook gambled that Gina Grant would, if she was given therapy and the chance to continue her education, go on to lead a useful life. After she left the state, he assumed—since her court files were confidential—that unless she was again charged with a crime she would never have to tell anyone about her juvenile record: she would be free to start a new life.

When Gina Grant applied to Harvard, she put this principle to the test. She immediately faced the dilemma of how much to say, and decided to tell virtually no one about her past, including her high-school teachers and administrators, some of whom subsequently wrote enthusiastic college recommendations for her. Her aunt and uncle knew, of course, but shortly before her senior year she had had such a severe falling out with them that they had forced her out of their house, and she went to live in an apartment on her own. Neither Gina nor the Bennetts will comment on the nature of the fight, which, of course, raised anew the spectre that, no matter how well Gina was doing academically, she still had disturbingly unresolved emotional problems. Gina's choice of boyfriend appears to have again been an issue, and so were limits that the Bennetts tried to place on her. And again Gina has a number of defenders; they see her in this dispute, too, as the victim of unreasonable relatives. In any case, the rupture between Gina and the Bennetts was a bitter one.

Besides the Bennetts and her therapists, perhaps the only people in Cambridge who knew of Gina's past were her high-school boyfriend, a fellow honor student named Liam Case, and his parents, John and Quaker Case. Gina herself had told Liam when she felt that their relationship had become serious, and he'd had a traumatic reaction. She decided to tell his parents, too, though she was apparently terrified that by confessing she would lose what had become her surrogate family. But John Case, a business writer who graduated from Harvard in 1966, and his wife, Quaker, who is a psychiatric social worker, continue to support Gina wholeheartedly.

When it was time for Gina to fill out college applications, she turned to the Cases for advice. As they understood the law, her record was confidential. They believed she had served her time and had proved her ability to excel in the outside world. So they advised her not to disclose her juvenile record. Later, when an alumna interviewer asked her how her mother had died, Gina used what had apparently become her standard response to this question: "In an accident." Because she had pleaded no contest to manslaughter, which is a killing without malice aforethought, she apparently rationalized that the circumlocution was technically correct.

Gina's current attorney, Margaret Burnham, argues that in declining to disclose her past Gina was following Massachusetts law, which, she says, explicitly bars educational institutions from asking questions of applicants about any criminal matters not resulting in convictions. Since juveniles are "adjudicated delinquent" rather than "convicted" (the latter term is used only for adult offenders), Burnham contends, Gina Grant had no obligation to be more forthcoming. "Clearly, when the judge sent her away from Lexington he believed that she would have the advantage of anonymity," Burnham says. "And Gina accepted that she was to have a fresh start. These are the first principles of juvenile justice." On the other hand, Alan Rose, a Boston attorney specializing in educational matters, argues that those "first principles" do not bind the Harvard admissions office. "Harvard is entitled to establish rules about who should go to school there," he says. "And on the top of the list of applicants you'd screen out are any who have directed bodily harm at anyone else."



THE issue was hypothetical until Monday, April 3, 1995, when Harvard's admissions officers held a rare emergency meeting to consider the contents of an envelope that had been dropped off by hand the Friday before, together with an anonymous letter. Perhaps not coincidentally, an article about young people who had triumphed over long odds—an article that featured Gina Grant but did not mention her juvenile record—had appeared in the Boston *Globe Magazine* on April 2nd. The anonymous letter that Harvard received accused Gina Grant of "hoodwinking" a succession of institutions, beginning with the South Carolina judicial system, continuing with her Cambridge high school, and concluding with Harvard itself. It mentioned that she was estranged from her guardians, and described her as a deceitful, manipulative personality who had covered up the fact that she had killed her own mother. Accompanying the letter was a set of four-year-old news clippings from South Carolina detailing the case.

The admissions committee voted to revoke Gina Grant's acceptance on the ground that she had "made material misrepresentations" about herself, and Harvard thereupon drafted a rejection letter. Worried that the news might leave her in a state of despair, the admissions committee arranged to have it delivered to her in the company of her high-school guidance counsellor. But Gina, instead of despairing, demanded an opportunity to discuss the committee's reasons in person, perhaps hoping that she would be able to change their minds. Harvard, however, refused to allow her to meet with the admissions committee. She was told that the university wished her good luck—but someplace else.

It appears that another college will give Gina Grant a second chance. Before her juvenile record became known, Columbia, Barnard, and Tufts had all eagerly accepted her. Then, when Harvard's rejection became public, the others, too, developed serious qualms. None would comment on their admissions procedures, but last week Tufts confirmed that, after much consideration, it would stand by its offer of admission for this coming fall.

But, as Harvard's reaction suggests, even if Gina Grant excels at Tufts and never again raises a hand against another living soul, the concept of a clean slate may be a legal fiction. The problem, Paul Mones notes, is that "most of these children who have killed their parents have been treated violently and told they're worthless by their parents. And in the eyes of society they've proved that their parents were right." ♦

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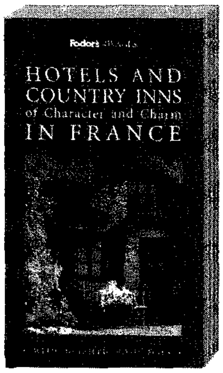

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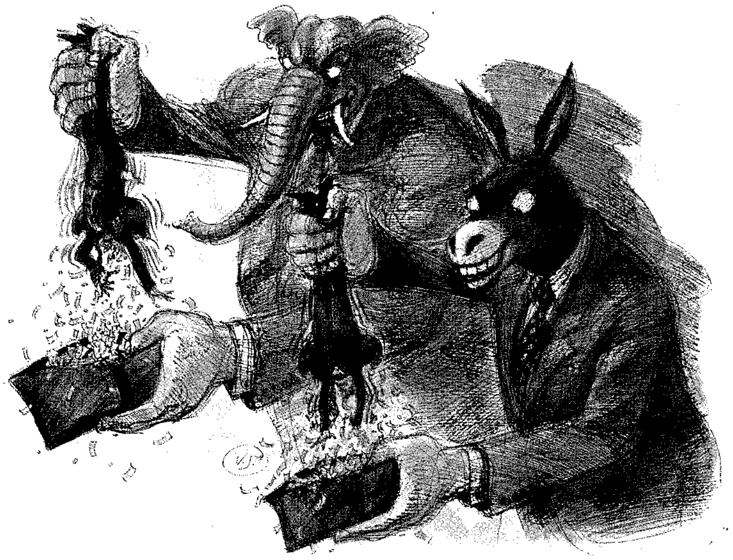
ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

PAY PER VIEWS

With legislation pending, what can a media C.E.O. do to get Congress on his side? PAC funds help, but the new Republicans want more than just money.

BY KEN AULETTA

LAST November at election time, Sumner Redstone, the chairman of Viacom, asked Frank J. Biondi, Jr., Viacom's chief executive officer, if the company's political-action committees had hedged their electoral bets by supporting Republican candidates as well as Democrats. Redstone had reason to be concerned. He was angling for a four- to six-hundred-million-dollar tax break, based on a 1978 law granting tax concessions to companies that sold broadcast or cable properties to minority owners (or to consortiums with minority partners in the lead), and last fall Viacom had agreed to sell its cable-television systems to a minority-fronted investor group. According to the Center for Responsive Politics, a nonprofit nonpartisan Washington research group, political-action committees controlled by Viacom and its Paramount subsidiary had contributed more than a hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars toward the 1994 congressional elections, but only eighteen per cent of that money had been directed to Republican candidates.



VICTOR JUHASZ

Soon after the Republicans took control of both Houses of Congress, Viacom began to fear that it and also the affirmative-action program that provided its tax break would be targets of the new majority. By early April, Congress had passed a retroactive law rescinding the program. The legislation stipulated that to be eligible for the tax concession a company must have filed its application with the Federal Communications Commission by January 17th. The Chicago Tribune Company, Rupert Murdoch, and Quincy Jones had filed before that date and received the tax benefit. Viacom, which had filed its application on January 20th, didn't. And it was not until last week that Viacom was able to announce a preliminary agreement to sell its cable systems. Biondi concedes that Viacom's lopsided giving to Democrats "may have" hurt the company in the House, but thinks that Presidential politics and a backlash against affirmative action were what really killed their tax break. Tony Coelho, the former chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, who is known in Washington as a master fund-raiser, disagrees; he understands the base motivations of many members of Congress. "They were going to lose no matter what," he says of Biondi and Viacom.

COMMUNICATIONS is the United States' fastest-growing industry, and is highly dependent on the government's favor. Its nine major components—broadcasting, cable, telephone, Hollywood and music-recording studios, publishing, computers, consumer electronics, wireless, and satellite—are well aware of the government's power. Last week, the House Commerce Committee passed a sweeping telecommunications-reform bill that will increase competition and, almost certainly, profits. It allows broadcasters to own television stations reaching up to fifty per cent of viewers (up from twenty-five per cent); deregulates cable rates; permits telephone companies to compete with cable companies in some markets; and allows local telephone companies to provide long-distance service and long-distance companies to provide local service. The final legislation may not include all of these changes, since it will have to be approved by the full House and by the Senate; that bill is expected to be sent to the President this year.

Communications companies have invested millions of dollars to affect the outcome. Since the mid-seventies, they, like an increasing number of other companies and most trade and labor organizations, have formed political-action committees, or PACs, which permit individuals within an organization to join a pool, which can donate up to five thousand dollars a candidate, compared with the thousand dollars permitted an individual acting alone.

On May 23rd, the Center for Responsive Politics issued a lengthy report on all the contributions of industry PACs during the 1994 elections. The report notes that the communications industry was the sixth-largest PAC giver, trailing such groups as the finance, insurance, and real-estate sector and the health industry. PACs run by what the center calls the communications-and-electronics sector contributed a total of nine million four hundred thousand dollars to the 1994 congressional elections. Peter Barton, the president of Liberty Media, which is the programming arm of Tele-Communications, Inc., the nation's largest cable company, explained the donations this way: "You buy war bonds on both sides."

But in the 1994 elections, eighty per cent of the contributions from communications PACs were earmarked for incumbents, and since at the time the Democrats controlled both the House and the Senate—as they have for most of the past forty years—they got more than half the money. The largest single contributor was A.T. & T.: it gave candidates $1,295,994, of which fifty-nine per cent went to Democrats. Of the top ten Senate and top ten House recipients of money from communications-company PACs, eleven served on the House Commerce Committee or the Senate Commerce Committee (which oversee the communications industry), and three others were majority or minority leaders. The largest sum of money from communications PACs to go to a single recipient was $190,608, and the recipient was Jack M. Fields, Jr., of Texas, who was then the ranking minority member of the House Commerce Committee's Telecommunications Subcommittee and is now its chairman.

As an industry group, the local telephone companies were the most generous givers (three million one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars). The Baby Bells gave slightly more than half their money to Democrats. The cable and satellite industries' PAC gifts (a million twenty-nine thousand dollars) also tilted toward the Democrats. The Hollywood studios and media and entertainment companies contributed a total of two million two hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars, and sixty per cent of it went to Democrats. Entertainment companies such as MCA and the music companies were, like Viacom, lopsidedly Democratic. The publishing and computer industries gave relatively small sums.

The nine million dollars in PAC gifts probably represents less than half the total donations to congressional candidates from the communications industry, since individuals also make campaign contributions. The 1994 figures for individual contributions have not yet been analyzed, but for the 1992 election fifty-four per cent of communications-industry giving—ten million dollars, according to the Center for Responsive Politics—came from individuals in the industry, not from PACs. Nor does the 1994 total include four million dollars of so-called soft money that communications companies gave to the Democrats or nearly three

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"I liked it better on top of my husband."

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and a half million given to the Republicans. (There is no limit on such soft-money donations.) For the 1992 elections, Time Warner dispensed four hundred thousand dollars in soft money, three-fourths of it to the Democratic Party. MCA gave two hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars, more than ninety per cent of it to the Democratic Party.

Unsurprisingly, there are also less noticeable ways to curry favor. For instance, gifts to the Progress and Freedom Foundation, the think tank closely tied to Speaker Newt Gingrich—or to Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole's charity for the disabled, the Dole Foundation—won't show up in standard campaign-finance reports. And, of course, money is not the only form that gifts can take. Tele-Communications, Inc., has made some of its channel space available to National Empowerment Television, a politically conservative programming service that has been championed by Gingrich. Liberty Media's Peter Barton says that the service was put on cable because it generated a good audience in various markets where it was tested. There may have been other reasons, too, since John Malone, the chief executive officer of T.C.I., is a libertarian conservative, and since documents on file with the Federal Elections Commission reveal that in the week before the November elections T.C.I. shovelled two hundred thousand dollars—soft money—to the Republican National Committee.

SINCE the elections, a lobbyist says, the local telephone companies have shifted from donating their PAC money more or less evenly to awarding about seventy per cent of it to Republicans. Frank Biondi says that since the 1994 elections Viacom's PAC donations have been "more balanced" than they were before November. This month, Viacom had planned to sponsor a fund-raising breakfast for Larry Pressler, of South Dakota, who is now the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee. According to one Viacom executive, a friend of Pressler's phoned to request the fund-raiser. The intermediary is reported to have said, "The Senator would like Sumner to do it." The goal, another Viacom executive said, was to raise thirty thousand dollars for Pressler's 1996 reëlection campaign. According to Viacom, Sumner Redstone, a lifelong liberal Democrat, who worked in the Truman Administration and has raised money for the Kennedys and Clinton, had not yet decided whether to lend his name or his liberal reputation to Pressler, a conservative Republican. But this is about business, not personal convictions. "The practical realities of life are that Republicans are in control of congressional committees," Biondi says. "We recognize that. And we'll deal with it." The practical realities are also that Viacom wants to avoid embarrassing publicity, so last week, after inquiries were made by *The New Yorker*, the plans for the fund-raiser were dropped.

Pressler has lately been doing a sort of whistle-stop tour: he has held a series of fund-raisers involving the communications industry, and the stops have included T.C.I., in Denver, a five-hundred-dollar-a-head Motion Picture Association of America fund-raiser in Hollywood, and, in New York, an event sponsored by Time Warner at the "21" Club, one sponsored by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., and one at the home of the former media mogul John Kluge. Asked through a spokeswoman about the propriety of a committee chairman's shopping for money from industries he regulates, Pressler declined to respond.

An experienced telephone-company lobbyist responded to the same question this way: "These committees have these companies by the balls. It's the cost of doing business. What contributions do is prevent your opponent from getting an advantage. If you don't give, you build up subtle resentments."

In the sense that incumbency gets rewarded, none of this is new. Nevertheless, the magnitude of the shift of money is startling. "If you close your eyes you can hear money pouring into Washington," I was told by the communications attorney Nicholas W. Allard, who used to work on Capitol Hill as chief of staff for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. And figures from the Federal Election Commission reveal that in January, February, and March of this year—the latest period for which the F.E.C. has computerized the filings—PAC giving has swung sharply to Republicans. A.T. & T., which has been fighting to make inroads in providing local phone service, and which gave fifty-nine per cent of its political contributions to Democrats in the last election, reported giving four times as much to Republicans as to Democrats in those months, including five thousand dollars to Thomas J. Bliley, Jr., the chairman of the House Commerce Committee, and two thousand dollars each to Pressler, Dole, and Dick Armey, the House Majority Leader. Ameritech, the Chicago-based Baby Bell, which like other local phone companies seeks to add long-distance service, gave three and a half times as much to Republicans as to Democrats, including thirty-five hundred dollars to Pressler and three thousand dollars to Jack Fields. The National Association of Broadcasters, which wants a relaxation of radio-ownership rules, and which gave Democrats the edge last year, has given three times as much to Republicans as to Democrats so far this year, including five thousand dollars to Fields, two thousand to Bliley, and four thousand to Armey.

There is also a Presidential dimension to this shift. The guessing in Washington is that when Dole's PAC reports are made public this summer he will emerge as the major beneficiary of the communications industry. Dole's Presidential PAC, Campaign America, received, according to the Center for Responsive Politics, a hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars from communications PACs and individuals during the 1994 elections—before he became a Presidential candidate. Pressler nominally calls the shots on telecommunications legislation in the Senate, but Dole's voice is more dominant. It is Dole, not Pressler, who will decide when to bring the telecommunications-reform legislation to the Senate floor. And Dole has already softened his long-standing opposition to the long-distance carriers: he now favors legislation requiring the Baby Bells to allow long-distance competitors into their home markets before they may enter the long-distance business themselves. "Communications is the feeding ground that Bob Dole has been looking for," a prominent Clinton Democrat asserts. "Like all animals, Presidential candidates need their own feeding ground."

WHEN Tony Coelho was chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, in the mid-nineteen-eighties, he traded access to Democratic leaders for campaign contributions. Coelho, for example, organized a Speaker's Club: in return for individual donations of five thousand dollars a year or PAC tributes of fifteen thousand dollars, members were listed as "trusted, informal advisers" to the Democratic leaders. In the spirit of the turn-of-the-century Tammany Hall leader George Washington Plunkitt, the Democrats split hairs between "dishonest graft" (unreported cash gifts, which are illegal) and "honest graft" (reported cash gifts, which are legal).

Yet, however sleazy the Democrats have been in years past, the new Republican majority has in some ways been even more crass. "It is a time-honored practice for fund-raisers to hit up the industry affected by the committee assignment of the members," one prominent lobbyist who is a Democrat says. "But now it seems to be noticeably more aggressive in three respects. First, the Republicans who took over the committees moved much more quickly to exploit the leadership positions. In the communications industry, House Republicans, led by Jack Fields, did a clever thing: they invited more than thirty C.E.O.s and other leaders to two days of briefings. There was never any mention of supporting anyone. It was all 'We want to pick your brains.' Much as these C.E.O.s like to think of themselves as savvy, they don't know how politics works in this town. They came out and said, 'This is really terrific. They want to know how I feel about issues.' Then they got the calls from the fund-raisers and the Party chairman. After the meeting, I got three calls from Haley Barbour," the Republican National Chairman. (All lobbyists—regardless of party affiliation—are perceived first as sources of cash.) Then, this Democrat went on to say, came calls to companies and trade associations urging them to get rid of their Democratic lobbyists and hire Republicans. Among the first to switch were the long-distance-telephone companies, which retained the former Republican senators Howard Baker and Paul Laxalt to lead their lobbying effort. "There's a runaway hubris operating here," the lobbyist concluded.

The hubris was visible at the House Commerce Committee briefings, on January 19th and 20th. Held in the Cannon House Office Building, they were closed to the press and to Democrats. At dinner the first night, Gingrich was the featured speaker, and he took the occasion to attack the media as too negative and too biased, and even unethical. After the speech, Time Warner's C.E.O., Gerald Levin, rose and gently rebuked

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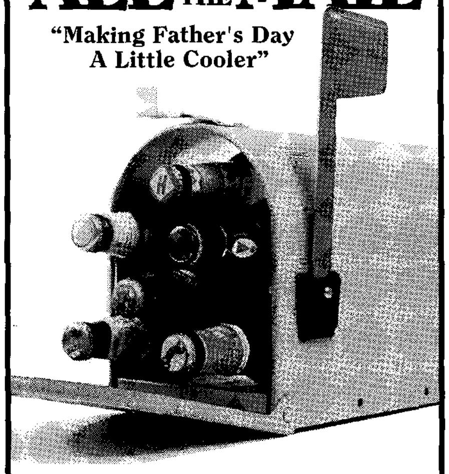

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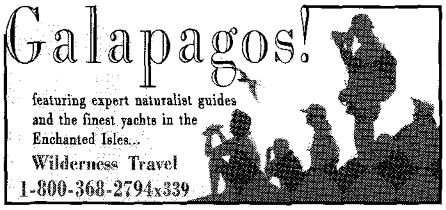
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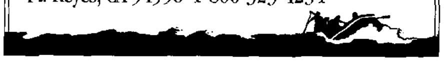


Gingrich for being too general in his remarks. Surely Gingrich did not mean to tar all journalists with the same brush—to lump, say, *Time* in with the more sensationalist tabloid press? “I hope you don’t mean *all* of us,” Levin concluded.

“Yes, I do,” Gingrich is reported to have replied. “*Time* is killing us.” And, according to several accounts, he went on to say that he had been particularly incensed by *Time’s* account of his mother’s interview with Connie Chung, of CBS—the interview in which his mother confided that her son had called Hillary Clinton “a bitch.”

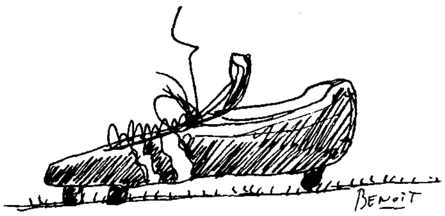
Although spokesmen for both Gingrich and Levin take pains to say that it was not “a hostile confrontation,” and to note that the two men have recently had pleasant one-on-one chats, and to make the fair point that the Speaker has free-speech rights, too, others found it chilling that the Speaker would, in effect, press the C.E.O.s to have their journalistic troops hold their fire. “We’re at greater risk now of that kind of pressure having an impact,” Nicholas Allard says. “Traditionally, there has been a separation between news and corporate functions. Given the consolidation, you may have more instances where the top business executives, who have many corporate policy objectives, may find it tempting to impose control over their news divisions to advance corporate objectives.” The new model may be that of Mark H. Willes, the new C.E.O. of the Times Mirror Company, who was hired away from General Mills. Although there’s no way to know what Willes will do, according to those who recruited him he brings a fresh perspective, because he has no prior involvement with the main business of the company, which is news.

Also bringing a fresh perspective are Republican leaders like Gingrich and Armey, who have called on companies to be more ideological in their giving. An Armey spokesman concedes that in April Armey sent a letter and supporting materials to Fortune 500 C.E.O.s to complain of their philanthropic gifts to such “liberal” charities as the American Cancer Society. The new Republican majority, Tony Coelho observes, has “taken what I did and moved it to a higher level.” He explains, “The committee chairmen are saying, in effect, ‘We’re going to look at who you contribute to. If you expect our help, we don’t expect to see you on the Democratic list.’ ”

This view is nonsense, says Gingrich’s spokesman, Tony Blankley. “Read ‘Honest Graft,’ ” Blankley says—referring to Brooks Jackson’s book about how Coelho muscled money from corporations—“and see how Coelho raised money. We never did anything like what they did, which was to virtually blackmail contributors. It was as ruthless a system of money extraction as one can conceive of. He was attempting to extract money from contributors who disagreed with the policies the Democrats were putting forward. We make the case that the free-market principles they support are our principles, and if they’re going to support candidates they should support those who share their views. That’s a fundamental difference.”

But if Republicans threaten, or imply, retribution against those who differ with them—like *Time*, or pragmatic givers, or corporate philanthropists who donate to “liberal” charities—then they have in fact extended Plunkitt’s definition of “honest graft.” Like Coelho, they have promised access in return for donations, but by imposing an ideological test on givers they have introduced a new level of coercion. They don’t just twist arms for contributions; they now ask givers to profess their unwavering loyalty—or else. Republicans say that such coercion is not their intent, but the best way to judge coercion is not by what is said but by what is heard. A major communications lobbyist who directs a corporate PAC says, “You’re being extorted. People say, ‘Contribute.’ You feel that unless you contribute you won’t have the ability to do what you need to do.”

THE line between extorted funds and campaign contributions—between “dishonest” and “honest” graft—can be almost imperceptible. Josh Goldstein, the research director of the Center for Responsive Politics, says, “These contributions to incumbents sitting on the committees that have jurisdiction over the PACs’ interests are the clearest circumstantial evidence we have that the money contributed is not, as the donors and the recipients claim, for good government. It’s directed money, and it’s directed for clear legislative reasons. It’s not illegal. But the difference between what one calls a bribe, which is illegal, and a campaign contribution is unclear.”



The big loser in all this, of course, is the public. “By and large, the public is not represented by the lawyers and the lobbyists in Washington,” Reed Hundt, the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, says. “The few public advocates are overwhelmed financially. It’s all very fine to say that you are in favor of competition. I am. The Administration is. Congress is. But competition won’t give you everything the country needs from communications companies. We’ve got to be able to stand up to business on certain occasions and say, ‘It’s not just about competition, it’s about the public interest.’ ”

One consequential issue that government must soon decide is how to allocate new broadcast-spectrum space that has been made available by advances in digital compression; Hundt says the extra space will be worth thirty to a hundred billion dollars. Suddenly, there will be room for as many as six new broadcast subchannels within each current channel. Should government allow the existing broadcast stations to use this space to provide movie-quality high-definition images, which require more spectrum space to transmit? Should government allow broadcasters to create, say, new all-sports or all-news or data channels? Will the F.C.C. reclaim and auction off the analog channels currently used by broadcasters after the transition to the new digital channels is complete? Or should it instead auction the extra spectrum? And if the space is auctioned who should be permitted to bid—just broadcasters? Everyone? Should government impose some public-interest requirements as a trade-off for access to what have traditionally been construed as the public airwaves?

“It’s getting harder and harder to get people to make the argument for the public interest, because of this chant—‘*Competition! Competition! Competition!*’—which is drowning it out,” Hundt says. “That chant is well funded. The funds give you access to Congress and to government of all kinds.” ♦

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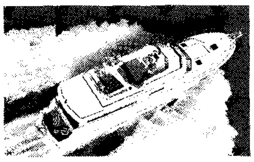

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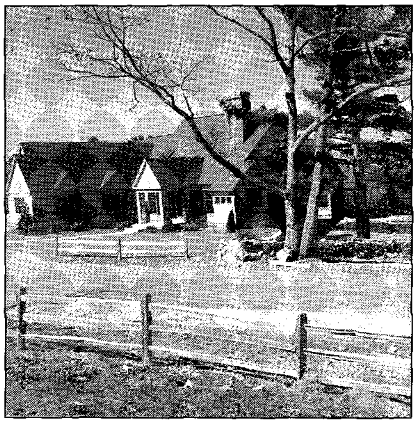

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

A HOUSE OF ONE'S OWN

Virginia Woolf was Bloomsbury's genius, but her sister, the painter Vanessa Bell, created its shrine. With her lover and her husband, she transformed a quiet Sussex farmhouse into the backdrop for some of Bloomsbury's most extraordinary scenes—in life and in art.

BY JANET MALCOLM

If one is to try to record one's life truthfully, one must aim at getting into the record of it something of the disorderly discontinuity which makes it so absurd, unpredictable, bearable.—*Leonard Woolf, "The Journey Not the Arrival Matters."*

THE legend of Bloomsbury—the tale of how Virginia and Vanessa Stephen emerged from a grim, patriarchal Victorian background to become the pivotal figures in a luminous group of advanced and free-spirited writers and artists—takes its plot from the myth of modernism. Legend and myth alike trace a movement from darkness to light, turgid ugliness to plain beauty, tired realism to vital abstraction, social backwardness to social progress. Virginia Woolf chronicled her own and her sister's coming of age in the early years of this century much as Nikolaus Pevsner celebrated the liberating simplifications of modern design in his once influential but now perhaps somewhat outdated classic "Pioneers of the Modern Movement: From William Morris to Walter Gropius" (1936). As Pevsner shuddered over the "coarseness and vulgar overcrowding" of a carpet shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London ("We are forced to step over bulging scrolls and into large, unpleasantly realistic flowers. . . . And this barbarism was by no means limited to England. The other nations exhibiting were equally rich in atrocities"), so Virginia, in her memoir "Old Bloomsbury" (1922), recoiled from the suffocating closeness of her childhood home, at 22 Hyde Park Gate, in Kensington—a tall, narrow, begloomed house of small irregular rooms crammed with heavy Victorian furniture, where "eleven people aged between eight and sixty lived, and were waited upon by seven servants, while various old women and lame men did odd jobs with rakes and pails by day." And, as Pevsner turned with relief to the spare, *sachlich* designs of the twentieth-century pioneers, so Virginia exulted in the airy and spacious house on Gordon Square, in Bloomsbury, where she and Vanessa and their brothers, Thoby and Adrian, went to live by themselves in 1904, after the death of their father. (Vanessa was twenty-five, Thoby was twenty-four, Virginia was twenty-two, and Adrian was twenty-one.) "We decorated our walls with washes of plain distemper," Virginia wrote, and:

> We were full of experiments and reforms. . . . We were going to paint; to write; to have coffee after dinner instead of tea at nine o'clock. Everything was going to be new; everything was going to be different. Everything was on trial.

Nine years earlier, when Virginia was thirteen, her mother, Julia Stephen, had died, suddenly and unexpectedly, of rheumatic fever, at the age of forty-nine, and two years after that Stella Duckworth, one of Julia's three children from a previous marriage, who had become the angel of the house in Julia's place, died of peritonitis, at the age of twenty-eight. These deaths only darkened the darkness, coarsened the atrocious figures in the carpet. Leslie Stephen, the eminent Victorian writer and editor, tyrannized the household with his Victorian widower's hysterical helplessness, and George Duckworth, Stella's brainless brother, couldn't keep his hands off Vanessa and Virginia while affecting to comfort them. Virginia's strength was unequal to the pressure of "all these emotions and complications." A few weeks after Leslie's death, she fell seriously ill. "I had lain in bed at the Dickinsons' house at Welwyn"—Violet Dickinson was then her best friend—"thinking that the birds were singing Greek choruses and that King Edward was using the foulest possible language among Ozzie Dickinson's azaleas," Virginia wrote of this descent into madness, the second in the series (the first followed her mother's death) by which her life was plagued and eventually cut short. When she recovered—the antipsychotics of the time were bed rest, overfeeding, and boredom—her old home was gone and the new one was in place. It was on Vanessa's sturdier shoulders that the weight of life at Hyde Park Gate had

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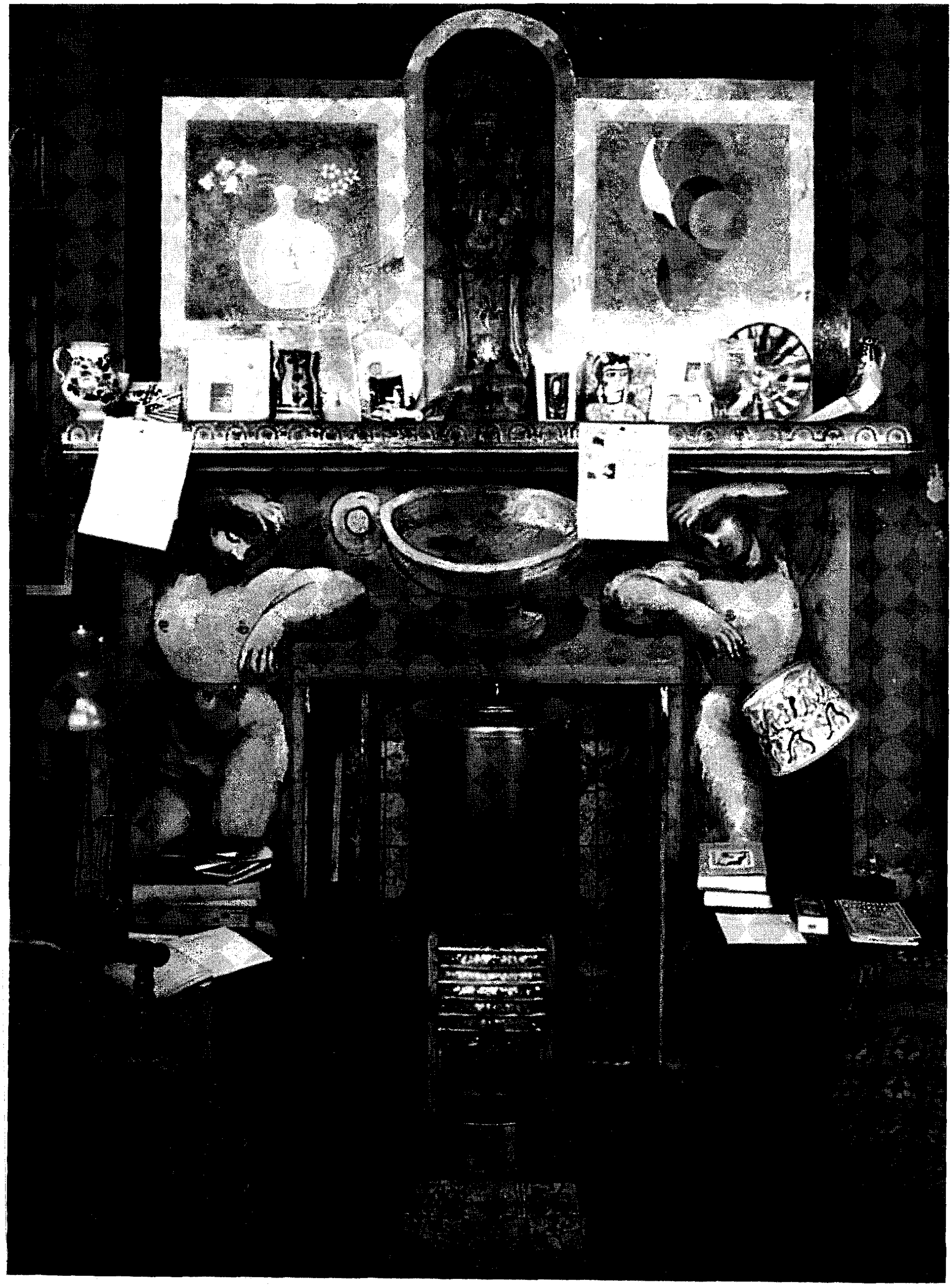
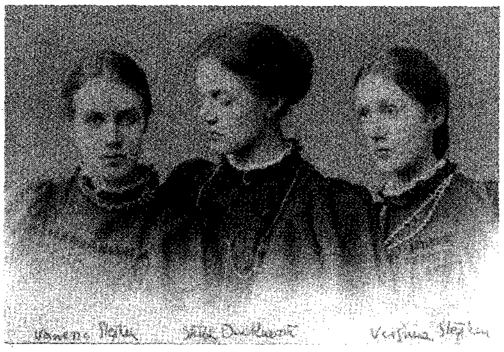
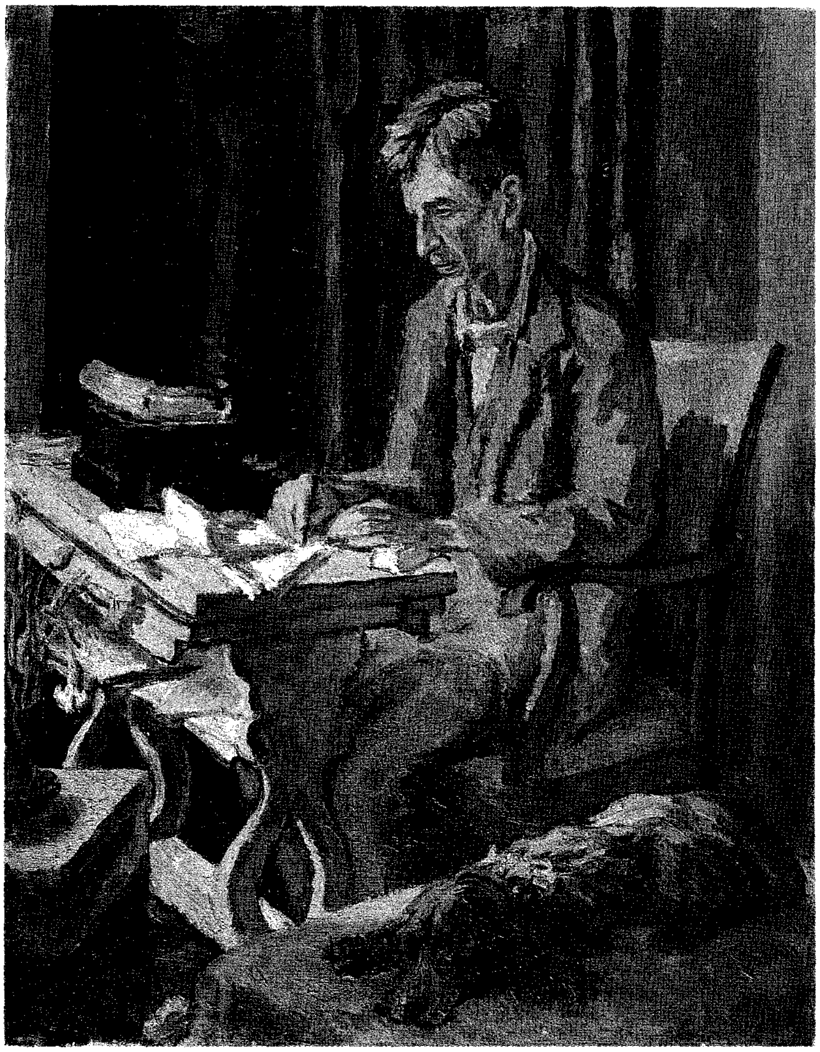


Vanessa Bell (opposite) around 1902, and the studio at Charleston that she and Duncan Grant shared for fifteen years.

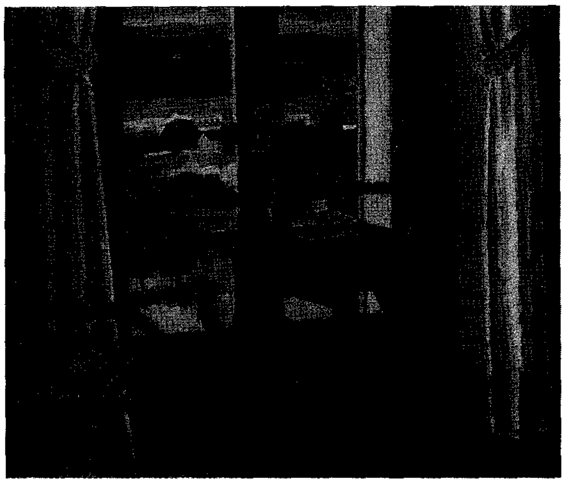




LEFT: (TOP) THE BERG COLLECTION/NYPL, (BOTTOM) THE CHARLESTON TRUST; RIGHT: THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

fallen after Stella's death (her siblings called her the Saint when they wanted to enrage her), and it was she who engineered the move to Gordon Square, selecting the neighborhood (then an unfashionable one), finding the new house, renting the old one, and distributing, selling, and burning its accretions.

There is a photograph of Stella, Virginia, and Vanessa, taken around 1896, the year after Julia's death, in which a classically profiled Stella looks demurely downward; an ethereal Virginia, in half profile, gazes pensively, perhaps a little strangely, into the middle distance; and a solid Vanessa stares straight into the camera, her features set in an expression of almost harsh resolve. Without Vanessa's determination—and by the time of Leslie Stephen's death she was already making good on her ambition to be an artist, having studied drawing and painting since her early teens—it is doubtful whether the flight of the orphans to Gordon Square would have taken place. Nor, more to the point, would there have been the Thursday-evening parties that were, Virginia playfully wrote, "as far as I am concerned the germ from which sprang all that has since come to be called—in newspapers, in novels, in Germany, in France—even, I daresay, in Turkey and Timbuktu—by the name of Bloomsbury." A period of happiness had begun that, as Virginia described it, was like the giddy early months of freshman life at college. She and Vanessa had not, of course, gone to college—even girls from literary families like the Stephens did not go to college then—but Thoby had gone to Cambridge, and came home on vacations to tell his wide-eyed sisters of his remarkable friends: of the frail, ultra-cultivated Lytton Strachey, who once, as Virginia wrote, "burst into Thoby's rooms, cried out, 'Do you hear the music of the spheres?' and fell in a faint"; of an "astonishing fellow called Bell. He's a sort of mixture between Shelley and a sporting country squire"; of a "very silent and thin and odd" man named Saxon Sydney-Turner, who was "an absolute prodigy of learning" and "had the whole of Greek literature by heart." These and other Cambridge classmates became the Thursday-evening harbingers of Bloomsbury and the sisters' initiators into the pleasures of late-night conversation on abstract subjects (beauty, reality, the good) with men who do not want to marry you and to whom you are not attracted. Evidently, they were an unprepossessing lot. "I thought . . . that I had never seen young men so dingy, so lacking in physical splendour as Thoby's friends," Virginia wrote in "Old Bloomsbury" (doubtless exaggerating their nerdishness for comic effect; she wrote the piece to be read aloud to a gathering of Bloomsbury friends that included several of the ill-favored men themselves). But "it was precisely this lack of physical splendour, this shabbiness! that was in my eyes a proof of their superiority. More than that, it was, in some obscure way, reassuring; for it meant that things could go



Opposite page: Vanessa, at the easel, with Virginia, Adrian, and Thoby; Vanessa's 1940 portrait of Leonard Woolf; Vanessa, Stella Duckworth, and Virginia, c. 1896. This page: Virginia with Leslie Stephen, 1902; Clive Bell and Lytton Strachey at Charleston, 1927; Vanessa's "Interior with a Table," 1921.

on like this, in abstract argument, without dressing for dinner, and never revert to the ways, which I had come to think so distasteful, at Hyde Park Gate." However, things could not go on like this; the period of happiness abruptly ended. Once again, as she writes in a later memoir, "A Sketch of the Past" (1940), "the lashes of the random unheeding, unthinking flail," which had "brutally and pointlessly" destroyed Julia and Stella, descended on the Stephen family. In the fall of 1906, on a trip to Greece with his siblings, Thoby Stephen contracted typhoid and, apparently because of medical bungling (his illness was at first diagnosed as malaria), died a month after his return to England, at the age of twenty-six.

In the annals of Bloomsbury, Thoby's death, though as brutal and pointless as Julia's and Stella's, has not been accorded the same tragic status. Rather, in fact, the annalists have treated it almost as a kind of death of convenience, like the death of a relative who leaves deserving legatees a bequest of such staggering size that his own disappearance from the scene goes almost unnoticed. What happened was this: The previous year, one of the dingy young men, Clive Bell—who was actually neither as dingy nor as intellectual as the rest—had broken ranks and proposed to Vanessa, and she had refused him. Four months before Thoby's death, he had proposed again, and had again been refused. But now, two days after Thoby's death, Vanessa accepted him, and two months later she married him. As Leslie Stephen's death had allowed the children to flee from the ogre's castle, so Thoby's death melted the ice princess's heart. After Clive's first proposal, Vanessa had written to a friend, "It really seems to matter so very little to oneself what one does. I should be quite happy living with anyone whom I didn't dislike . . . if I could paint and lead the kind of life I like. Yet for some mysterious reason one has to refuse to do what someone else very much wants one to. It seems absurd. But absurd or not, I could no more marry him than I could fly." Yet now, in the kind of emotional tour de force usually achieved by love potions, Vanessa's feeling for Clive suddenly ignited, so that three weeks after the death of her brother she could write to another friend, "I as yet can hardly understand anything but the fact that I am happier than I ever thought people could be, and it goes on getting better every day."

Quentin Bell, Vanessa's son, writing of Thoby's death in his extraordinary biography of his aunt, "Virginia Woolf" (1972), pauses to "wonder what role this masterful and persuasive young man, together with his wife—for he would surely have married—would have played in the life of his sisters." Quentin then goes on to coolly enumerate the advantages that accrued to the sisters from their brother's death:

> I suspect that, if he had lived, he would have tended to strengthen rather than to weaken those barriers of speech and thought and cus-

LEFT: (TOP) THE BERG COLLECTION/NYPL; (BOTTOM) TATE GALLERY, LONDON/ART RESOURCE, N.Y.; RIGHT: TATE GALLERY ARCHIVE

> tom which were soon to be overthrown amongst his friends. It was his death which began to work their destruction: Mr Sydney-Turner and Mr Strachey became Saxon and Lytton, they were at Gordon Square continually and in her distress Virginia wanted to see no one save them and Clive. . . . It was then that Virginia discovered that these young men had not only brains but hearts, and that their sympathy was something different from the dreadful condolences of relations. As a result of Thoby's death Bloomsbury was refounded upon the solid base of deep mutual understanding; his death was also the proximate cause of Vanessa's marriage.

Since Quentin's own existence was precariously poised on this concatenation of events, he may be forgiven for his rather unfeeling words about his unfortunate uncle. Whether Thoby's influence on Bloomsbury would in fact have been as baneful as Quentin postulates cannot be known, of course. But this much is clear: the never-never-land household of the four happy orphans had to be broken up (just as the netherworld of Hyde Park Gate had to be fled) if Bloomsbury was to attain the form by which we know it—a coterie of friends gathered around the nucleus of two very peculiar marriages.

After their wedding and honeymoon, in the winter of 1907, Clive and Vanessa took over 46 Gordon Square, and Virginia and Adrian moved to a house in nearby Fitzroy Square. Four years later, on July 3, 1911, another of Thoby's astonishing Cambridge friends—a "violent trembling misanthropic Jew" who "was as eccentric, as remarkable in his way as Bell and Strachey in theirs"—came to dine with the Bells at Gordon Square; Virginia dropped in after dinner. He was Leonard Woolf, just back from seven years in Ceylon with the Civil Service, and he was stunned by the great changes, the "profound revolution" that had taken place in Gordon Square since he dined there last, in 1904. In "Sowing," the first volume of his five-volume autobiography—a work of Montaigne-like contemplativeness and poise, published in the sixties, and the overture to the Bloomsbury revival—Leonard recalled his first meeting with the Stephen sisters, in Thoby's rooms at Cambridge. They were around twenty-one and eighteen, and "in white dresses and large hats, with parasols in their hands, their beauty literally took one's breath away, for suddenly seeing them one stopped astonished, and everything, including one's breathing for one second, also stopped as it does when in a picture gallery you suddenly come face to face with a great Rembrandt or Velasquez." In 1911, Vanessa's and Virginia's beauty was undiminished (though Leonard pauses to remark—he writes at the age of eighty-one and has outlived his wife by twenty-one years and his sister-in-law by one—that "Vanessa was, I think, usually more beautiful than Virginia. The form of her features was more perfect, her eyes bigger and better, her complexion more glowing"). But what "was so new and so exhilarating to me in the Gordon Square of July, 1911 was the sense of intimacy and complete freedom of thought and speech, much wider than in the Cambridge of seven years ago, and above all including women." To understand Leonard's exhilaration, to see his revolution in action, we must return to Virginia's "Old Bloomsbury" memoir and a famous passage in it:

> It was a spring evening [in 1908]. Vanessa and I were sitting in the drawing room. The drawing room had greatly changed its character since 1904. The Sargent-Furse age was over. The age of Augustus John was dawning. His "Pyramus" filled one entire wall. The Watts' portraits of my father and my mother were hung downstairs if they were hung at all. Clive had hidden all the match boxes because their blue and yellow swore with the prevailing colour scheme. At any moment Clive might come in and he and I should begin to argue—amicably, impersonally at first; soon we should be hurling abuse at each other and pacing up and down the room. Vanessa sat silent and did something mysterious with her needle or her scissors. I talked, egotistically, excitedly, about my own affairs no doubt. Suddenly the door opened and the long and sinister figure of Mr Lytton Strachey stood on the threshold. He pointed his finger at a stain on Vanessa's white dress.
>
> "Semen?" he said.
>
> Can one really say it? I thought and we burst out laughing. With that one word all barriers of reticence and reserve went down. A flood of the sacred fluid seemed to overwhelm us. Sex permeated our conversation. The word bugger was never far from our lips. We discussed copulation with the same excitement and openness that we had discussed the nature of good. It is strange to think how reticent, how reserved we had been and for how long.

"This was an important moment in the history of the mores of Bloomsbury," Quentin writes in "Virginia Woolf," and—getting a bit carried away—"perhaps in that of the British middle classes." By the time Leonard came home from Ceylon, the transformation of the innocent girls in white dresses into women from whose lips the word "bugger" (Bloomsbury's preferred term for a homosexual) was never far was complete. Indeed, in the case of Virginia such talk was no longer of much moment or interest. She was doing regular reviewing, working on her first novel, finding Adrian irritating as a housemate, and looking for a husband. The society of buggers had, in fact, become "intolerably boring" to her. "The society of buggers has many advantages—if you are a woman," she allowed. "It is simple, it is honest, it makes one feel, as I noted, in some respects at one's ease." But

> it has this drawback—with buggers one cannot, as nurses say, show off. Something is always suppressed, held down. Yet this showing off, which is not copulating, necessarily, nor altogether being in love, is one of the great delights, one of the chief necessities of life. Only then does all effort cease; one ceases to be honest, one ceases to be clever. One fizzes up into some absurd delightful effervescence of soda water or champagne through which one sees the world tinged with all the colours of the rainbow.

The married Vanessa, on the other hand, continued to be drawn to queer society. "Did you have a pleasant afternoon buggering one or more of the young men we left for you?" she wrote to John Maynard Keynes in April, 1914. (Keynes was another Cambridge bugger, who had joined the Bloomsbury circle around 1907.) "It must have been delicious," she went on. "I imagine you . . . with your bare limbs intertwined with him and all the ecstatic preliminaries of Sucking Sodomy—it sounds like the name of a station." Vanessa's connection with Duncan Grant, which began during the First World War—he became her life's companion, even while continuing relationships with a series of boyfriends—has been called tragic; Duncan's inability to reciprocate Vanessa's love because he simply wasn't interested in women has been regarded as one of the sad mischances of her life. But the letter she wrote to Maynard and others of its kind—which appear in Regina Marler's excellently edited and annotated "Selected Letters of Vanessa Bell" (1993)—give one a whiff of something in Vanessa that may have impelled her to deliberately choose a homosexual as the love of her life; they suggest that Duncan's homosexuality may have been the very pivot of her interest in him. In a letter to Duncan of January, 1914, Vanessa, bemoaning the British public's resistance to Post-Impressionist painting, wrote, "I believe distortion is like Sodomy. People are simply blindly prejudiced against it because they think it abnormal." Vanessa herself seemed almost blindly prejudiced *for* the abnormal.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Let us return to the scene of the sisters sitting in the drawing room of 46 Gordon Square in the spring of 1908. We will never know how much of Virginia's account is truth and how much comic invention. ("I do not know if I invented it or not," she offhandedly remarks, by way of introducing the scene.) But one detail stands out in its probable authenticity: *Clive had hidden all the match boxes because their blue and yellow swore with the prevailing colour scheme.* Here, we feel, Virginia was reporting accurately. And here, we have to acknowledge, Clive was doing something that, in its way, was quite as remarkable for a man of his background as talking dirty was for girls of Virginia and Vanessa's background. In his hard-core aestheticism, Clive was behaving as few Victorian men behaved, and as no one in his family had ever behaved. Clive came from a rich family that had made its money from mines in Wales and had built a hideous and pretentious mansion in Wiltshire, decorated with fake-Gothic ornament and animal trophies. Numerous sardonic descriptions of the place have come down to us from Vanessa, who would visit there as a dutiful daughter-in-law and write to Virginia of the "combination of new art and deer's hoofs." At Cambridge, Clive had written poetry and hung a Degas reproduction in his rooms but had not got into the Apostles, the secret discussion society that, in the Bloomsbury gospel according to Leonard, was decisive to Bloomsbury's intellectual and moral avant-gardism. Thoby had not got into the Apostles, either (nor, for that matter, had Leslie Stephen), but Lytton, Maynard, Saxon, Leonard, Morgan (Forster), and Roger (Fry) had.

Clive was the lightweight of Bloomsbury; today nobody reads his books on art, and his own friends patronized him. When he became engaged to Vanessa, Virginia considered him unworthy. "When I think of father and Thoby and then see that funny little creature twitching his pink skin and jerking out his little spasm of laughter I wonder what odd freak there is in Nessa's eyesight," she wrote to Violet Dickinson in December, 1906. In "Virginia Woolf" Quentin writes that Henry James's "views of the bridegroom were even more unfavourable than those of Virginia in her most hostile moods." (James was an old family friend of the Leslie Stephens.) Quentin then quotes this passage from a letter of February 17, 1907, that James wrote to a Mrs. W. K. Clifford:

> However, I suppose she knows what she is about, and seemed very happy and eager and almost boisterously in love (in that house of all the Deaths, ah me!) and I took her an old silver box ("for hairpins"), and she spoke of having got "a beautiful Florentine teaset" from you. She was evidently happy in the latter, but I winced and ground my teeth when I heard of it. She and Clive are to keep the Bloomsbury house, and Virginia and Adrian to forage for some flat somewhere—Virginia having, by the way, grown quite elegantly and charmingly and almost "smartly" handsome. I liked being with them, but it was all strange and terrible (with the hungry *futurity* of youth;) and all I could mainly see was the *ghosts*, even Thoby and Stella, let alone dear old Leslie and beautiful, pale, tragic Julia—on all of whom these young backs were, and quite naturally, so gaily turned.

The passage is wonderful ("the hungry *futurity* of youth"!) but puzzling. Quentin has said that James's views of Clive were even more unfavorable than Virginia's, but James says nothing bad about him—he doesn't single him out from the other callously happy young people. When we read the whole of James's letter (it appears in Volume IV of Leon Edel's edition of James's letters), our puzzlement dissolves. In the sentence immediately preceding this passage James writes:

> And *apropos* of courage, above all, oh yes, I went to see Vanessa Stephen on the eve of her marriage (at the Registrar's) to the quite dreadful-looking little stoop-shouldered, long-haired, third-rate Clive Bell—described as an "intimate friend" of poor, dear, clear, tall, shy, superior Thoby—even as a little sore-eyed poodle might be an intimate friend of a big mild mastiff.

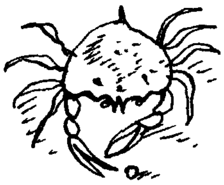
In his Notes, Quentin thanks Edel for bringing the letter to his attention, but when it comes to the point he can't avail himself of Edel's offering. Like Hamlet pulling back from killing Claudius, Quentin cannot commit the parricide of publishing James's terrible words. However, in leaving the trace, the clue to the uncommitted murder, he has afforded us a rare glimpse into the workshop where biographical narratives are manufactured.

In an earlier work, "Bloomsbury," published in 1968, Quentin confesses to the sin of discretion. "I have omitted a good deal that I know and much more at which I can guess concerning the private lives of the people whom I shall discuss," he writes in his introduction, and loftily continues, "This is, primarily, a study in the history of ideas, and although the *mœurs* of Bloomsbury have to be considered and will in a general way be described, I am not required nor am I inclined to act as Clio's chambermaid, to sniff into commodes or under beds, to open love-letters or to scrutinise diaries." But when he accepted the commission from Leonard of writing Virginia's life, Quentin—obviously aware that the biographer *is* Clio's

NEWS
Leo Cullum

"Remember, this is just an experiment."

chambermaid—bowed to biography's lowering imperatives. He wrote of what his mother and his aunt, respectively, called George Duckworth's "delinquencies" and "malefactions," and of Gerald Duckworth's as well: of how during Leslie Stephen's final illness George would come to Virginia's bedroom late at night and fling himself on her bed, "cuddling and kissing and otherwise embracing" her, and of how Gerald (according to an early memory of Virginia's) had stood her on a ledge and, to her lifelong shivering distress, had meddled with her privates. Quentin wrote of an unconsummated but serious (and to his mother seriously wounding) flirtation between Clive and Virginia, which developed during the spring of 1908, when Vanessa was in thrall to her first baby, Julian, and Clive and the still unmarried Virginia would take long walks together to get away from Julian's nappies and screams. (The fastidious Clive "hated mess—the pissing, puking and slobbering of little children distressed him very much; so did their noise," his son writes.) He wrote of Virginia and Leonard's sexual incompatibility. (Like Vanessa, Virginia had initially refused her husband-to-be and, even when she was on the verge of accepting him, had told him of her doubts about "the sexual side of it." She wrote in a letter of May, 1912, "As I told you brutally the other day, I feel no physical attraction in you. There are moments—when you kissed me the other day was one—when I feel no more than a rock.") Quentin quoted a letter from Vanessa to Clive written a few months after the Woolfs' wedding:



> They seemed very happy, but are evidently both a little exercised in their minds on the subject of the Goat's coldness. [Virginia's family nickname was Goat.] Apparently she still gets no pleasure at all from the act, which I think is curious. They were very anxious to know when I first had an orgasm. I couldn't remember. Do you? But no doubt I sympathised with such things if I didn't have them from the time I was 2.

What makes Quentin's biography such a remarkable work—one of the few biographies that overcome the congenital handicaps of the genre—is the force of his personality and the authority of his voice. He is perhaps more a butler than a chambermaid; he is certainly an upper servant. He has been with the family for a great number of years, and he is fiercely, profoundly loyal to it; he knows who are its friends and who its enemies. More important, he knows its members very well. He has carefully studied each of them for years; he has slowly turned their characters over in his mind, knowing their idiosyncrasies and weaknesses. He has been privy to their quarrels—the quarrels by which family life is defined and braced—and he has chosen sides, has discriminated and judged. In making his judgments and discriminations, he has picked up certain habits of mind from the family—habits of mind for which the family is famous—together with a certain tone. "The people I admire most are those who are sensitive and want to create something or discover something, and do not see life in terms of power." This statement, though made by E. M. Forster, might have been made by Quentin (or Vanessa or Virginia or Leonard or Clive or Lytton); it expresses the Bloomsbury ethos and is inflected in the Bloomsbury tone. Forster wrote these words in the essay "What I Believe," in which he also unforgettably said, "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country," and held up "an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky."

Here is how Quentin administers justice to the despicable, power-abusing George Duckworth, who fondled Vanessa as well as Virginia, little thinking that he was earning himself a place in literary history as one of its lowest worms:

> In later years Virginia's and Vanessa's friends were a little astonished at the unkind mockery, the downright virulence with which the sisters referred to their half-brother. He seemed to be a slightly ridiculous but on the whole an inoffensive old buffer, and so, in a sense, he was. His public face was amiable. But to his half-sisters he stood for something horrible and obscene, the final element of foulness in what was already an appalling situation. More than that, he came to pollute the most sacred of springs, to defile their very dreams. A first experience of loving or being loved may be enchanting, desolating, embarrassing or even boring; but it should not be disgusting. Eros came with a commotion of leathern wings, a figure of mawkish incestuous sexuality. Virginia felt that George had spoilt her life before it had fairly begun. Naturally shy in sexual matters, she was from this time terrified back into a posture of frozen and defensive panic.

When Quentin judges his family, when he feels that one of its members hasn't behaved well (George wasn't a true family member), he reproves her (or him) as a nineteenth-century novelist might reprove a heroine (or hero)—as Jane Austen reproves Emma, say, when Emma has been thoughtlessly cruel to Miss Bates. This is the tone Quentin adopts in writing of Virginia's flirtation with Clive. He writes with a kind of loving disapproval, he feels that the whole thing was wrong, because it was hurtful, but he sympathizes—as Jane Austen sympathized—with the impulse to heedlessly amuse oneself. He also sympathizes with Virginia's feeling of being left out of her sister's life after Vanessa's marriage. "She was not in the least in love with Clive," Quentin writes. "In so far as she was in love with anyone she was in love with Vanessa. . . . It was because she loved Vanessa so much that she had to injure her, to enter and in entering to break that charmed circle within which Vanessa and Clive were so happy and by which she was so cruelly excluded, and to have Vanessa for herself again by detaching the husband who, after all, was not worthy of her."

WHAT makes Bloomsbury of such continuing interest to us—why we emit the obligatory groan when the word is uttered but then go out and buy the latest book about Virginia and Vanessa and Leonard and Clive and Lytton and Roger and the rest—is that these people are so alive. The legend of Bloomsbury has taken on the dense complexity of a sprawling nineteenth-century novel, and its characters have become as real to us as the characters in "Emma" and "Daniel Deronda" and "The Eustace Diamonds." Other early-modernist writers and artists, whose talents were at least equal to the Bloomsbury talents (except for Virginia's), recede from view, but the Bloomsbury writers and artists grow ever more biographically prominent. Were their lives really so fascinating, or is it simply because they wrote so well and so incessantly about themselves and one another that we find them so? Well, the latter, of course. No life is more interesting than any other life; everybody's life takes place in the same twenty-four hours of consciousness and sleep; we are all locked into our own subjectivity; and who is to say that the thoughts of a person gazing into the vertiginous depths of a volcano in Sumatra are more objectively interesting than those of a person trying on a dress at Bloomingdale's? The remark-

CHINESE OCCASIONS

I

Snow piles up against the sunny window.
I burn my joss sticks (a religious notion).
A blue tit tweetles from the patio.
The breeze sets a snowy twig in motion.

II

I am inspired by wind off the Lagan.
I tipple in the Black Mountain's shadow.
I fall into the flowerbed (drink taken),
Soil and sky my eiderdown and pillow.

III

They sip their whiskies on the patio.
Listen to them and what they listen to.
I close the door and open the window.
My friends grow feathers from top to toe.

IV

At the heart of the blue wisteria
A blackbird practices its aria.

—MICHAEL LONGLEY

able collective achievement of the Bloomsbury writers and artists was that they placed in posterity's hands the documents necessary to engage posterity's feeble attention—the letters, memoirs, and journals that reveal inner life and compel the sort of helpless empathy that fiction compels.

Toward the end of "A Sketch of the Past," there is a beautiful and difficult passage about a tendency Virginia has noticed in herself to write about the past in scenes:

> I find that scene-making is my natural way of marking the past. A scene always comes to the top; arranged; representative. This confirms me in my instinctive notion—it is irrational; it will not stand argument—that we are sealed vessels afloat upon what it is convenient to call reality; at some moments, without a reason, without an effort, the sealing matter cracks; in floods reality; that is a scene—for they would not survive entire so many ruinous years unless they were made of something permanent; that is a proof of their "reality." Is this liability of mine to scene-receiving the origin of my writing impulse?

At this point, Virginia, like the reader, begins to sense some of the problems with the passage: the confusion between "scene-making" and "scene-receiving" (which is it?) and the wobbliness of the word "reality," which totters from "what it is convenient to call reality" to plain "reality" to " 'reality.' " "These are questions about reality, about scenes and their connection with writing to which I have no answer; nor time to put the question carefully," she writes, and adds, "Perhaps if I should revise and rewrite as I intend, I will make the question more exact; and worry out something by way of answer." Virginia died before she could revise and rewrite the passage, and students of autobiography and biography are still worrying the subject of "reality" versus reality—the made versus the received. But there is no question that the hyper-reality of the famous scenes in the Bloomsbury legend, like those of classical fiction, derives from a common artistic tradition and from certain technologies of storytelling, by which the wrought is made to appear as if it were the received. We call the tradition Realism; the technologies are unnameable.

Virginia wrote "A Sketch of the Past" in spurts, between April, 1939, and November, 1940, as a diversion from a project that was giving her trouble—her biography of Roger Fry, the critic and painter who had introduced Post-Impressionist art to England. After writing the passage about scenes, she put the "Sketch" aside for a month, and when she returned to it she felt constrained to add, "Scenes, I note, seldom illustrate my relation with Vanessa; it has been too deep for 'scenes.' "

Virginia and Vanessa's relationship was deep indeed—perhaps the deepest of all the Bloomsbury relationships. But it was not, in fact, impervious to—"too deep for"—Virginia's scenic imagination. In a letter to Violet Dickinson, for example, she gives this picture of Vanessa a month before her marriage, as she observed her in Bath walking down the street arm in arm with Clive:

> She had a gauze streamer, red as blood flying over her shoulder, a purple scarf, a shooting cap, tweed skirt and great brown boots. Then her hair swept across her forehead, and she was tawny and jubilant and lusty as a young God.

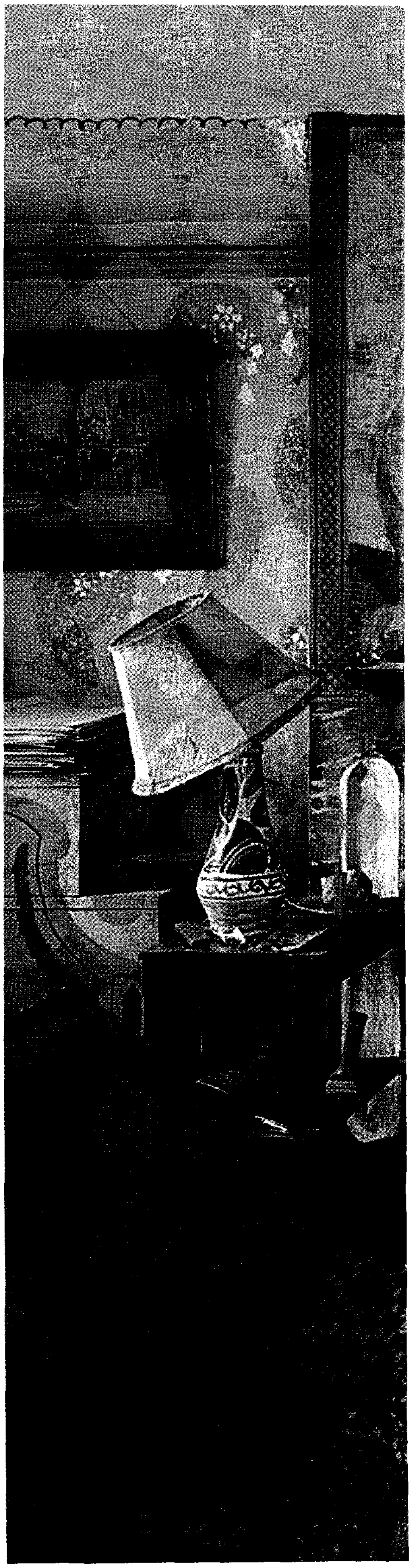
It is the implicit comparison between the watcher and the watched, between the fragile and wistful Virginia and the powerful and sexually magnetic Vanessa, that gives the scene its novelistic shimmer. In Virginia's vision of her sister—it gleams out of her letters and diaries—Vanessa is a Kate Croy or Charlotte Stant to her own Milly Theale or Maggie Verver; she has not only the physical magnificence of James's wonderful "bad" heroines, whose robust beauty and splendid bearing so pointedly contrast with the slouching delicacy of the "good" heroines, but also their double-edged single-mindedness. ("You are much simpler than I am," Virginia wrote to Vanessa in August, 1909. "How do you manage to see only one thing at a time? Without any of those reflections that distract me so much and make people call me bad names? I suppose you are, as Lytton once said, the most complete human being of us all; and your simplicity is really that you take in much more than I do, who intensify atoms.") Although it was Virginia/Milly/Maggie who had wronged Vanessa/Kate/Charlotte in the Clive affair, Virginia never ceased to feel obscurely wronged by her sister; she perpetually compared herself to Vanessa and found herself wanting. In June, 1929, when she and Leonard joined Vanessa and Duncan in the South of France, she wrote in her diary of buying furniture and crockery for her country house in England; although it gave her pleasure, it "set my dander up against Nessa's almost overpowering supremacy. My elder son is coming tomorrow; yes, & he is the most promising young man in

King's; & has been speaking at the Apostles' dinner. All I can oppose that with is, And I made £2,000 out of Orlando & can bring Leonard here & buy a house if I want. To which she replies (in the same inaudible way) I am a failure as a painter compared with you, & can't do more than pay for my models. And so we go on; over the depths of our childhood."

In 1926, after going to a show of Vanessa's paintings, Virginia wrote to her sister, "I am amazed, a little alarmed (for as you have the children, the fame by rights belongs to me) by your combination of pure artistic vision and brilliance of imagination." Of course, it is the parenthetical remark that leaps out of the passage. The fame is a poor thing, a devalued second best to the children. Vanessa is always the alarmingly invulnerable big sister, even though Virginia is capable of condescending to her when she feels particularly provoked. "What you miss [in Clive] is inspiration of any kind," she complained to Violet Dickinson, adding, "But then old Nessa is no genius." Vanessa would have been the first to agree; extreme modesty about her intellectual, and even her artistic, attainments was one of her outstanding traits—and perhaps only added to her insufferable superiority in the eyes of her sister. In a memoir called "Reminiscences," addressed to the yet unborn Julian, Virginia shows us Vanessa behaving in girlhood as she would throughout her life: "When she won the prize at her drawing school, she hardly knew, so shy was she, at the recognition of a secret, how to tell me, in order that I might repeat the news at home. 'They've given me the thing—I don't know why.' 'What thing?' 'O they say I've won it—the book—the prize you know.' "

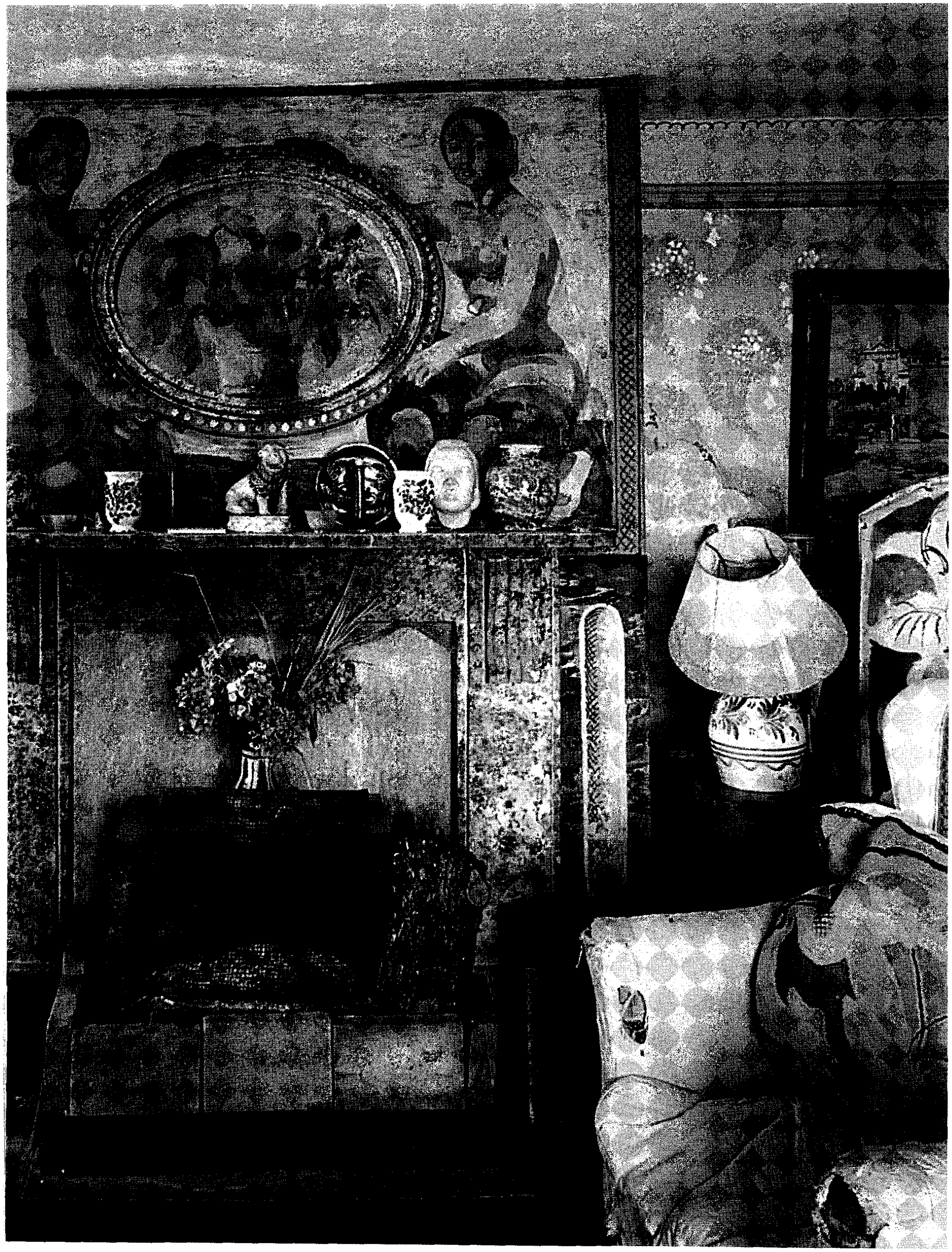
When Vanessa married, it was not she but Virginia and Adrian who were expelled from Gordon Square and had to "forage for some flat somewhere." "Nessa & Clive live, as I think, much like great ladies in a French salon; they have all the wits & the poets; & Nessa sits among them like a

Vanessa's lifelong companion, Duncan Grant, and her former lover, Roger Fry, with Angelica, her daughter by Duncan, at Charleston in the twenties.

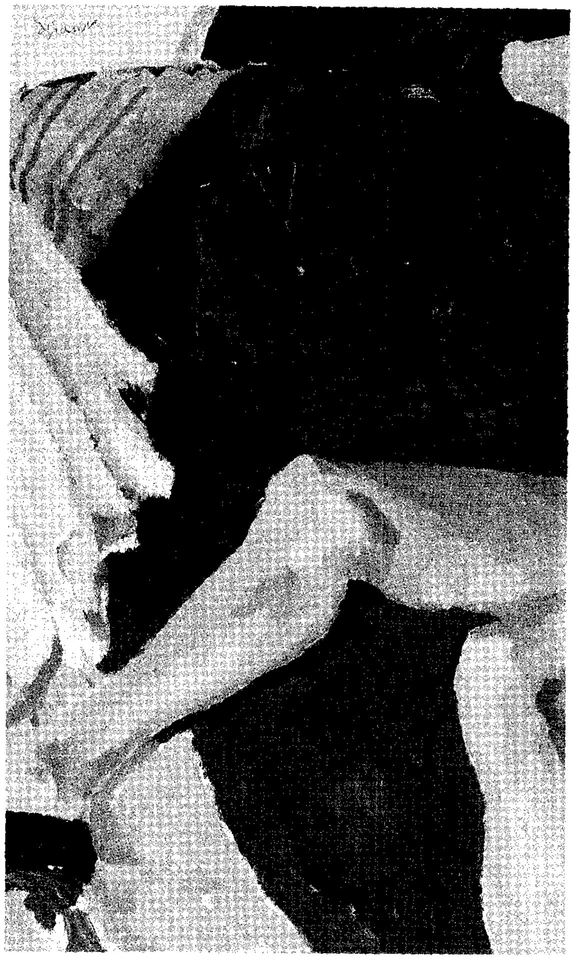


The sitting room at Charlesto

LEFT: TATE GALLERY ARCHIVE; RIGHT: DERRY MOORE



anessa and Duncan's ubiquitous decorations extend the sense of the house as a place of incessant, calm productivity.

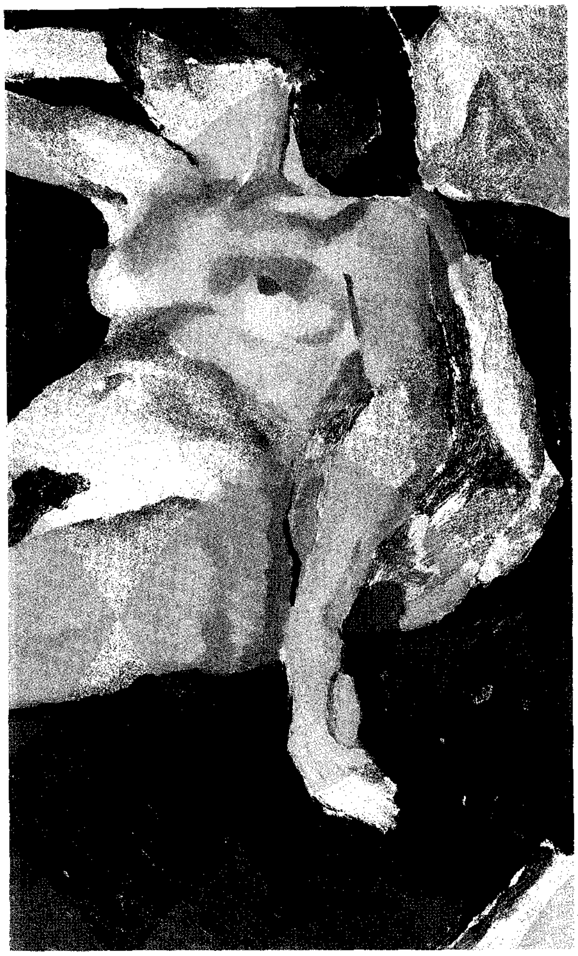


Duncan at Charleston in 1930; his 1919 portrait of Vanessa; Vanessa in her garden. Her letters suggest that the terms of his companionship

Goddess," Virginia wrote at about the time she and Adrian gave a party at Fitzroy Square whose high point was the dog being sick on the carpet. When Virginia accepted Leonard, it may have been, as Quentin characterizes it, "the wisest decision of her life," but it did not sweep her up and elevate her to the domestic rank of her sister. Vanessa's household remained the principal residence of the Bloomsbury court, and Virginia's was always secondary, an annex. In view of the fact that the Woolf marriage was a strong and lasting one, and the Bell marriage fell apart after only a few years, it is curious that this was so. But it was so. There was always something a little forlorn and tentative about Virginia and Leonard's household. There were, of course, the bouts of mental illness that Virginia suffered and Leonard nursed her through, which could not but leave in the air of the house their residue of tension and fear. But there was also the fact that Vanessa was a born chatelaine and Virginia was not. Virginia couldn't buy a penwiper without enduring agonies of indecision. As a result, though it is Virginia's literary achievement that has given Bloomsbury its place in cultural history, it is Vanessa's house that has become Bloomsbury's shrine.

CHARLESTON FARMHOUSE, in Sussex, which Vanessa began to rent in 1916 as a country retreat, and where she and Duncan and (sometimes) Clive lived together for extended periods, was restored in the nineteen-eighties and opened to the public. In twentieth-century art, Vanessa and Duncan occupy a minor niche, but their decorations within the farmhouse, painted on door panels, fireplaces, windows, walls, and furniture, convinced some of the keepers of the Bloomsbury flame that the place should be preserved after the death of the ménage's last surviving member—Duncan—in 1978. A trust was formed, money was raised, and the place is now a museum, complete with a gift shop, teas, lectures, a twice-yearly magazine, and a summer-study program. Without the decorations, it is doubtful whether the house would have been preserved. Because of them, the legend of Bloomsbury has a site: readers of the novel of Bloomsbury need no longer merely imagine; they can now actually enter the rooms where some of the most dramatic scenes took place, can look out of the windows the characters looked out of, can tread on the carpets they trod on and stroll in the garden they strolled in. It is as if Mansfield Park itself had been opened up to us as an accompaniment to our reading of the novel.

I visited Charleston last December on an extremely cold, gray day, and immediately felt its Chekhovian beauty and sadness. The place has been preserved in its worn and faded and stained actuality. It is an artist's house, a house where an



were rather hard, and that she was sometimes desperate about how to maintain her equilibrium in the face of them.

LEFT: HULTON DEUTSCH; CENTER: COURTESY OF ANTHONY D'OFFAY GALLERY; RIGHT: TATE GALLERY ARCHIVE; DUNCAN GRANT PAINTINGS THROUGHOUT © ESTATE OF DUNCAN GRANT 1978, COURTESY OF HENRIETTA GARNETT

eye has looked into every corner and hovered over every surface, considering what will please it to look at every day—an eye that has been educated by Paris ateliers and villas in the South of France and is not gladdened by English prettiness. But it is also the house of an Englishwoman (an Englishwoman who on arriving at her rented house in St. Tropez in 1921 wrote to Maynard Keynes in London to ask him to send a dozen packages of oatmeal, ten seven-pound tins of marmalade, four pounds of tea, and "some potted meat")—a house where sagging armchairs covered with drooping slipcovers of faded print fabric are tolerated, and where even a certain faint dirtiness is cultivated. In a letter to Roger Fry about a house belonging to the American painters Ethel Sands and Nan Hudson (who had commissioned Vanessa and Duncan to decorate its loggia), Vanessa mocked the "rarefaction" and "spotless order" of the place. "Nan makes muslin covers to receive the flies' excrements (I don't believe Nan and Ethel have any—they never go to the W.), everything has yards and yards of fresh muslin and lace and silk festooned on it and all seems to be washed and ironed in the night," she wrote, and sighed for "a breath from one's home dirt." Vanessa's houses were never rarefied or dainty, but neither were they an artless congeries of possessions, which was what she coldly judged Ottoline Morrell's Garsington to be: "To me it seems simply a collection of objects she likes put together with enormous energy but not made into anything."

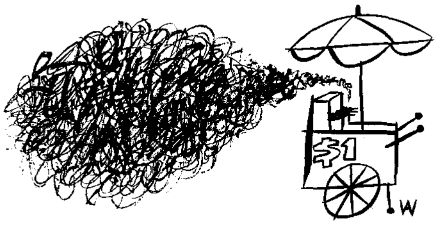
Making things—visual or literary—was Bloomsbury's dominating passion. It was also, in a paradoxical way, its link to the nineteenth-century past that it was at such pains to repudiate. In their compulsive work habits, the Bloomsbury modernists were behaving exactly as their Victorian parents and grandparents had behaved. There is a moment in Virginia's "Reminiscences" that goes by so fast we may not immediately grasp what it has let drop about the iron hold that the work ethic had on the nineteenth-century mind. Writing of the excesses of grief to which Leslie Stephen was driven by the sudden death of Julia—"There was something in the darkened rooms, the groans, the passionate lamentations that passed the normal limits of sorrow. . . . He was like one who, by the failure of some stay, reels staggering blindly about the world, and fills it with his woe"—Virginia pauses to recall Stella's strenuous efforts to distract the grief-crazed widower: "All her diplomacy was needed to keep him occupied in some way, when his morning's work was over." *When his morning's work was over.* Sir Leslie may have been staggering blindly about the world, but the world would have had to come to an end before he missed a morning at his writing table. Even when he was dying of bowel cancer, he continued to produce startling quantities of prose daily. Leonard, in the fourth volume of his autobiography, spells out what for Virginia went without saying: "We should have felt it to be not merely wrong but unpleasant not to work every morning for seven days a week and for about eleven months a year. Every morning, therefore, at about 9:30 after breakfast each of us, as if moved by a law of unquestioned nature, went off and 'worked' until lunch at 1. It is surprising how much one can produce in a year, whether of buns or books or pots or pictures, if one works hard and professionally for three and a half hours every day for 330 days. That was why, despite her disabilities, Virginia was able to produce so much." (In Volume V, lest any reader suppose that Leonard and Virginia spent the rest of the day in effete pleasure, he points out that with reviewing, reading for reviewing, and, in Virginia's case, thinking about work in progress or future work—and, in his own case, running the Hogarth Press and serving on political committees—they actually worked ten or twelve hours a day.)

At Charleston, from which other spirits have fled and can now be conjured only by letters and diaries, the spirit of industry remains a felt presence. If the place is Chekhovian—as perhaps all country houses situated in precariously unspoiled country, with walled gardens and fruit trees and not enough bathrooms, are—it is not of Chekhovian idleness and theatricality that it speaks but, rather, of the values by which Chekhov's "good" characters are ruled: patient, habitual work and sensible, calm behavior. (Chekhov was a kind of Bloomsburian himself.) Charleston is dominated by its workplaces—its studios and studies and the bedrooms to which guests retired to write. The communal rooms were only two in number—the living room (called the garden room) and the dining room—and were modest in size. They were not the house's hearth. That title belonged to the huge ground-floor studio, where for many years Vanessa and Duncan painted side by side, every day. (In Vanessa's later years, she worked in a new studio, in the attic; after her death, Duncan, who stayed on in the house, gradually made the downstairs studio his living quarters.)

The ubiquitous decorations only extend our sense of Charleston as a place of incessant, calm productivity. They give the house its unique appearance, but they do not impose upon it. They belong to the world of high art and design, the world of Post-Impressionist painting and early-modernist design, and yet, quite mysteriously, they are of a piece with the English farmhouse that contains them and with the English countryside that enters each room through large, old-fashioned windows. During my tour of the house, I was drawn to the windows as if by a tropism. Today, we come to the house to see the decorations and the paintings that Clive and Vanessa and Duncan collected as well as the ones that Vanessa and Duncan produced; but what Clive and Vanessa and Duncan looked at when they entered a room was the walled garden and a willow and the pond and the fields beyond, and as I looked out of the windows they had looked out of I felt their presence even more strongly than I had when examining their handiwork and their possessions. I visited the house on a day when it was closed to the public, in the company of Christopher Naylor, then the director of the Charleston Trust, who was at least as well acquainted with the novel of Bloomsbury as I was, and who called its characters by their first names, as I have done here—biographical research leads to a kind of insufferable familiarity. After the tour—which rang with "Christopher"s and "Janet"s as well as with "Clive"s and "Duncan"s and "Maynard"s—my guide tactfully withdrew to allow me to commune alone with the ghosts of the house and to take notes on the decorations. Taking notes proved impossible: after an hour in the unheated house I could no longer move my fingers.

THE cold brought my thoughts to the winter of 1918-19, when Vanessa was in the house with Duncan and his boyfriend David Garnett—known as Bunny—and Julian and Quentin and her newborn baby by Duncan, Angelica. Much water had gone over the dam since Clive and Vanessa married and lived like great ladies in Gordon Square. Their marriage had effectively ended in 1914. Clive had reverted to his old ways of philandering; Vanessa had fallen in love with Roger and had had an affair with him, which ended when she fell in love with Duncan. The war had brought Vanessa and Duncan and Bunny to Charleston. Duncan and Bunny, who were conscientious objectors, maintained their status by doing farmwork. Their first employment was restoring an old orchard, but when the military board required more seriously unpleasant farmwork Vanessa rented Charleston, so that Duncan and Bunny could work on an adjoining farm. Although Duncan was passionately in love with Bunny, he sometimes graciously consented to sleep with Vanessa when Bunny was away. Frances Spalding, in her biography of Vanessa, published in 1983, quotes a rather awful entry in Duncan's diary of 1918, written during a five-day absence of Bunny's:

> I copulated on Saturday with her with great satisfaction to myself physically. It is a convenient way, the females, of letting off one's spunk and comfortable. Also the pleasure it gives is reassuring. You don't get this dumb misunderstanding body of a person who isn't a bugger. That's one for you Bunny!



Thus Angelica. She was born on Christmas Day of 1918, and in her first weeks she almost joined Julia and Stella and Thoby as a casualty of disastrously incompetent doctoring; the intervention of a new doctor saved her life. (Five years later, Virginia, writing in her diary of another near miss—Angelica had been knocked down by a car in London—described the terrible scene in a hospital ward with Vanessa and Duncan when it appeared certain that "death & tragedy had once more put down his paw, after letting us run a few paces." Angelica turned out to be unharmed: "It was only a joke this time.")

After his appearance at Angelica's cradleside, "the great cat" retreated, and Vanessa was allowed almost twenty more years of the happiness she had willed into being when she left Hyde Park Gate and painted the walls of 46 Gordon Square with distemper. "How much I admire this handling of life as if it were a thing one could throw about; this handling of circumstances," her sister wrote about her, and "How masterfully she controls her dozen lives; never in a muddle, or desperate or worried; never spending a pound or a thought needlessly; yet with it all free, careless, airy, indifferent."

The man Vanessa had chosen to be her life's partner is still a veiled character; our understanding of Duncan must await

Frances Spalding's biography, now in preparation. He seems to have been extremely good-looking and charming and disarming, as well as eccentrically vague, and perhaps somewhat selfish. He was six years younger than Vanessa, but she deferred to him as an artist; she considered herself several steps behind him. (This judgment was reflected in their relative positions in the British art world at the time; today, there seems less of a gap between their achievements.) He was one of the Bloomsbury aristocrats (he was Lytton's cousin), as Bunny Garnett, for example, was not. Bunny went straight—or reverted to being straight—soon after Angelica's birth. Duncan transferred his affections to another man, and to others after him, but he permanently remained Vanessa's companion, and she gamely accepted the terms of his companionship. (From her letters to Duncan we may gather that these terms were rather hard ones, and that she *was* sometimes in a muddle and desperate and worried about how to maintain her equilibrium in the face of them.) Her relationship with Clive, meanwhile, was friendly and intimate, a sort of unsinister version of the relationship between the former lovers of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses."

"Would you guys like to come over for a while? Frank can't turn off his motor."

Vanessa's remarkable domestic arrangement seems almost an inevitability: what could be a better riposte to Victorian hypocrisy and dreariness than a husband who brought his mistresses around for amused inspection and a lover who was gay? By any standard, the Bell-Grant household was the strange one, and in the nineteen-twenties there were still plenty of people who could find it excitingly scandalous. One of them was Madge Vaughan, an old family friend, ten years older than Vanessa, who was the daughter of John Addington Symonds. (Symonds, as it happens, was one of the biggest closet queens of the Victorian age, a fact that came out only years after his and Madge's deaths.) In March, 1920, Vanessa received a letter from Madge that made her, she said, "half amused and half furious." The letter was written from Charleston, where Madge, in Vanessa's absence, was staying briefly while deciding whether or not to rent the place for a long family holiday. "I love you & I am *faithful* to old friends," Madge wrote, and she went on:

> I have set my back against slander and chatter and fought your battles always through the years. But I love, with increasing passion, *Goodness, purity* and *homeliness & the hearts of little children are the holiest things I know on earth.* And a question gnaws at my poor heart here in this house.
>
> It came stabbing my heart that day when I saw Angelica. I would like to meet you as a woman friend face to face at some *quiet place* and to *talk it out.* I don't feel I *could* come and live here with Will and the children unless I had done this.

Vanessa replied to this piece of flowery piety in prose as crushingly simple and elegant as the black velvet gown Anna Karenina wore to the fateful opening ball:

> Why on earth should my moral character have anything to do with the question of your taking Charleston or not? I suppose you don't always enquire into your landlords' characters. However, take it or not as you like. . . .
>
> As for the gossip about me, as to which of course I have not been left in ignorance, I must admit that it seems to me almost incredibly impertinent of you to ask me to satisfy your curiosity about it. I cannot conceive why you think it any business of yours. I am absolutely indifferent to anything the world may say about me, my husband or my children. The only people whose opinion can affect one, the working classes, luckily have the sense for the most part to realise that they can know nothing of one's private life and do not allow their speculations about what one does to interfere with their judgment as to what one is. The middle and upper classes are not so sensible. It does not matter as they have no power over one's life.

In her reply, poor Madge put her foot in it even further by saying she had not wanted to pry, oh, no—"I am too saddened by contact with mean, sometimes cruel & inquisitive minds to entertain any sort of mere idle 'curiosity' myself"—but had written only from the Purest of Motives, "*out of a sort of passionate longing to help those I love.*"

Vanessa, roused to even greater heights of weary contempt, replied:

> You say you offered me help, but surely that is not a true account of your motives, for had I shown any slightest sign of wishing for help or needing it? And did not you wish to talk to me really so that you might know what sort of person I was to whose house you proposed to take your children?
>
> That at any rate was the reason you seemed to give me for writing.
>
> Nor was there even the excuse that Clive and I were known to be on bad terms with each other. In that case (though I should probably not desire it) I could understand an old friend's interference.
>
> But whatever the gossip about us may be, you must know that we see each other and are to

"I'm in my other handbag."

> all appearance friendly, so it should I think be assumed that we are in agreement on those matters which concern our intimate lives. You say you tell Will everything, although your married life has been full of restraints. What reason is there to think that I do not tell Clive everything? It is perhaps because we neither of us think much of the world's will or opinion, or that a "conventional home" is necessarily a happy or good one, that my married life has not been full of restraints but, on the contrary, full of ease, freedom and complete confidence. Perhaps the peace and strength you talk of can come in other ways than by yielding to the will of the world. It seems to me at any rate rash to assume that it can't, or in fact that there is ever any reason to think that those who force themselves to lead lives according to convention or the will of others are more likely to be "good" (by which I mean to have good or noble feelings) than those who decide to live as seems to them best regardless of other standards.

Vanessa writes wonderfully not only when she is eating someone alive, like Madge Vaughan, but throughout the volume of her letters. "You have a touch in letter-writing that is beyond me. Something unexpected, like coming round a corner in a rose garden and finding it still daylight," Virginia wrote her in August, 1908, and the description is right. About her own letters Virginia wrote, "I am either too formal, or too feverish," and she is right there, too. Virginia was the great novelist, but Vanessa was the natural letter writer; she had a gift for letter writing just as she had for making houses beautiful and agreeable. Virginia's letters have passages that surpass anything Vanessa could have written—set pieces that shimmer with her febrile genius—but they lack the ease and unself-consciousness (the qualities on which the epistolary genre draws for its life as a literary genre) by which Vanessa's are consistently marked.

Regina Marler, with her selections, has created a kind of novel-in-letters counterpart of Frances Spalding's sympathetic biography. Each letter illustrates a facet of Vanessa's character and advances the plot of her life. Her relationships with Virginia, Clive, Roger, Duncan, and Julian—the novel-in-letters' other main characters—are revealed in moving fullness. The death of Julian, at the age of twenty-nine, in the Spanish Civil War, is the dreadful event toward which the plot inexorably moves. On July 18, 1937, during the battle of Brunete, he was hit by shrapnel and died of his wounds. Reading Vanessa's letters to him in the two years before his death in the knowledge of what is coming is almost unbearable. In a letter written to him in China, where he was teaching, she writes, "Oh Julian, I can never express what happiness you've given me in my life. I often wonder how such luck has fallen my way. Just having children seemed such incredible delight, but that they should care for me as you make me feel you do, is something beyond all dreaming of—or even wanting. I never expected it or hoped for it, for it seemed enough to care so much oneself." A year later, when he has begun to make plans to go to Spain, she writes, "I woke . . . from an awful nightmare about you, thinking you were dead, and waking saying 'Oh, if only it could all be a dream.' " In July, 1937, when, in spite of her anguished arguments, he has gone to Spain, she writes a long witty letter about gatherings at Charleston and in London attended by, among others, Leonard, Virginia, Quentin, Angelica, T. S. Eliot, and Henri Matisse, and also by James, Dorothy, Pippa, Jane, and Pernel Strachey ("There was slightly overwhelming Strachey atmosphere"), and holds up as "extraordinarily sane and unanswerable" an article by Maynard in *The New Statesman* replying to Auden's poem "Spain" and asserting the primacy of "the claims of Peace." Reading the next letter in the book, dated August 11th, to Ottoline Morrell, *is* unbearable:

> Dearest Ottoline,
>
> I was grateful for your little note. You will forgive me for not writing sooner. I am only beginning to be able to write any letters, but I wanted to thank you.
>
> Do you remember when we first knew each other telling me of your sorrow when your baby son died—I have never forgotten it.
>
> Yours, Vanessa

In another short letter, written five days later, Vanessa acknowledges a condolence from Vita Sackville-West (her sister's former lover) and says, "I cannot ever say how Virginia has helped me. Perhaps some day, not now, you will be able to tell her it's true." After Virginia's suicide, in March, 1941, Vanessa wrote to Vita again, and came back to her letter of August, 1937. "I remember sending that message by you. I think I had a sort of feeling that it would have more effect if you gave it and I expect I was right. How glad I am you gave it. I remember all those days after I heard about Julian lying in an unreal state and hearing her voice going on and on keeping life going as it seemed when otherwise it would have stopped, and late every day she came to see me here, the only point in the day one could want to come." Virginia noted in her diary in September, 1937, "Nessa's little message: to me so profoundly touching, thus sent secretly via Vita that I have 'helped' her more than she can say." The reversal of roles—Virginia now the strong dispenser of comfort and stability to the pitifully broken Vanessa—is one of the most beautiful and interesting moments in the Bloomsbury novel. Vanessa's inability to tell Virginia directly of her love and gratitude is a measure of the depth of her reserve, the quality that gave her character its immense authority and her household its improbable peacefulness, which strangers sometimes mistook for hauteur, and her sister—emotional, wildly imaginative—for indifference.

"I thought when Roger died that I was unhappy," the devastated Vanessa said to Virginia after Julian's death. Vanessa's affair with Roger had begun in 1911 and had painfully (for him) ended in 1913, but, like Clive, Roger remained in Vanessa's orbit and continued to function in her life as one of its fundamental structures. As well as a lover, he had been a mentor and a decisive artistic influence. His Post-Impressionist show of 1910 had introduced the then difficult art of Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Picasso, and Matisse, among others, to an obligingly derisive English public. ("The exhibition is either an extremely bad joke or a swindle," Wilfrid Blunt wrote in his diary. "The drawing is on the level of that of an untaught child of seven or eight years old, the sense of colour that of a tea-tray painter, the method that of a schoolboy who wipes his fingers on a slate after spitting on them.") Perhaps the most remarkable of Vanessa's letters to Roger is one she wrote in November, 1918 (from Charleston, in the last month of her pregnancy with Angelica), recalling "that first part of our affair," which was

> one of the most exciting times of my life, for apart from the new excitement about painting, finding for the first time someone whose opinion one cared for, who sympathised with and encouraged one, you know I really was in love with you and felt very intimate with you, and it is one of the most exciting things one can do to get to know another person really well. One can only do so, I think, if one's in love with them, even though it may be true that one's also then deluded about them—as I daresay you *were* about me. But I really loved and admired your character and I still do and I expect that having been in love with you will always make me have a different feeling about you from what I could have had otherwise, in spite of all the difficulties that have happened since.

Roger's death, in 1934, of a heart attack after a fall, is almost as afflicting as Julian's; Lytton's, in 1932, of stomach cancer, is scarcely less so. Vanessa's letters make us care about these long-dead real people in the way novelists make us care about their newly minted imaginary characters. We weep unashamedly when we read Vanessa's letters reaching out to Dora Carrington, the woman who had been hopelessly in love with Lytton, as Vanessa was in love with Duncan, and to Helen Anrep, who had become Roger's companion after he got over Vanessa. Why do books of letters move us as biographies do not? When we are reading a book of letters, we understand the impulse to write biographies, we feel the intoxication the biographer feels in working with primary sources, the rapture of firsthand encounters with another's lived experience. But this intoxication, this rapture, does not carry over into the text of the biography; it dies on the way. Here, for example, is Virginia writing to Lytton from Cornwall in April, 1908:

> Then Nessa and Clive and the Baby and the Nurse all came, and we have been so domestic that I have not read, or wrote. . . . A child is the very devil—calling out, as I believe, all the worst and least explicable passions of the parents—and the Aunts. When we talk of marriage, friendship or prose, we are suddenly held up by Nessa, who has heard a cry, and then we must all distinguish whether it is Julian's cry, or the cry of the 2 year old, who has an abscess, and uses therefore a different scale.

And here is Frances Spalding:

> If Clive was irritated and frustrated, Virginia was experiencing a more agonizing sense of real loss. In Cornwall both were infuriated by Vanessa's habit of interrupting the conversation in order to discern whether it was Julian or the landlady's two-year-old who was crying. The caterwauling increased their discomfort.

Or Vanessa writing to Clive on October 12, 1921:

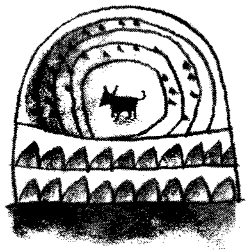
> Our arrival in Paris was thrilling. You will be sorry you missed Quentin's first sight of Paris. He and I stood in the corridor to see it and he told me he was most anxious to see what it was like as he expected to live there some day. He was wild with excitement, taking in everything with eyes staring out of his head, especially as we crossed the Seine, which did look most lovely. He thought all the colours so different from England, though it was dark and there was not much to be seen but coloured lights.

And Spalding:

> On the journey out her chief pleasure lay in watching her son's response to all that they saw. As the train approached Paris she stood in the corridor with Quentin awaiting the first sight of the city for, as he told her in his most ceremonious manner, he was most anxious to see it as he expected to live there one day.

There is nothing wrong with what Spalding has written in these extracts. They illustrate normal biographical method. The genre (like its progenitor, history) functions as a kind of processing plant where experience is converted into information the way fresh produce is converted into canned vegetables. But, like canned vegetables, biographical narratives are so far removed from their source—so altered from the plant with soil clinging to its roots that is a letter or a diary entry—that they carry little conviction. When Virginia complains to Lytton (another high-strung, single, childless intellectual) about what a nuisance the baby is, her voice carries great conviction, and so does Vanessa's when she proudly exclaims over her young son's aestheticism to his aesthete father. When Spalding writes, "In Cornwall both were infuriated," and "On the journey out her chief pleasure lay," we do not quite believe her. Taken from its living context, and with its blood drained out of it, the "information" of biography is a shrivelled, spurious thing. The canniest biographers, aware of the problem, rush massive transfusions of quotation to the scene. The biographies that give the greatest illusion of life, the fullest sense of their subject, are those which quote the most. Spalding's biography is one of these, as is Quentin's—though Quentin, in any case, is exempt from the above criticisms, because his nephew's and son's voice carries the authority that no stranger-biographer's voice can. His acute critical intelligence is always being inflected by a fond familial feeling; this does not so much blunt his judgments as give them a kind of benign finality. (When Virginia once characterized an affectionate letter of Quentin's mother as "exquisitely soft and just, like the fall of a cat's paw," she could have been describing her nephew's biography.)

THE judgments of Quentin's half sister Angelica have a rather different atmosphere. Angelica appears in Vanessa's letters and Virginia's diaries as a radiant, impish child, and then as a beautiful, piquant young woman—a kind of crown of Vanessa's maternal achievement, the lovely flower who provided the "feminine element" (as Vanessa termed it) that the family required to reach its final perfection. But in her book, "Deceived with Kindness" (1984), Angelica, now a rather defeated older woman, comes forward to correct our admiring vision of Vanessa and to bring the Bloomsbury legend into line with our blaming and self-pitying times. Angelica is a kind of reincarnation of Madge Vaughan; what Madge adumbrated in her piously accusing letters to Vanessa, Angelica elaborates in her angry and aggrieved book about Vanessa. Madge felt that she could not bring her husband and children to live in a house of such irregularity; Angelica confirms her misgivings. Bloomsbury bohemianism was evidently lost on its youngest heir, who never felt at ease in her family, and would have infinitely preferred to grow up in a household like Madge's, where the children came first and you were unlikely to one day discover that your mother's lover was your real father. The relationship of Duncan and Vanessa—regarded by Spalding and other Bloomsbury aficionados as a testament to Vanessa's magisterial free-spiritedness and as an extraordinarily fruitful artistic union—is regarded by Angelica as simply disreputable and pathological. ("There must have been a strong element of masochism in her love for him, which induced her to accept a situation which did permanent harm to her self-respect. . . . She gained companionship *with a man she loved on terms unworthy* of her whole self.") In 1917, Roger wrote to Vanessa, "You have done such an extraordinarily difficult thing without any fuss, but thro' all the conventions kept friends with a pernickety creature like Clive, got quit of me and yet kept me your devoted friend, got all the things you need for your own development and yet managed to be a splendid mother. . . . You have genius in your life as well as in your art and both are rare things." Angelica denies that Vanessa was a splendid mother, and believes that Vanessa's life was a shambles. Her book introduces into the Bloomsbury legend a most jarring shift in perspective. Until the publication of "Deceived with Kindness" that was the legend had a smooth, unbroken surface. Efforts from the outside to penetrate it—I think of books like Louise DeSalvo's "Virginia Woolf: The Impact of Childhood Sexual Abuse on Her Life and Work" (1989) and Roger Poole's less crude but almost as dark and accusing "The Unknown Virginia Woolf" (1978)—succeeded no better than did Madge's and other interfering busybodies' attempts to "help" where no help had been requested.



But Angelica's attack from within is something else. It is a primary document; it cannot be pushed aside, unpleasant and distasteful though it is to see a minor character arise from her corner and proceed to put herself in the center of a rather marvellous story that now threatens to become ugly. An unhappy Quentin attempted to do a little damage control in a review of "Deceived with Kindness" that was first published in *Books and Bookmen* and then in the Charleston *Newsletter*. Treading carefully ("Ought a brother to review his sister's book? Certainly it is an awkward undertaking, made all the more awkward when, as in the present instance, one cannot but express admiration") but firmly ("To say that this is an honest narrative is not to say that it is accurate"), Quentin tries to correct the correction and restore the Bloomsbury story to its old dignity and high style. Occasionally, his irritation with his irritating little sister gets the better of his tact, as when he notes, "My sister was the only young person I then [in the thirties] knew who seemed to take not the slightest interest in politics." He goes on:

> The non-political person must of necessity see the world in terms of personality and individual responsibility, hence of praise or blame. The impersonality of politics which Angelica saw as something inhuman can also lead to milder moral judgements. . . . I was sorry for my sister coming as she did to her majority just as the last hopes of peace in Europe vanished, [but] she, as these pages show, had quite other misfortunes to preoccupy her mind.

More than anything else, it is the tone of Angelica's book that sets it apart from other Bloomsbury texts. The note of irony—perhaps because it resounded too insistently in her ears when she was growing up—is entirely absent from her text, an absence that brings into relief Bloomsbury's characteristic obliqueness. Virginia, writing of sorrows at least as afflicting as Angelica's, never allows her stoicism to falter, and rarely fails to hang on to some shred of her natural gaiety. Her niece writes under the inspiration of different spirits. When Angelica says that Vanessa

> never realised that, by denying me my real father she was treating me even before my birth as an object, and not as a human being. No wonder she always felt guilt and I resentment, even though I did not understand the true reason for it; no wonder too that she tried to make it up to me by spoiling me, and in so doing only inhibited me. As a result I was emotionally incapacitated

we withhold our sympathy—as we withheld it from Madge Vaughan—not because her grievance is without merit but because her language is without force. As Madge cloaked and muffled the complexity and legitimacy of her fears for her children in the ornate pieties of the Victorian period (which she had brought with her into the nineteen-twenties), so Angelica cloaks and muffles the complexity and legitimacy of her fury at her mother in the streamlined truisms of the age of mental health.

The man Angelica married (and separated from after many unhappy years) was—the reader who doesn't already know this will fall out of his chair—Bunny Garnett. On the day Angelica was born, Bunny, who was then ensconced at Charleston as Duncan's lover, wrote to Lytton about the new baby, "Its beauty is the remarkable thing about it. I think of marrying it; when she is twenty I shall be 46—will it be scandalous?" That Bunny's prophecy should have come true is a twist *that seems to belong to another plot*, but that Bunny and Angelica gravitated toward each other is not so remarkable. Like Angelica, Bunny never really belonged among the Bloomsbury aristocrats. Vanessa put up with him because of Duncan; Lytton and Virginia jeered at his (now hopelessly dated) novels. (In her diary for 1925, Virginia quotes Lytton on Bunny's latest work: "Really it's very extraordinary—so arty,—so composed—the competence terrific, but . . . well, it's like a perfectly restored Inn—Ye Olde Cocke and Balls, everything tidied up & restored.") Bunny's three-volume autobiography is permeated with complacency and an air of bogusness. Every literary society has its Bunny, it seems; so often the least talented member comes forward as its noisiest, and most knowing, self-appointed and self-important spokesman.

In what I have written, in separating my Austenian heroines and heroes from my Gogolian flat characters, I have, like every other biographer, conveniently forgotten that I am not writing a novel, and that it really isn't for me to say who is good and who is bad, who is noble and who is faintly ridiculous. Life is infinitely less orderly and more bafflingly ambiguous than any novel, and if we pause to re-

CHINESE OBJECTS

I

The length of white silk I selected
Immaculate as the crust on snow
Was cut in the shape of happiness,
Round as the moon in starry skies.
In and out of her sleeve it slides
Rustling up its own cool weather.
I worry that when autumn comes
And blows away this heat wave
She will toss the fan into a box,
Halfway through our love affair.

II

When the water gourd that dangles
Light as a single leaf from the tree
Goes clickety-clack in the breeze
So that bed sounds and lovemaking
Get into my dream, in my dream
I throw it away, for the world
Is not so big, the gourd so small:
They are objects outside my body
That get in the way of sleep.

—MICHAEL LONGLEY

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member that Madge and Bunny, and even George and Gerald Duckworth, were actual, multidimensional individuals, whose parents loved them and whose lives were of inestimable preciousness to themselves, we have to face the problem that every biographer faces and none can solve; namely, that he is standing in quicksand as he writes. There is no floor under his enterprise, no basis for moral certainty. Every character in a biography contains within himself or herself the potential for a reverse image. The finding of a new cache of letters, the stepping forward of a new witness, the coming into fashion of a new ideology—all these events, and particularly the last one, can destabilize any biographical configuration, overturn any biographical consensus, transform any good character into a bad one, and vice versa. The manuscript of "Deceived with Kindness" was made available to Frances Spalding during the writing of her biography of Vanessa, and though she does not ignore it, she chooses not to allow it to sour her affectionate portrait. Another biographer might have made—as a subsequent biographer may well make—a different choice. The distinguished dead are clay in the hands of writers, and chance determines the shapes that their actions and characters assume in the books written about them.

AFTER my inspection of the Charleston house, a walk in the walled garden (which somehow seemed warmer than the icy house), and a visit to the gift shop, I rejoined Christopher Naylor and, as had been arranged, we drove off for tea with Anne Olivier Bell, Quentin's wife, who is known as Olivier. Quentin would not be at tea, Christopher told me; he was frail and napped in the afternoon. The couple live in a house a mile away, which, like Charleston, is on a huge estate belonging to a Lord Gage, who has managed to hang on to his property (is this why one thinks of "The Cherry Orchard" while at Charleston?) and is one of the supporters of the Charleston Trust. When we arrived at the Bell house, at about four-thirty, it was already dark. Olivier ushered us into a large, warm room, with a kitchen at one end and, at the other, a fireplace in which a fire was robustly burning. A long wooden table stood in front of the fire. Olivier is a tall, vigorous woman in her late seventies, with an appealing shy friendliness. One is immediately drawn to her warmth and naturalness, her sensible and matter-of-fact manner, her extreme niceness. She put a kettle on the hob and then showed me (as if this were what her visitors expected) various paintings by Bloomsbury artists. One was a large portrait of Vanessa in a red evening dress with one arm raised voluptuously over her head, painted by Duncan in 1915, and another was Vanessa's portrait of Quentin as a little boy of eight, looking up in the act of writing in a notebook. Neither of these paintings nor any of the others was hung to advantage: the portrait of Vanessa was in a hallway at the bottom of a staircase, on a wall too small for it, and the portrait of Quentin, though not quite so badly placed, was not right, either. In "Deceived with Kindness" Angelica bitterly writes of how "appearances of a purely aesthetic kind were considered of supreme importance" at Charleston ("Hours were spent hanging an old picture in a new place, or in choosing a new colour for the walls"), while she herself was allowed to go out into the world unbrushed and unwashed. Quentin and Olivier's house was entirely without the aestheticism of Charleston. It was comfortable, pleasant, and inviting but aesthetically unremarkable: this was not where their interests lay. Vanessa's dining-room table at Charleston was round, and she had painted a design on it in yellow, gray, and pink evocative of the covers she did for Virginia's Hogarth Press books, which for some readers are inextricably bound up with the experience of reading Virginia's novels and essays. Quentin and Olivier's table was plain scrubbed wood. Olivier served tea at this table in large earthenware mugs, made by Quentin, who, in addition to writing, painting, and teaching, is a potter.

We heard some thumping overhead, and Olivier said, "That's Quentin," and he presently appeared—drawn by curiosity, perhaps. He is a tall man with white hair and a white beard, and he was wearing an artist's smock the color of his blue eyes, which looked at one with a direct, calm gaze. He walked with a cane, with some difficulty. Like Olivier, Quentin immediately pulled one into his orbit of decency, sanity, wholesomeness, fineness. He had a bit of an aura. I asked him what he had thought of Angelica's book. He laughed, and said he had been irritated by Angelica's telling stories he would have wanted to tell himself and getting them wrong, missing the point. He said that the book had been a part of her therapy, and that today she would rewrite it if she could. I asked him a question about Clive. During my tour of Charleston, I had been struck by the amount of space Clive occupied in the house—he had a downstairs study, an upstairs library, a bedroom, and his own bathroom—and had noted the special character of his rooms. They aren't *out* of character with the rest of the place—they are decorated with Duncan and Vanessa's usual painted panels, windowsills, bedboards, and bookcases—but they are more elegant and more luxurious. The bedroom has an expensive carpet and a pair of ornate Venetian chairs; the study has an elaborate early-nineteenth-century marquetry table. (It had been a wedding present to Clive and Vanessa from his parents.) Clive had evidently wanted his little comforts and conveniences, and had got them. Everybody except poor Angelica seemed to have got what he or she wanted at Charleston. ("The atmosphere was one of liberty and order," Angelica's daughter Henrietta Garnett has written of visits to Charleston during her childhood.) Quentin said of Clive that he was an extremely complex person, and that he had been very fond of him and had taken great pleasure in his company until they fell out over politics.

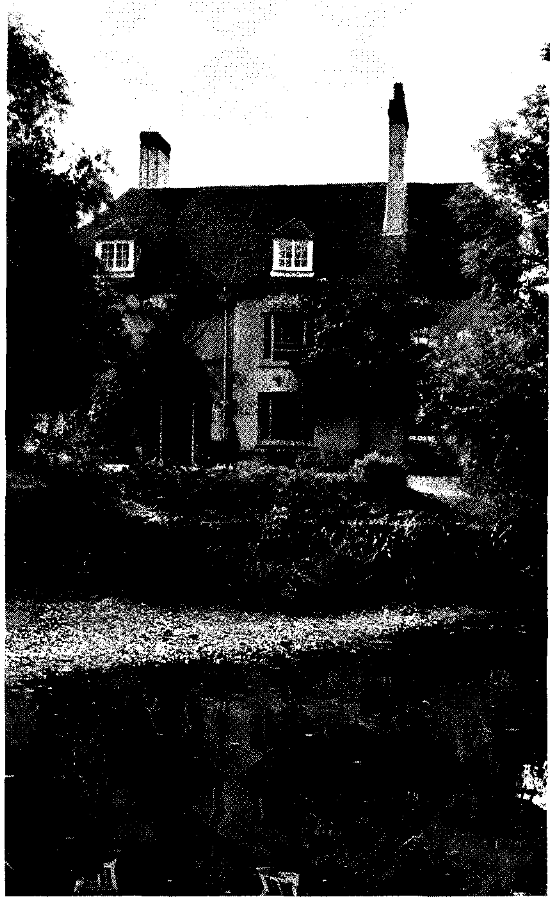
"Clive was conservative?" I asked. (I had not yet read Quentin's "Bloomsbury," in which he writes sharply of Clive's book "Civilisation," published in 1928: "It seemed that Clive Bell felt it more important to know how to order a good meal than to know how to lead a good life," and "Clive Bell sees civilisation as something that exists only in an élite and from which the helots who serve that élite are permanently excluded. The manner in which civilisation is to be preserved is immaterial; if it can be maintained by a democracy so much the better, but there is no fundamental objection to a tyranny so long as it maintains a cultured class with unearned incomes.")

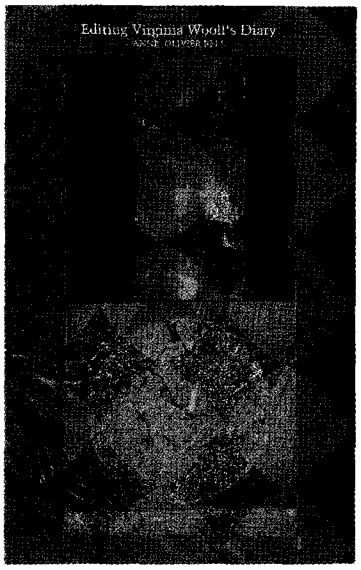
"Conservative is putting it very mildly," Quentin said. "You could almost say he was Fascistic."

"Then he and Julian must have fallen out even more," I said.

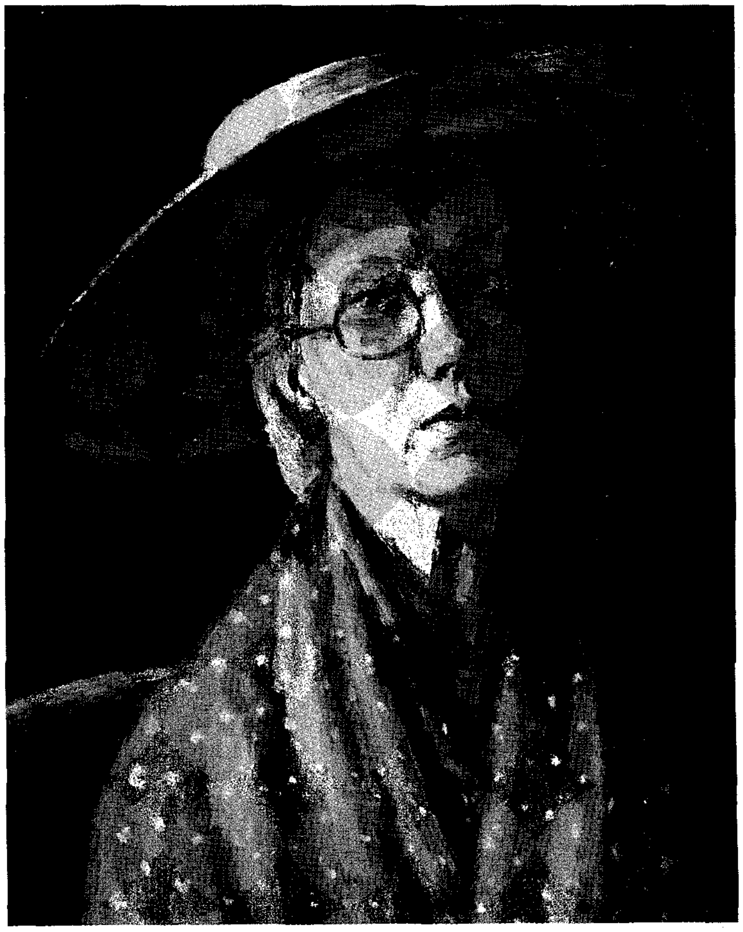
"Well, no," Quentin said. He explained that he himself was the more left-wing of the brothers—in fact, the most left-wing of all the Bloomsbury set,

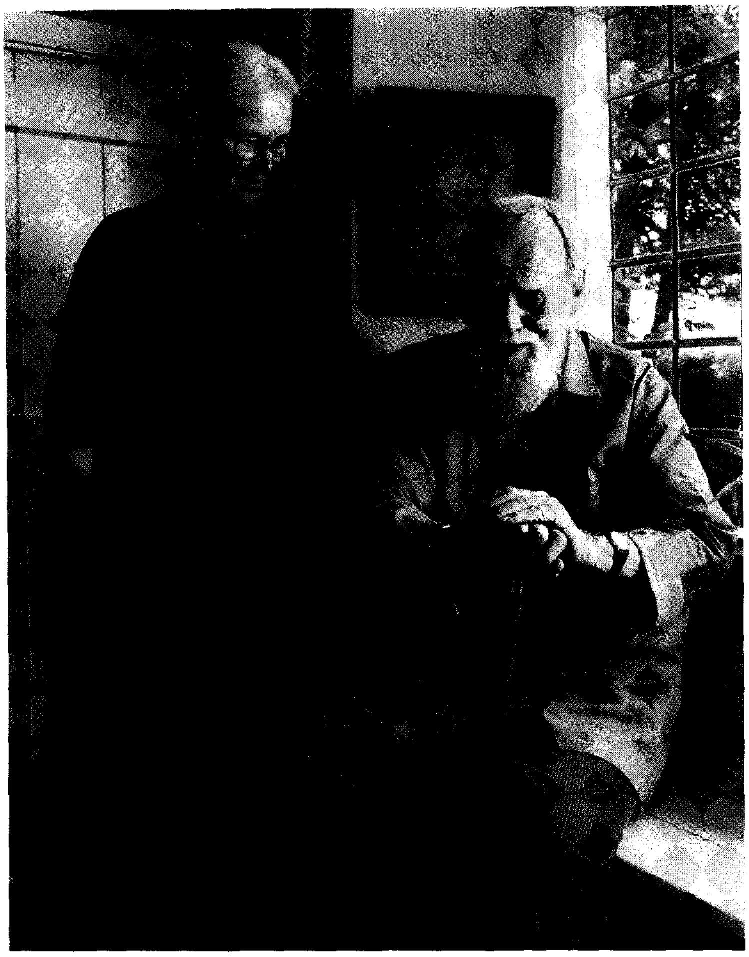
THIS PAGE: (TOP, LEFT) PEOPLE WEEKLY © 1986 TERRY SMITH, (TOP, RIGHT) COURTESY BLOOMSBURY WORKSHOP, (BOTTOM) THE CHARLESTON TRUST; OPPOSITE PAGE: (TOP) DAVID GAMBLE, (BOTTOM) DERRY MOORE

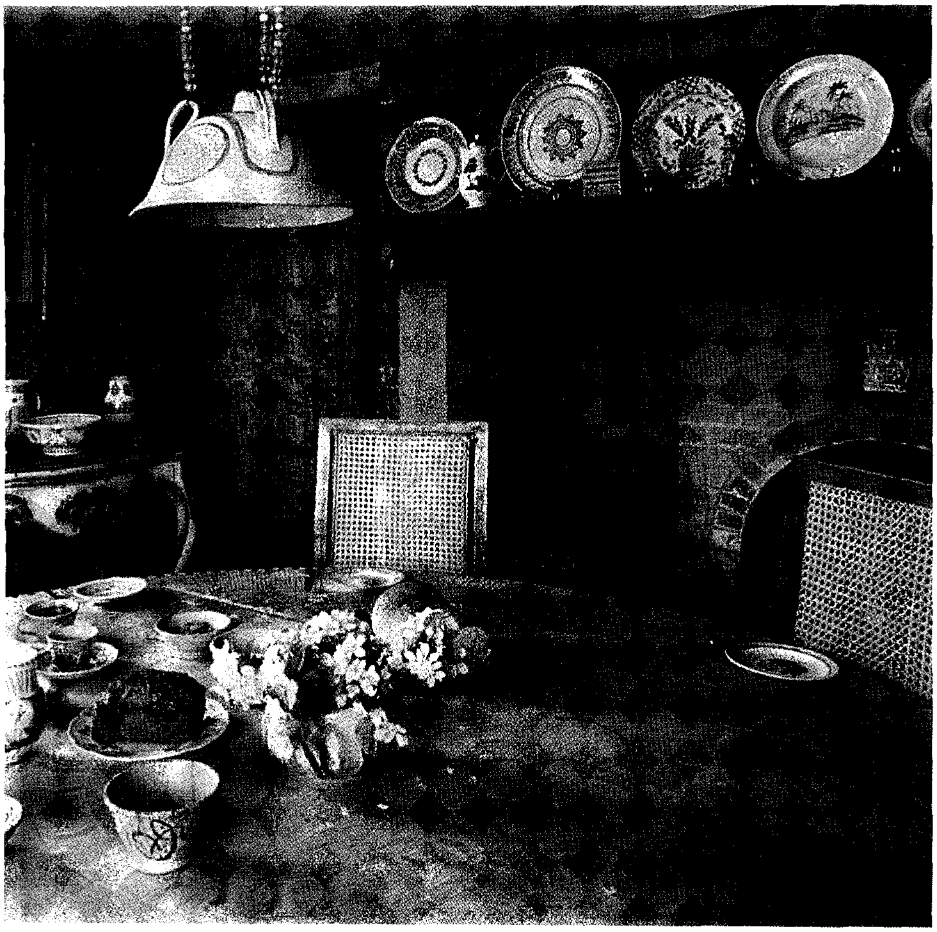




Clockwise from top left: Charleston, 1986; Olivier Bell's pamphlet with art by Duncan Grant; Olivier and Quentin Bell this year at their Sussex home; the Charleston dining room, with Vanessa's painted table; Vanessa's self-portrait, c. 1958.







though he had never joined the Communist Party.

I said that I had assumed Julian's extreme leftness because of his going to Spain in 1937.

"That is a common misconception about Julian," Quentin said, and he went on, "Julian liked wars. He was a very austere person." As Quentin talked about his brother, I felt that he was answering, in part, a question that had "stabbed my heart" when I was reading Vanessa's extraordinarily intimate letters to Julian. Some of them, as she herself was aware, were almost love letters, and I had wondered what Quentin's feelings had been as the less obsessively loved son, who had survived the favorite's death. But I did not pursue the point. Quentin has negotiated the feat of presiding over the Bloomsbury biographical industry while keeping himself out of the Bloomsbury narrative. He has offered only the barest indication of how he felt when he was growing up in his mother's remarkable household. He is mentioned in the family letters and memoirs and diary entries, of course, but the references are rather sparse and uninformative. (In a few of the Bloomsbury photographs in which he appears we glimpse some of the charm and merriness of the author of "Virginia Woolf.") He is almost a kind of generic younger son; Julian is always more visible and more fussed over. Julian's large shadow may have given Quentin's character the protection it needed to flourish outside the family orbit. For whatever reason, Quentin has succeeded in living his own life and keeping his own counsel. Now, in his mid-eighties, he evidently feels it safe (as his uncle Leonard felt it safe in *his* eighties) to break his silence and donate his person to the Bloomsbury novel. He has written a memoir, to be published in England in the fall.

Among the books I had bought in the Charleston gift shop (I noticed that neither DeSalvo's nor Poole's book was on sale there) was a thin pamphlet called "Editing Virginia Woolf's Diary," in which Olivier writes of her experiences as the editor of the diaries that Virginia kept between 1915 and 1941. Their publication, in five volumes, has earned her the highest praise for the excellence of their annotations. In the pamphlet Olivier writes with a voice as distinct as Quentin's, and with a tart note of her own about the invasions of scholars and journalists that followed the publication of "Virginia Woolf": "The house became a sort of honey-pot with all these Woolf-addicts buzzing around. I had to provide some of the honey in the form of food and drink. Earnest seekers after the truth armed with tape recorders came from Tokyo, Belgrade, or Barcelona; others we came to refer to as 'beard-touchers'—those for whom it was obligatory to be able to state 'I consulted with Professor Bell' when submitting their doctoral dissertation on *Mythic Patterns in 'Flush'* or whatever it might be." She allows herself a bitter comment: "We have sometimes found it hurtful to read articles or reviews by those we have entertained and informed and given up our time to, to the effect that we operated a sort of Bloomsbury closed shop—a protection racket maintained for the purposes of self-aggrandisement and financial gain." (As Olivier points out in the acknowledgments to Volume IV of the diaries, their full publication was possible only because Quentin's share of the royalties issuing from the copyright of Virginia's writings, which he and Angelica inherited from Leonard, were used to pay the costs.) Olivier's tartest comments, however, are reserved for the revisionist works "purporting to demonstrate that both Leonard and Quentin had completely misrepresented [Virginia], and by concealing or cooking the evidence to which only they had access, had been able to present *their* preferred image—and one in which Leonard himself figured as hero." She goes on, "Perhaps the most grotesque manifestations of this line of approach have been those which discern that it was the fundamental antagonism, sometimes fuelled by Virginia's alleged anti-semitism, between her and Leonard which drove her, not only to periods of despair, but to suicide; indeed, it has been suggested that he practically pushed her into the river."

I have to confess that I did not buy "Editing Virginia Woolf's Diary" because I expected it to be interesting. The title is as enticing as a piece of dry brown bread. What enticed me was the pamphlet's cover, which reproduces one of the minor but, in their way, momentous visual pleasures of the Charleston house. This pleasure—lying on a table beside an armchair in the living room—is a book on whose front cover someone (Duncan, it turns out) has pasted a few geometric shapes of hand-colored paper to form a most handsome and authoritative abstraction of olive green, umber, black, ochre, and blue. The book is a volume of the plays of J. M. Synge, inscribed to Duncan from Clive in 1913. Why Duncan decorated it thus, no one knows—perhaps a child had put a glass of milk on it and left a ring, perhaps Duncan just felt like making a collage that day. Whatever its impetus, Duncan's little project comes down to us (Olivier told me she had pulled the book back from the brink of consignment to Sotheby's) as an emblem of the spirit of unceasing, unself-conscious—you could almost say artless—artmaking by which Charleston was inhabited.

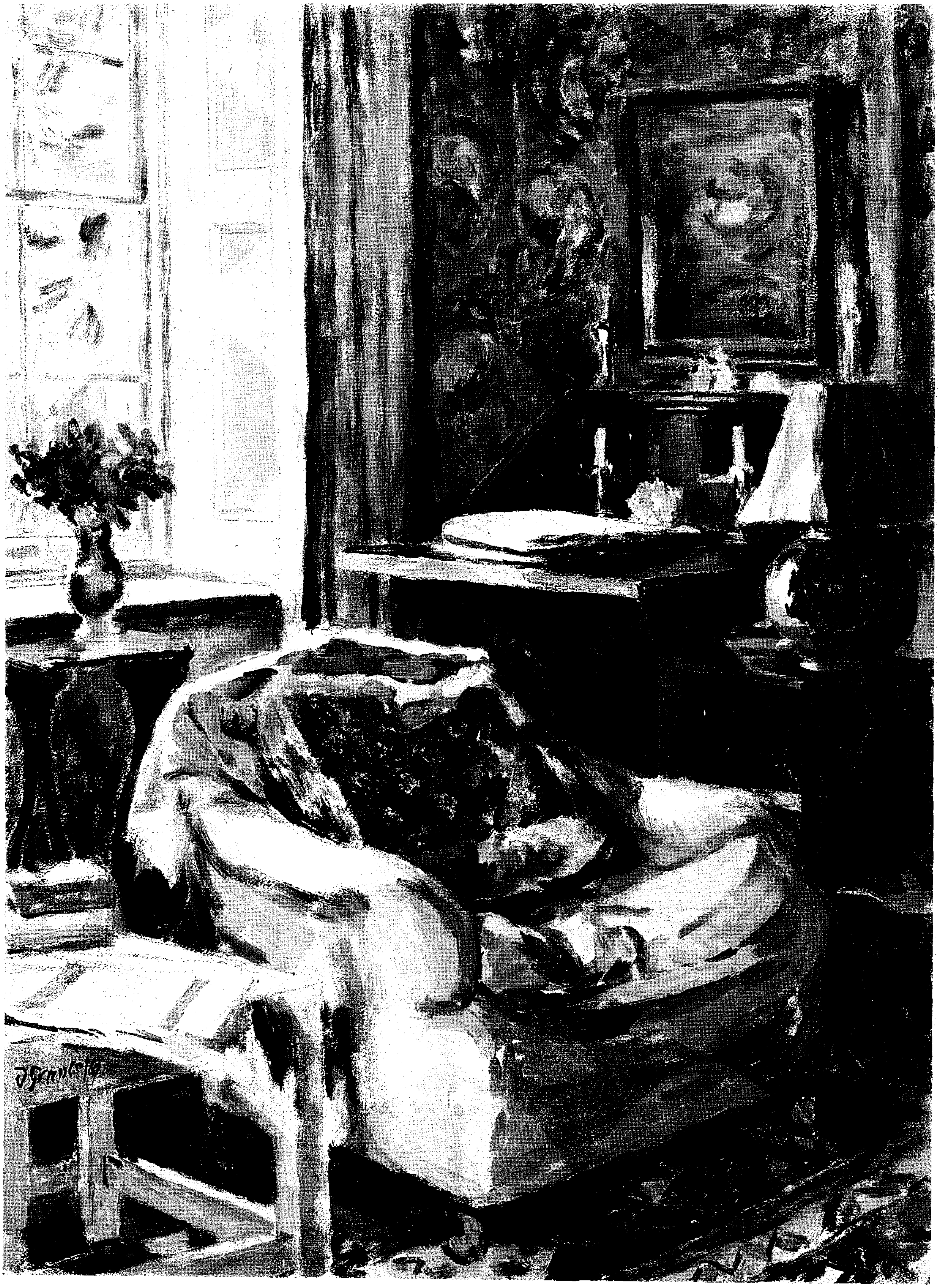
Sitting beside me at the long, scrubbed table, Quentin returned to Angelica's book and to a photograph of Vanessa she included in it, which distressed him perhaps more than anything else in it. "Now, why did she put that picture in?" he said. "It's the only photograph of Vanessa I've ever seen that makes her look ugly. Do you agree?"

I said I did. The picture shows a grim old woman (it is dated 1951, when Vanessa was seventy-two) with thinning gray hair and round black-rimmed glasses; her mouth is turned down at the corners, and she is returning the camera's pitiless gaze with a kind of wounded directness. The photograph bears no resemblance to others of Vanessa that appear in Angelica's book, or to photographs of her that appear in any other Bloomsbury books. Nothing remains in it of the determined schoolgirl of Hyde Park Gate or the beautiful girl in white whom Leonard saw at Cambridge or the serene woman looking up from an easel or presiding over a garden tea table or the Madonna posing with her children. It is a picture out of a different world—a world stripped of beauty and pleasure and culture, the world of Forster's "panic and emptiness," the world after the great cat has pounced. "I really pity people who are not artists most of all, for they have no refuge from the world," Vanessa wrote in 1939 to a friend that Julian had made in China. "I often wonder how life would be tolerable if one could not get detached from it, as even artists without much talent can, as long as they are sincere." In Angelica's ugly picture, Vanessa is caught in a moment of engagement with the intolerable.

In "A Sketch of the Past" Virginia describes "a certain manner" that she and Vanessa were indelibly taught to assume when people came to tea at Hyde Park Gate. "We both learnt the rules of the game of Victorian society so thoroughly that we have never forgotten them," she wrote in 1940. "We still play the game. It is useful. It has also its beauty, for it is founded upon restraint, sympathy, unselfishness—all civilized qualities. It is helpful in making something seemly out of raw odds and ends. . . . But the Victorian manner is perhaps—I am not sure—a disadvantage in writing. When I read my old *Literary Supplement* articles, I lay the blame for their suavity, their politeness, their sidelong approach, to my tea-table training. I see myself, not reviewing a book, but handing plates of buns to shy young men and asking them: do they take cream and sugar? On the other hand, the surface manner allows one, as I have found, to slip in things that would be inaudible if one marched straight up and spoke out loud."

Angelica has marched straight up and spoken out loud. She has cut her family down to size. She has shown up the civilized, oblique Bloomsbury manner for the hollow thing she believes it to be. She is a kind of counter-Cassandra—she looks back and sees nothing but darkness. Quentin's quarrel with Angelica over her book is more than a sibling's tiff about whose story is right. It is a disagreement about how stories of lives should be told. "To some extent the difference between us is the difference between one who plods and one who flies," Quentin writes with characteristic sidelongness in his review of "Deceived with Kindness," as he crushingly subjects his sister's flights of accusing generalization to his own tolerant specificity. The struggle between the obedient, legitimate son of Bloomsbury and its disobliging, illegitimate daughter is an uneven one, and Quentin will prevail. The achievement of his biography, his wise and liberal management of the family papers, and the existence of Charleston (in whose restoration Angelica took an active hand, such is the messiness of life: in a novel, she would never have looked at the place again) insure the preservation of the Bloomsbury legend in its seductive Fauve colors. But Angelica's cry, her hurt child's protest, her disappointed woman's bitterness will leave their trace, like a stain that won't come out of a treasured Persian carpet and eventually becomes a part of its beauty. ♦

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF ARTHUR W. COHEN, 1985



"Artist's Study at Charleston," by Duncan Grant, 1967.

CASUAL

PRIMARY SOURCES[1]

BY RICK MOODY

Abbé, William Parker.[2] **"A Diary of Sketches."** Concord, New Hampshire: St. Paul's School, 1976.

Bangs, Lester. "Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung."[3] Edited by Greil Marcus. New York: Knopf, 1987.

Barnes, Djuna. "Interviews." Washington, D.C.: Sun & Moon, 1985.

Barrett, Syd.[4] **"Golden Hair."** On **"The Madcap Laughs."** EMI Cassette, C4-46607, 1990.

Barthes, Roland. "A Lover's Discourse."[5] Translated by Richard Howard. New York: Hill & Wang, 1978.

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"Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and Other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, According to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church[6] **in the United States of America, The."** New York: Harper & Brothers, 1944.

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Breton, André. "Manifestoes of Surrealism."[8] Translated by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane. Ann Arbor, Michigan: University of Michigan Press (Ann Arbor Paperbacks), 1969.

Carroll, Lewis. "The Annotated Alice." Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Martin Gardner.[9] New York: Clarkson N. Potter (Bramhall House), 1960.

Carter, Angela.[10] **"The Bloody Chamber and Other Adult Tales."** New York: Harper & Row, 1979.

Cheever, John. "The Journals of John Cheever."[11] New York: Knopf, 1991.

——. **"The Wapshot Chronicle."** New York: Harper & Brothers, 1957.

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Davis, Lydia. "Break It Down." New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1986.

De Montaigne, Michel. "The Complete Essays of Montaigne." Translated by Donald M. Frame. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1958.

Derrida, Jacques. "Of Grammatology."[14] Translated by

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[1] BORN October 18, 1961, in N.Y.C. Childhood pretty uneventful. We moved to the suburbs. I always read a lot. I did some kid stuff, but mostly I read. So this sketchy and selective bibliography—this list of some of the books I have around the house now—is really an autobiography.

[2] Art instructor at St. Paul's School when I was there (1975-79). Abbé was an older, forgetful guy when I met him. He was in his late sixties, probably. He lived alone in an apartment above the infirmary at S.P.S. His studio had burned down years before, taking a lot of his paintings, and I believe this accounted for the halo of sadness around him. He could be infectiously happy, though. His house was full of jukeboxes, dolls, and electrical toys. Games of every kind.

One time I showed him my "Sgt. Pepper" picture disk—remember those collector's gimmicks which revolutionized the LP for a few minutes in the seventies? The famous jacket art was printed on the vinyl. Abbé laughed for a good long time over that. He sat in the old armchair in my room, the one with the stuffing coming out of it, and laughed. He loved that kind of thing. He had a lot of Elvis on his jukeboxes.

[3] Lester's last published piece, in the *Voice*, appeared in my senior year of college. I moved back to N.Y.C. a little later, after six months in California, where it was too relaxed. By the time I got to New York, the East Village galleries were already disappearing. Lester was dead. The Gap had moved in on the northwest corner of St. Mark's and Second Avenue.

[4] In 1978, back at S.P.S., I took six hits of "blotter" acid and had a pretty wrenching bad trip. Eternal damnation, shame, humiliation, and an endless line of men in clown costumes chanting my name and laughing. That kind of thing. I turned myself in, confessed to a master I liked, the Reverend Alden B. Flanders. Somewhere in the middle of the five or six hours it took to talk me down, I asked him if he thought I would remember this moment for the rest of my life.

[5] "The necessity for this book is to be found in the following consideration: that the lover's discourse is today *of an extreme solitude*. . . . Once a discourse is thus . . . exiled from all gregarity, it has no recourse but to become the site, however exiguous, of an *affirmation*."

[6] I didn't get baptized until I was fifteen. The minister, who had buried my grandparents and my uncle and performed my mother's remarriage, couldn't remember my name. Right then, the church seemed like the only thing that would get me through adolescence. I was going to get confirmed later, too, but instead I started drinking.

[7] Cf. "Eco, Umberto," and also n. 9, below.

[8] The band I played in, in college, was called Forty-five Houses. We got our name from the first Surrealist manifesto: "Q. 'What is your name?' A. 'Forty-five houses.' (*Ganser syndrome*, or

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak. Baltimore, Maryland: Johns Hopkins Press, 1976.

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"Erospri." On the Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link,[15] modem: 415 332-8410, Sausalito, California, 1985-.

Feelies, The. "The Good Earth."[16] Coyote Records, TTC 8673, 1986.

Fitzgerald, F. Scott. "The Crack-Up." New York: New Directions, 1945.

Foucault, Michel. "Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison." Translated by Alan Sheridan. New York: Vintage, 1979.

Gaddis, William. "The Recognitions."[17] New York: Penguin, 1986.

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Hawthorne, Nathaniel. "Hawthorne: Short Stories."[19] Edited by Newton Arvin. New York: Knopf, 1946.

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Johnson, Denis. "Angels." New York: Vintage, 1989.

Joyce, James. "Ulysses." New York: Vintage, 1961.

Jung, C. G. "Collected Works." No. 12, Part II. "Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy" (1936). Translated by R. F. C. Hull. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press (Bollingen Series), 1968.

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Marx, Groucho. "The Groucho Letters: Letters from and to Groucho Marx."[22] New York: Fireside, 1987.

Mitchell, Stephen. "The Gospel According to Jesus." New York: HarperCollins, 1991.

Pagels, Elaine. "The Gnostic Gospels."[23] New York: Vintage, 1989.

Paley, Grace. "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute." New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux (Noonday Press), 1991.

Pärt, Arvo, "Tabula Rasa."[24] ECM New Series 817 764-4 (1984).

Peacock, Thomas Love. " 'Headlong Hall' and 'Gryll Grange.' " Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987.

Plato. "Great Dialogues of Plato." Translated by W. H. D. Rouse. New York: Mentor, 1956.

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Sacks, Oliver. "Awakenings." New York: Summit, 1987.

Schulz, Bruno. "Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass."[26] Translated by Celina Wieniewska. New York: Penguin, 1979.

Sebadoh. "Sebadoh III."[27] Homestead Records, HMS 168-4, 1991.

Thomas à Kempis. "The Imitation of Christ." New York: Penguin, 1952.

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Zappa, Frank. With Captain Beefheart and the Mothers of Invention. "Bongo Fury" (1975).[29] Barking Pumpkin Records, D4-74220, 1989.

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beside-the-point replies.)" Our drummer preferred women to men, but I sort of fell in love with her anyway. After we graduated, she gave me a ride on her motorcycle. It was the first time I ever rode one. I held tight around her waist.

[9] See n. 20, below.

[10] The first day of Angela's workshop in college, a guy asked her what her work was like. She said, "My work cuts like a steel blade at the base of a man's penis." Second semester, there was a science-fiction writer in our class who sometimes slept through the proceedings—and there were only eight or nine of us there. One day I brought a copy of "Light in August" to Angela's office hours and she said, "I wish I were reading *that*"—Faulkner—"instead of *this*" (pointing to a stack of student work).

[11] As a gift for graduating from boarding school, my dad gave me a short trip to Europe. Two weeks. I was a little bit afraid of travel, though, as I still am, and in London I spent much of the time in Hyde Park, in a chair I rented for 15p a day. The sticker that served as my lease still adorns my copy of "The Stories of John Cheever," also given to me by my dad. I haven't been back to the U.K. since.

[12] We moved a lot when I was a kid. In eighth grade I had a calendar on which I marked off the days until I'd be leaving Connecticut forever. My attachments weren't too deep. I spent a lot of time with Iron Man, the Incredible Hulk, and the Avengers. I also liked self-help books and Elton John records.

[13] Picard and the crew of the Enterprise attempt to make contact with a race of aliens, the Children of Tama, who speak entirely in an allegorical language. Picard doesn't figure out the language until the captain of the Tamarians is already dead. A big episode for those who realize how hard communicating really is.

[14] One guy I knew in college actually threw this book out a window. Here are some excerpts from my own marginalia: "Function of art is supplementalism though devalorization of weighted side of oppositions"; "Attendance as performance: more absence creates more real presence." I'm not sure what I meant, but I loved Derrida's overheated analogies: "Writing in the common sense is the dead letter, it is the carrier of death. It exhausts life. On the other hand, on the other face of the same proposition, writing in the metaphoric sense, natural, divine, and living writing, is venerated" (page 17).

[15] The WELL—as it is abbreviated—has a really good "Star Trek" conference, too. This private conference is about sex. I started messing with computers in junior high, when my grades got me out of study hall. Which was good because people used to threaten me if I didn't let them copy my homework. It was on the WELL that I learned both the address for a mail-order catalogue called Leather Toys and how to affix clothespins.

[16] My drinking got really bad in graduate school. In the mid-eighties, I was in love with a woman who was living in Paris, and I took the opportunity to get mixed up at the same time with a friend in New York. Kate, the second of these women, first played this record for me. The snap of the snare drum that be-

gins "The Good Earth" has a real tenderness to it, for me. I was playing this record when I was really ashamed of myself and also afterward, when I was hoping for forgiveness.

[17] At the end of my drinking, when I was first living in Hoboken, I started writing my first novel, "Garden State." Later, through a chain of kindnesses, someone managed to slip a copy of it to William Gaddis, the writer I most admired, then and now. Much later, long after all this, I came to know Gaddis's son Matthew a little bit, and he said that the book had probably got covered up with papers, because that's the way his dad's desk is. But maybe there was one afternoon when it was on top of a stack.

[18] The last day of class with Jack Hawkes, we were standing out on one of those Victorian porches in Providence—a bunch of us, because there was always a crowd of people trying to get into Jack's classes (and they were usually really talented)—firing corks from champagne bottles out into the street. A couple made it halfway across. Hawkes was mumbling something about how sad it was that so many writers were so afflicted by drink. In less than a week, I was going to graduate.

[19] "Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men."

[20] See n. 7, above.

[21] During the period when I was finishing my first novel, I had an office job in publishing, from which I was later fired. I judged everything against the books I loved when I was a teen-ager: "The Crying of Lot 49," Beckett's "Murphy," "One Hundred Years of Solitude," etc. Besides Lester Bangs (see above), Marcus's "Lipstick Traces" was one of the few recently published books I liked. Another was "Responses: On Paul de Man's Wartime Journalism" (University of Nebraska Press).

[22] In 1987, I institutionalized myself. At that moment, Thurber and Groucho Marx and anthologies of low comedy seemed like the best that literature had to offer. I thought I was going to abandon writing—something had to give—but I didn't. I felt better later.

[23] "The accusation that the gnostics invented what they wrote contains some truth: certain gnostics openly acknowledged that they derived their *gnosis* from their own experience. . . . The gnostic Christians . . . assumed that they had gone far beyond the apostles' original teaching."

[24] And Cage's book "Silence"; and "Music for Airports"; and La Monte Young's "The Second Dream of the High-Tension Line Stepdown Transformer from the Four Dreams of China"; and Ezra Pound after St. Elizabeth's; and "Be Here Now"; and Mark Rothko.

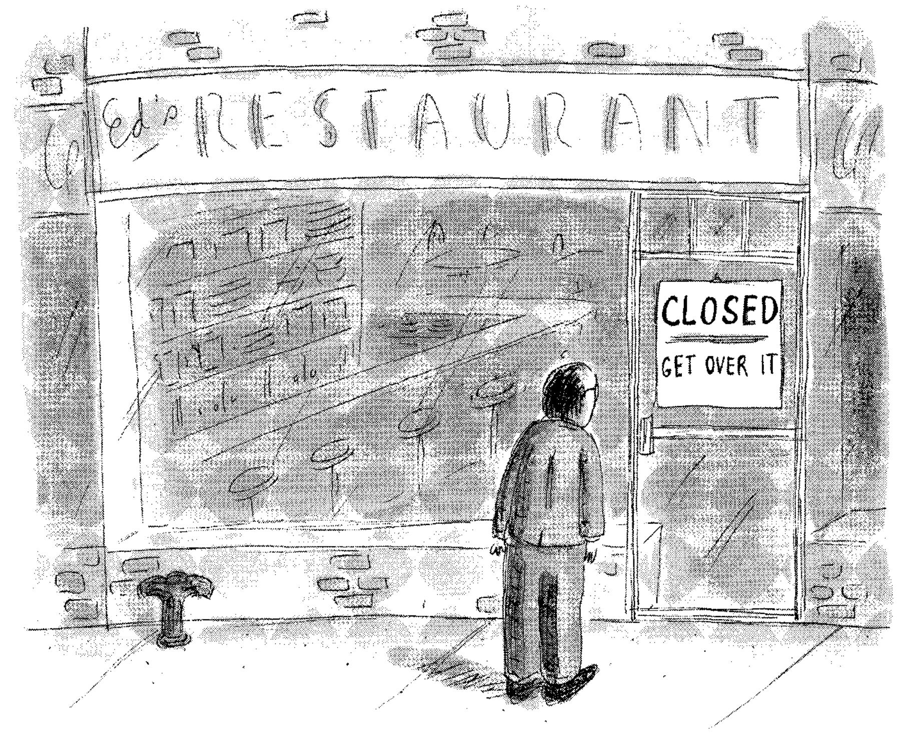
[25] The back cover of this issue consists of a newspaper photo of a man in a wedding gown slumped over on a toilet, his skin ribbed with gigantic blisters. He's really destroyed, this guy. I'd been given to believe the photo was from the *Daily News.* And since my grandfather worked for the *News* the luridness of this horror struck close. This, I learned, was an act of *pleasure.*

[26] Angela Carter assigned this book to us in sophomore year. I was taking a lot of quaaludes that spring. One night, I stayed up all night on quaaludes and wrote a story, cribbed from Bruno Schulz, about a guy who lives in a house that is *actually his grandmother.* Later, when I told Angela that I'd written the story high, she said, cryptically, "Quaaludes, the aardvark of the drug world."

[27] "All these empty urges must be satisfied."

[28] "Sick as I am/confused in the head/I mean I have/endured this April/so far/visiting friends" (pages 427-8). "Garden State" was published in the spring of 1992. I was already pretty far into my second book, "The Ice Storm." I left Hoboken for good.

[29] There was a time, when I was an adolescent, when I didn't feel like I had a dad, even though he didn't live that far away, and I saw him on Sundays. This is an admission that won't please him or the rest of my family. The way I see it, though, there has never been a problem between me and my *actual* dad. But dads make the same tentative decisions we sons make. Once, my father said to me, "I wonder if you kids would have turned out differently if I had been around to kick some ass." This was during one of those long car rides full of silences. The question didn't even apply to me, I didn't think. He might have been there, he might not have. Didn't matter. I was looking elsewhere for the secrets of ethics and home. ◆



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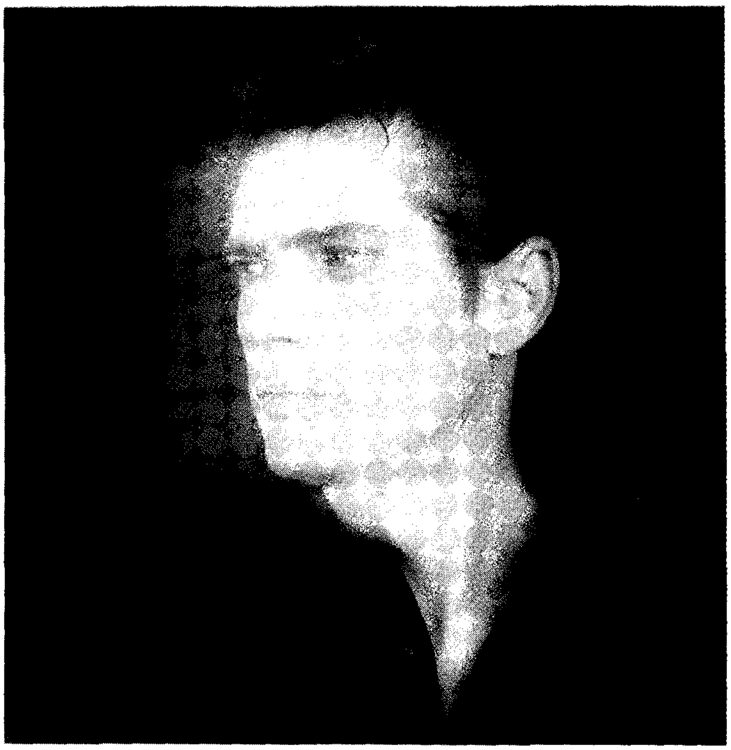
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

The art and artifice of Robert Mapplethorpe.

BY PETER CONRAD

IN 1971, on a trip to London, Robert Mapplethorpe met the English filmmaker Derek Jarman. Mapplethorpe, then twenty-five, was a would-be artist in quest of a congenial art to practice. Back in Queens, where he grew up in the dozy dormitory of Floral Park during the nineteen-fifties, his earliest commission had been to paint an American eagle above the electric meter in a neighbor's basement: the mother of a school friend thought the Con Ed man should have something nice to look at. By the time Mapplethorpe met Jarman, he had taken his first photographs, which investigated the recondite sexual rites of the West Village: piercings and trussings, the administering of enemas, and the doubtful joys of voluntary servitude. But he was also toying with altarlike assemblages, stuffing curios into cartons in homage to Joseph Cornell, and planning to design a kinky line of what he called "Nazi jewelry." He and Jarman spent several days in bed together, and then searched the street markets for junky regalia that Mapplethorpe could piece together into ornaments.

When they met again, a few years later, Mapplethorpe—now a well-connected, richly remunerated photographer of Manhattan celebrities—announced to Jarman that he had everything he had ever wanted. And what, he wondered pityingly, did Jarman have? Jarman took note of Mapplethorpe's success and concluded that he had purchased it at the cost of his soul. Mapplethorpe's life, Jarman said later, recapitulated the story of Faust, corrupted by the offer from the Prince of Darkness to fulfill his fantasies. Although Patricia Morrisroe makes no comment of her own on Jarman's judgment, the evidence she presents in "Mapplethorpe: A Biography" (Random House; $27.50) compellingly confirms it.



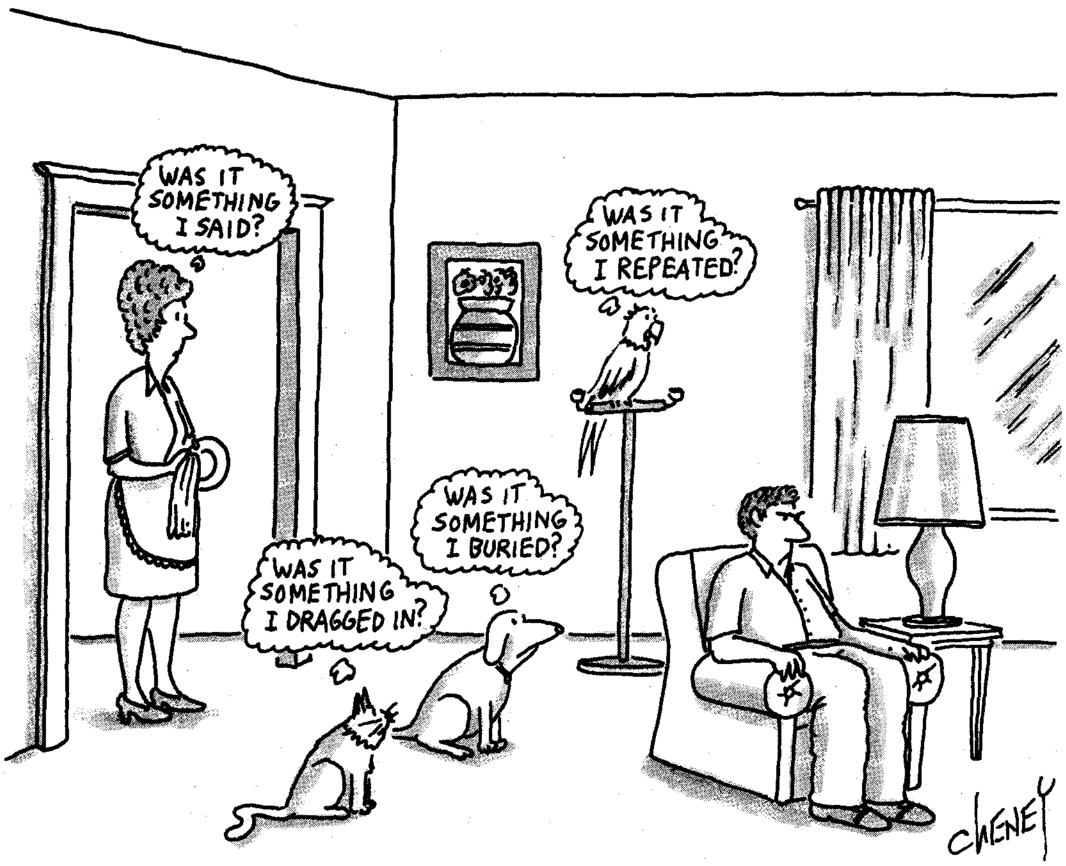
Mapplethorpe, self-portrait, 1985.

© 1985 THE ESTATE OF ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Mapplethorpe enjoyed impersonating the Devil. In one leering self-portrait, a bullwhip writhes from his rectum like a forked tail; in another, he sprouts tiny trainee horns. During his student days, he kept a pet monkey, which frolicsomely befouled his apartment. He called the creature Scratch, borrowing one of the Fallen Angel's nicknames. When it starved to death, he lopped off its head and sculpted its skull into a musical instrument; he was said to have eaten its flesh in a voodoo ritual. In his wealthy prime, he collected satanic statuettes, which were auctioned off to East Side occultists by Christie's after his death. He often told his bedmates that every sexual act had a third participant: over their two sweating bodies, the Devil spectrally presided, whispering instructions. Mapplethorpe acted out the theory of erotic behavior formulated by Georges Bataille, who mocked the missionary piety of heterosexual coupling and praised libertinism as a seizure of forbidden knowledge, a career of research conducted along the border between good and evil, life and death.

Yet, despite the whiff of sulfur (Mapplethorpe relished the smell of armpits, and mapped the body's junglier recesses as homegrown infernos), there was something naïve and innocent about this dandified diabolism. Mapplethorpe's cult of wickedness was the infidel playacting of a lapsed choirboy. In Floral Park, his devoutly Catholic mother had sent him to worship in a Quonset hut consecrated to Our Lady of the Sorrows, and had made sure he knew about the inferno and its concentric circles. His first drawings were Madonnas with cubistically rearranged faces; later, he transferred what he called the "magic and mystery" of the Church into the exquisite agonies and hieratic rituals of sadomasochism.

The notion of Hell which terrorized Mapplethorpe during priestly harangues in the Quonset hut was reinforced by the hazing he underwent as a rookie cadet at Pratt Institute. He joined the campus R.O.T.C. in the hope of pleasing his stern, square father, who had graduated from the same school, as an engineer. To everyone's amazement, Mapplethorpe survived a semester of abuse by the officers of the corps, and was taken away to an Army barracks in New Jersey for a last psychological trial. The initiation rituals of the R.O.T.C.'s Hell Night, as gigglingly distant from the state of damnation as a


WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?
WAS IT SOMETHING I REPEATED?
WAS IT SOMETHING I BURIED?
WAS IT SOMETHING I DRAGGED IN?
CHENEY

Halloween parade, served to exorcise adolescent fear. Blindfolded with a sanitary napkin, Mapplethorpe was ordered to crawl into a toilet stall and lap excrement from the bowl—a nourishing goo that actually consisted of mashed bananas and peanut butter. Then, an elder from the fraternity pretended to sodomize him with the cold tip of a rifle.

Intent on such games of infantile defiance, which taunted a deity who could not have cared less, Mapplethorpe was unprepared to cope with the Devil when they finally met. The hero of Gounod's opera "Faust" fails to recognize the Méphistophélès he has conjured up because the demon is so nattily attired: "*en somme un vrai gentilhomme*," sporting a feathered cap and a purse pregnant with cash. The devils in Mapplethorpe's life did not flaunt bullwhips and exhaled no aroma of the pit. They were all impeccably suited for business, and instead of a contract to be signed in blood they proffered lucrative portfolios of licensing arrangements, fashion shoots, and museum retrospectives. The condition they all imposed was that he should renounce his brave, dangerous, often unsightly reports from underground—those studies of men deliciously punctured by needles and pinched by clothespins, plumbed with enema tubes and padlocked into submission. People would never dare to hang such incriminating images on their walls, so how could premium prices be charged for them? Mapplethorpe was advised instead to produce art that could serve as a mildly naughty adjunct to interior décor. His nudes soon turned discreet and tasteful; the sexual demonism of Sade and Bataille was tamed, or else confined to floral arrangements. Predatory, erectile plants—calla lilies with prongs, or lush, labial orchids—became his "flowers of evil."

Morrisroe identifies a succession of manipulative villains who were responsible for Mapplethorpe's commercial success and artistic failure. First, in 1976, he was required to pander to the self-immortalizing narcissism of Holly Solomon. Before exhibiting artists at her gallery, she auditioned them by demanding that they make a portrait of her. Lichtenstein's version she declared "an archetype of our time"; as an imperious muse, she believed herself comparable to the Mona Lisa. Mapplethorpe passed the test by catering to her delusions of stardom: he photographed her with her head tilted ecstatically back, like one of George Hurrell's cinematic goddesses. "I saw a woman who's very comfortable with who she is," Solomon reported complacently. The reward for Mapplethorpe's flattery was a show in SoHo.

Clambering up the Manhattan grid, he soon deserted Solomon and her downtown bohemia for the Robert Miller Gallery, on Fifth Avenue across from Tiffany. (Later, with baleful aptness, the gallery moved around the corner into premises on East Fifty-seventh Street vacated by Andrew Crispo, the art dealer, who—though never charged—was accused of complicity in the death of a Norwegian student who had been tortured and mutilated during a sadomasochistic frolic.) Mapplethorpe here succumbed to the profiteering of Howard Read, a yuppie hustler with a gelled and bristling crest, a rainbow coalition of imported suits, and a motorized sales pitch more manic than Crazy Eddie's. Mapplethorpe sneered at him as "the used-car salesman" but returned none of his checks. He also was taken up by a rival dealer, the bullet-headed and belligerent Harry Lunn, who had a previous career as a snoop for the C.I.A. Lunn, although repelled by the leather confederacy, cynically decided that "gay is in," and he mounted an exhibition of Mapplethorpe's work in Washington, announcing, "I can make money on it."

The composer in Thomas Mann's novel "Doctor Faustus" acquires the arcane wisdom necessary for his "Apocalypse" oratorio through intercourse with a prostitute who fatally infects him with syphilis. It would, however, be grotesque to think of AIDS, which killed Mapplethorpe in 1989, as a penalty he knowingly incurred—the price of creative freedom. The disease in his case was venality, not venery. Howard Read shamelessly welcomed the medical diagnosis, calling it a propitious "market condition." Photography—which, since it makes possible the reproduction of infinite replicas, ought to have cast off the art market's obsession with uniqueness—can invent value only by artificially limiting editions. The prospect of Mapplethorpe's premature death achieved exactly that. While the photographer quaked with fever and diarrhea, and watched his body consume itself, Read celebrated what he called "a huge run-up in sales. It was like Wall Street, except in this case people were buying against death."

In those last, panicking months, Read sold millions of dollars' worth of Mapplethorpe photographs. New consignments were ordered at an accelerated pace, which forced the printers to sacrifice quality and finish. But Mapplethorpe had already come to terms with the gallery's commercialism. He knew that his mercantile success depended on the ready identifiability of his images, which encouraged flaccid repetition. An assistant shopped for exotic flora and prettily arranged the bouquets in vases. At this time, Mapplethorpe would photograph almost anything, aware that in doing so he was printing money. Cursorily approving a trial Polaroid, he often delegated "the actual picture-taking responsibilities to someone else." Well, we don't imagine that Calvin Klein personally sews each pair of boxer shorts, do we?

Although his was a world seen in black-and-white, starkly polarized, toward the end Mapplethorpe ventured into color, making dye-transfer prints of lilies and roses against backdrops of velvety purple and magenta. It did not matter that he was breaking one of the ascetic rules of photography, which has traditionally equated artistic seriousness with a monochromatic vision, and disparaged color as an irrelevance. Japanese collectors gobbled up these overscented tableaux.

Michael Stout, who became the executor of the Mapplethorpe estate (and was entitled to a percentage of its overblown value) introduced him to the franchising schemes that made Salvador Dali an anagram for greed: the bewhiskered fraud, another Stout client, was known as Avida Dollars. The porn star Jeff Stryker has marketed a totemic replica of his own penis, certified life-size; the Mapplethorpe cottage industry began, a little more fastidiously, to turn out calendars and engagement books. Ultimately, the work became a form of coinage. Mapplethorpe's signature, which he obsessively practiced on a sketch pad in the hospital during his last days, had the same magically enabling power as the scrawl of the Treasurer of the United States on a greenback. His characteristic scribble, nervously peaking at the initial capitals like the needle of a polygraph, no longer denominated a person: it had become a brand name.

Mapplethorpe therefore resented its use by his younger brother, Ed, whom he employed as a studio assistant. When Ed began to exhibit his own photographs, Robert monopolistically ruled that he must adopt their mother's maiden name, Maxey. As if fearing infringement of copyright, he insured that the closeness of their relationship would be concealed. In the profile of Mapplethorpe which *Vanity Fair* published shortly before his death, a portrait of Ed Maxey identifies him merely as a "relation," even though he looks like a rejuvenated offprint of the gaunt, moribund Robert, with illness and age airbrushed from his face. Ironically, many late Mapplethorpes are by Ed, not Robert, including a final so-called self-portrait: a closeup of Robert's squinting, exhausted eyes, in which the distorted reflection of Ed behind the camera can be seen englobed in the iris.

As Morrisroe contends, "Mapplethorpe's social life was more interesting to him than taking pictures." Perhaps that social career, with its varying styles of self-imposition, became Mapplethorpe's abiding work of art, which the photographs merely served to document. Certainly he thought of the artist as a performer rather than as a worker. Hence his costume wardrobe of personae, his repertory company of foppish roles. At Pratt in 1967, he alternated between the military drag of the R.O.T.C. and the ethno-astrological chic favored by the age of Aquarius: sheepskin vests, a magician's cape or a monk's robe, ropes of love beads. On Mustique in 1976, "his concept of beachwear"—a little itchy, but one must suffer for beauty's sake—"was a leather bikini topped with a denim vest, and he wore silver and ivory bangles up to his elbows." By 1988, he had exchanged such tatterdemalion lendings for the apparel of affluence, with price tags appended and monograms engraved: "a fifteen-hundred-dollar silk paisley robe from Sulka given to him by Michael Stout," a similar item with a Versace label, and "a pair of velvet slippers with gold crowns."

Sexual conquest also depended on sartorial semiotics. Jack Fritscher, an occasional lover, remembers Mapplethorpe's blundering into a San Francisco "lumber bar" wearing full leather. Realizing his offense against erotic protocol, he at once shed his skins and struggled into a Pendleton shirt and Timberland boots. The motorcyclist metamorphosed into a logger, replacing his nonutilitarian chains with a phantasmal axe. Did Mapplethorpe carry suitcases around as he barhopped, in case impromptu reinventions were required?

Clothes, which possessed such transformative power and conferred erotic allure on the paltry body, were the initial material of Mapplethorpe's art. He stretched T-shirts on frames, and used his mesh bikini briefs as a peekaboo lattice, in which he inserted a photograph ripped from a pornographic magazine. Such grunge had a faddish glamour for his new uptown acquaintances like Marisa Berenson and LouLou de La Falaise. "I think," Mapplethorpe exclaimed in 1970, "I'm being accepted by the fashion crowd."

The Devil specializes in gratifying our unworthiest desires: Mapplethorpe's work was absorbed and neutralized by the fashion industry. One of his later commercial assignments propped a high-heeled shoe, sleek in purple satin, on the cushioning mound of a black man's buttocks. The shoe and the model are both accessories. Fashion reduces the world to surfaces, and fragments the body into its separate, independently perfectible parts. Or else it debars the body altogether: no foot could ever be beautiful enough to wear that shoe, and—disqualifying would-be owners, in the manner of Cinderella's vitreous slipper—its spike heel rejoices in the arrogance and inequity of beauty by trampling on the sprawled, headless black man.

Photography, like rock music, serves as a medium of last resort for those who would like to be artists but have no particular talent. Mapplethorpe did possess talent (which is why his mercenary compromises matter), but in his downtown milieu it counted as an optional extra. He and the singer Patti Smith, indigent and ill, bluffed their way into a free room at the Chelsea Hotel in 1969 by using future celebrity as their collateral. "You don't know us," Patti Smith told the manager, "but we're going to be big stars one day." Their agenda emphasized the swift acquisition of fame, not the quiet, arduous production of photographs or songs. Photography suited Mapplethorpe because of its facility. It enabled him to turn out enough material for several exhibitions a year while still tomcatting all night and sleeping until the afternoon. The drudgery (and the possibilities for virtuosity) lay in the printing, and he left that to others.

Being an artist—or, better yet, being what Morrisroe calls an "art star," like Warhol or Keith Haring, Cindy Sherman or Madonna—took priority over the exercise of artistry. In Mapplethorpe's view, the self-proclaimed artistic vocation licensed indolence while guaranteeing enrichment. It also conveniently condoned moral lapses. After mocking the pretensions of his patron Sam Wagstaff, who "fantasized about becoming an art photographer someday," Mapplethorpe panicked at the thought that the offended Wagstaff might withdraw his subsidy, and wrote him an apology that unrepentantly asserted his own divine right to behave badly: "I am selfish but then that's an atribute"—Mapplethorpe couldn't spell—"that all artists possess."

Others concurred. His friend Steven Aronson remarked to Morrisroe that "Robert was lyrically selfish," and explained this notion by adding, "That's when you're selfish to the point where it becomes a kind of poetry." Aronson's assumptions are breathtaking. Lyricism no longer means the musical amelioration of language; poetry, rather than drably consisting of poems, is equated with the personal misdemeanors of poets. This makes the creative career an equal-opportunity affair, with no technical prerequisites and no demand for dedication. The artist, as Mapplethorpe's model Lisa Lyon argued in excusing his brutality toward her, may be cruel and nasty but must be forgiven because of his genius. Howard Read had his own bathetic assessment of Mapplethorpe's gifts: "Robert was very good at knowing how to use people," he said, "and that takes a certain talent, too."

This conviction of the artist's prerogatives was developed to a nonsensical degree by Mapplethorpe's closest collaborators. In Patti Smith's case, creativity was a convenient alternative to psychosis: "If she hadn't discovered art," Mapplethorpe said, "she would have wound up in a mental institution." Her genius relied on faith, not works. She compared herself to Christ, and advertised the scars and bruises she suffered after gyring pratfalls at her concerts as stigmata, or else as wounds commemorating a holy war: "Physically I have to be like one of those Israeli women," she said. "The only difference is that my guitar is my machine gun." Some difference, I'd have said.

Mapplethorpe's latter-day muse Lisa Lyon babbled about drug-taking and bodybuilding as creative mediums. Using LSD to "reprogram her cellular structure," she resculpted herself, serving as her own Michelangelo: "Not only was I leaping forward in my body, but I was having visionary experiences." Freshly discharged from a Pasadena psychiatric hospital in 1986, she flew to Mapplethorpe's bedside as soon as she learned he had AIDS. During the journey, voices in her head commanded her to daub cabbalistic patterns on her face with her cosmetics. She appeared in his room at Beth Israel wearing a zodiac of smudged lipstick and errant eye pencil, gestured tragically in Mapplethorpe's direction, then retired to the lavatory to fortify herself with angel dust.

By contrast with the dervish-like antics of Patti Smith (who propelled herself into an abyss fourteen feet below the stage at a gig in Tampa, snapping her neck) and the mystical hysteria of Lisa Lyon, the aspirations to artistry of Mapplethorpe's black lovers, Milton Moore and Jack Walls, had an even more sadly farcical outcome. Mapplethorpe touchingly assumed that creativity was contagious. Since he had become an artist by sheer force of will (with some help from his shrewd nocturnal networking and Sam Wagstaff's handouts), why shouldn't contacts and money insure the same success for his protégés?

Moore, a Tennessee bumpkin who had been AWOL from the Navy when Mapplethorpe picked him up, earnestly set to work with an English tutor. His literary education was meant to begin, somewhat optimistically, with "Paradise

SHOWCASE

WILD ROSE

BY BRENDAN LEMON

STANISLAVSKY wrote the book on building a character, and at his theatre, the Moscow Art, actors sometimes had months to pursue that process. To play Serafina delle Rose, the Sicilian-American widow in Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo," currently on the stage at Circle in the Square, Mercedes Ruehl rehearsed for less than four weeks. Without consulting the 1955 film starring Anna Magnani, Ruehl had to locate the character's trademark earthiness. She does this most graphically with a hands-on-belly gesture that she used years ago while performing Medea. "Both plays are about childbearing, about children, so that seemed appropriate," she says. Ruehl also had to find the source of Serafina's enraged grief. "At first, I felt like a tightly coiled spring. Over time, I've moved more into the character's silences."

The silence-seeking has been exhausting. "Isn't it a little mad to put yourself in this condition eight times a week?" Ruehl wrote recently to Maureen Stapleton, Broadway's original Serafina, who had sent Ruehl flowers on opening night. If we accept that the play is Williams' most operatic, the answer is, Of course.

Ruehl isn't one for complaining, however, even when talk turns to this Sunday's Tony Awards. She's nominated not for her electric Serafina but for her performance in an earlier Circle in the Square revival, "The Shadow Box." Speaking with wry awareness of what her own awards (Oscar, Tony) have meant, Ruehl says, "It seems funny to me that while I'm making a gorgeous quilt I get a citation for sewing on a button." But, as the seamstress Serafina would know, you need to sew on buttons to construct a whole garment. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH
BY RICHARD AVEDON

Mercedes Ruehl, New York City,
May 17, 1995.

Lost." Despite this pedagogy, Mapplethorpe's interest gravitated downward from the country boy's mind. Moore owned a platonically ideal penis, which juts like an elephant's trunk from his Sunday-best synthetic tailoring in Mapplethorpe's "Man in Polyester Suit." Mapplethorpe was also enraptured by Moore's legs, which possessed, he said, a positively equine beauty. Unable to turn him into a racehorse, Mapplethorpe fancied for a time that Moore might become a dancer. He bought him Capezio tap shoes and hired "the best choreographers in the city." When Moore decided that singing might be the thing, Barbra Streisand's vocal coach was put on a retainer. Eventually, demoralized, Moore bolted, swimming to New Jersey. He returned to collect his most prized belonging, the Bible of all those who believe that stardom will descend on them as gratuitously as religious grace: the soundtrack of "Fame."

His successor, Jack Walls, had credentials as a drug dealer in Chicago. Nevertheless, measuring himself against the Manhattan skyscrapers, Walls vowed, "I'm going to be a star—and a star of some magnitude." His problem was choice, because he saw himself as a one-man *Gesamtkunstwerk:* "He wanted to write, paint, dance, sing, and act in the movies." So many talents, so little time! It all, once more, ended in tears. Billing Walls as "the new Ben Vereen," Mapplethorpe arranged a club date for him. Walls kept his public waiting for ninety minutes, then tunelessly caterwauled his way through "Chicago." The star remained unborn.

Mapplethorpe's black lovers had other problems to contend with. During foreplay, Mapplethorpe insisted on addressing them as "nigger." Coprophagy was also part of the job description. It's hard not to conclude, from the humiliating invective and the compulsory diet of excrement, that Mapplethorpe was punishing black men for their crime in having caused him to desire them. His domineering erotic routines achieved a cathartic transference of self-disgust. Yet when he discussed his portraits of Moore, Walls, and other black models—who are often posed as statuary and objectified as living bronzes, or else are summarily decapitated, deprived of a head that would individualize the archetypal torso—he evasively finessed the issues of race and sexual delectation: "Is there any difference in approaching a black man who doesn't have clothes on and a white man who doesn't have clothes on? Not really, it's form."

Actually, it's more than form. Morrisroe thinks that "despite Robert's libidinous subject matter, his photographs were resolutely 'cool.'" But he relied on a classicizing coolness to refrigerate the sexual heat of his work, to chasten it morally. The tactic, I believe, killed the art; it also warped Mapplethorpe himself, reinforcing his frosty detachment and his cynical greed for gain. As in the case of Andy Warhol—whom Mapplethorpe admired and emulated, although Warhol deplored Mapplethorpe's insalubrious feet—coolness became a mode of emotional anesthesia.

THE formalistic defense of art with an inflammatory content has a long pedigree in aesthetics. The lie begins, perhaps, with Oscar Wilde, who pontificated in the preface to "The Picture of Dorian Gray," "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all." But if that really is all why does Dorian's picture take on itself the disfiguring moral consequences of his crimes? Jean Genet used Wilde's logic to reprove those who read his novels with one hand: "The poetic emotion should be so strong that no reader is moved sexually." This seems to me to be disappointingly precious and proper. Shouldn't an artist, rather, take pride in a poetic emotion so strong that it is capable of moving the reader sexually? Mapplethorpe spoke in the same way about his photograph of a man poking a finger into the gaping mouth of his own penis: "I think the hand gesture is beautiful. What it happens to be doing, it happens to be doing, but that's an aside." His words trivialize the photograph. What the hand happens to be doing gives the image its power. The viewer's nerves protest at the painful invasion, yet it's impossible not to wonder at the intrepidity of this digital effort to probe the body's guarded, closeted contents.

In squeamish self-defense, or perhaps to ingratiate himself with timorous customers, Mapplethorpe invoked form as the annihilation of content, which is a defining principle of the art that Susan Sontag called "camp." The coolest, campest, and most misleading appraisal of this kind occurred in Cincinnati in 1990, when the Contemporary Arts Center and its director were prosecuted for outraging public morals with a Mapplethorpe show. The critic Janet Kardon was asked if she could justify his fist-fucking photograph. Graceful under pressure, she praised its composition, particularly "the centrality of the forearm."

Euphemisms like this secured the museum's acquittal, but wouldn't it have been more truthful to argue that obscenity can under some circumstances constitute an aesthetic value? Photography customarily promises to make visible things that we can't see or that we overlook, even things from which we might prefer to avert our eyes. Hence Weegee's penetration of the urban darkness with his X-ray camera; hence, too, the freaks of Diane Arbus, the teen-age junkies of Larry Clark, and the domestic brawls that Nan Goldin documents. A photographer is inevitably a voyeur, intent on the spoliation of visual secrets. You are free to look at Mapplethorpe's fisting scene or not. If you are the spouse of Senator Jesse Helms (whose response was "Lord have mercy, Jesse"), you ought to keep your eyes shut. But, if you choose to look, don't hypocritically pretend that what you are looking at is an abstraction.

The touring exhibition arraigned by Cincinnati's burghers was entitled "The Perfect Moment." As the slogan suggests, Mapplethorpe's work became synonymous with a swanning, supercilious beauty: those long-stalked, haughty flowers, and the preeningly famous faces in his celebrity portraits (often photographed in profile, which preserves the subjects from having to acknowledge our ignominious existence). But the best Mapplethorpe photographs, all taken early in his career, have a rude, cruddy, honest, and undeodorized ugliness, which keeps faith with the desperation and the flagrant inventiveness of desire: an engorged and tormented penis strapped into the stocks; a pair of feet suspended by a pulley from a ceiling of cracked plaster. André Breton defined eroticism as "a sumptuous ceremony in an underground passageway." As if to illustrate the aphorism, Mapplethorpe's Jim urinates into the mouth of Tom, who kneels before him in an abandoned bunker in Sausalito. A Catholic Communion is here restaged in a makeshift subterranean chapel: Mapplethorpe photographed three stages of the transaction and framed the sequence as a triptych, a blasphemous altarpiece. In Cincinnati, of course, experts assured the jurors that this was an unobjectionable "figure study."

By the time of his death, Mapplethorpe would probably have agreed with this misinterpretation of his motives. Erotic sacrilege had given way to a frigid aestheticism. Instead of trawling for black nudes in waterfront bars, he began to seek out statues of white, gelidly classical gods in antique stores. More docile and trustworthy than the unsocialized Moore or the jittery Walls, these marble men still did not satisfy his exigent demand for perfection: the statues were sent out to have their blotchy skin bleached.

In medieval versions of the legend, Faust is irrevocably damned for his infamy. The agnostic nineteenth century modernized the myth, relaxing its punitive grimness and permitting Faust—a rebellious adventurer who tests the limits of human possibility—to be redeemed. Goethe's Devil allows Faust to enjoy his charmed life indefinitely, provided that he continues to question and explore. Perdition will occur only if he lapses into self-satisfaction, by uttering a fatal phrase that asks time to stop because the instant is so fair. This, too, was Mapplethorpe's undoing: the cult of the perfect, profitable moment. He took to using the camera in accordance with Faust's wish—to arrest time, and to perpetuate an illusory beauty that can belong only to figurines, not to human beings.

Shortly before his death, Mapplethorpe confided his "biggest regret" to Morrisroe—that he "wouldn't reap the benefits of his celebrity." The harvest he had in mind was financial. At the end, surely there were other, more urgent reckonings to make? But to know yourself so little must count, I suppose, as some kind of consolation. ♦

ROLL OVER, PYTHAGORAS

What is music? Math, with feeling.

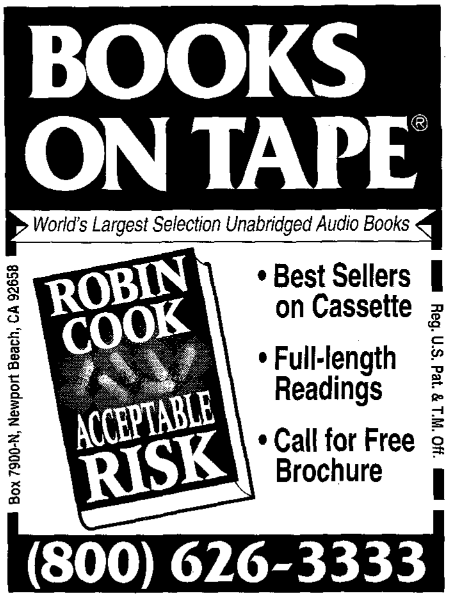
BY JIM HOLT

Edward Rothstein

TOM BACHTELL

WHICH is the highest and purest of the arts? The question may have a fatuous ring to our ears, but during the Enlightenment it was thought to make for an excellent parlor game. The trick was to justify your answer on philosophical grounds. And here the defender of the claims of music had a marked advantage. Architecture, after all, was tainted by its utility. Painting and sculpture were deemed to be merely depictive arts, parasitic on visual reality. Poetry, too, was mimetic, holding up the mirror of language to human action. But music—here was an *autonomous* art. To be sure, for most of its history it had been tied to texts of one sort or another: lyrical, liturgical, dramatic. By the eighteenth century, though, Western music was well into the process of emancipating itself from the word—and hence, it seemed, from the world. The fugues of Bach, the symphonies of Haydn, the sonatas of Mozart: these were explorations of ideal form, unprofaned by extramusical associations. Such "absolute music," as it came to be called, had sloughed off its motley cultural trappings. It had got in touch with its essence. Which is why, as Walter Pater famously put it, "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music."

The only art that can rival music for sheer ethereality is mathematics. A century or so after the advent of absolute music, mathematics also succeeded in detaching itself from the



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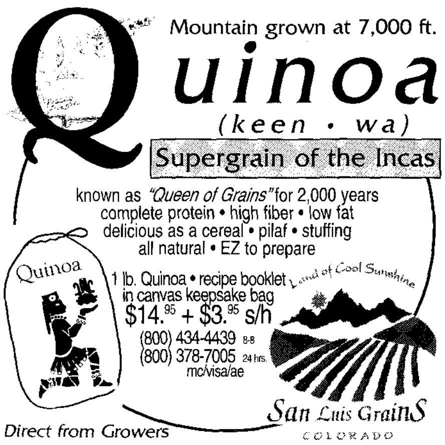

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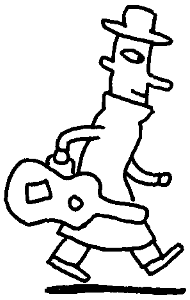
world. The decisive event was the invention of strange, non-Euclidean geometries, which put paid to the notion that the mathematician was exclusively, or even primarily, concerned with the scientific universe. "Pure" mathematics came to be seen by those who practiced it as a free invention of the imagination, gloriously indifferent to practical affairs—a quest for beauty as well as truth.

The affinity between music and mathematics goes all the way back to Pythagoras, who in the sixth century B.C. hit upon the arithmetic basis of harmony. Music, the Pythagoreans devoutly believed, was nothing less than number made audible. Ever since, Western civilization has teemed with musically inclined mathematicians and mathematically inclined musicians: Euclid and Bach, Kepler and Schoenberg. The latest in this ongoing Pythagorean brotherhood is Edward Rothstein, a lapsed mathematician who is now the chief music critic of the *Times*. In "Emblems of Mind: The Inner Life of Music and Mathematics" (Times Books; $25), Rothstein sets out to reveal the profound correspondences between these two enterprises, and to plumb the mystery of how both, despite their almost gelid abstraction, manage to get to us, spiritually speaking.

Or some of us, at least. Rothstein is well aware that only a tiny élite knows what he calls the "giddy" feeling of doing pure mathematics, the sense of "extravagant freedom, and frightening possibility." Music, even of the highbrow variety, seems to be more democratic: we have all taken tonal baths at Mostly Mozart concerts, letting our thoughts wend their sweet way as we are enveloped by nice sounds and hummable melodies. Yet many of the greatest works in the Western canon—Bach's "Art of Fugue," Beethoven's late quartets—can be as unintelligible to the naïve ear as an argument in differential geometry.

Happily, Rothstein is a wonderful guide to the architecture of musical space, its tensions and relations, its resonances and proportions. Whether he is writing about the opening bars of the "Marseillaise" or the D-Sharp-Minor Fugue from Book I of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," his account of what is going on in the music is unfailingly felicitous. Ditto for the math. Instead of dwelling on the pedestrian stuff that one is made to slog through in school, he leaps straight to the heady heights of mathematical reasoning. Have you ever heard of algebraic topology? It is the most abstract imaginable approach to the logic of form, a sort of rubbery generalization of geometry. To Rothstein, algebraic topology resembles "a mature artistic style" in its battery of elegant devices: "homeomorphisms," "fundamental groups," "covering spaces." Not only do we painlessly become acquainted with these but we are led to see how they map onto musical structures—how a classical sonata, for example, is "an exploration of musical 'space' " that, by establishing and transforming tonal surfaces, "creates its own topology." For Rothstein, it's like listening to pure mathematics.



But music must be more than that, or sensible people wouldn't sit through three-hour concerts. What do we descry in the parade of tonal forms? Heroes and shipwrecks, radiant beams and giant shadows, even—and this is mainly Schopenhauer's fault—the ultimate nature of metaphysical reality. Less fancifully, we hear feeling. Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge" flashes anger. The adagio introduction to the finale of Mozart's String Quintet in G Minor oozes despair. The opening of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" is the soul of cheer.

How music comes to have this expressive clout—how it manages to *sound* the way emotions *feel*—is a conundrum that has withstood a couple of centuries of fevered theorizing. Some people have been driven to deny that it really is possible. Stravinsky, for one, maintained that "music is powerless to express anything at all." Rothstein is more reasonable. Music does model the tensions and resolutions of our emotional life, he concedes, although the methods by which it does so are "puzzling." The abstract structures of mathematics do not bear a similar affective freight; as Rothstein notes, no one has ever encountered an "angry" theorem or a "sad" proof. Yet these structures possess a reciprocal power, and one that to a scientist is just as mysterious: they appear to govern the essential workings of the cosmos. God, it seems, is a mathematician.

So the symmetry is nearly complete. Music brings to light hidden patterns in our inner, sentient lives, while mathematics does the same for the outer, physical world. Each, in building ever grander and more coherent unities out of abstract details, aims at formal beauty. Each, by encompassing awesome infinities, evokes the sublime. These correspondences make for a pretty enough vision, but Rothstein goes further. He gives the whole thing a Platonic gilding. Breathing new life into the slightly hackneyed allegory of the cave, he presents music and mathematics as paradigms of the mind's ascent from the shadowy world of appearances to the luminous one of intellectual essences. Both are "emblems of mind," he submits, borrowing the figure from Wordsworth; they serve as "a model for our coming to *know* at all."

One curiosity remains unremarked by Rothstein. If mathematics and music are two aspects of the same Platonic pursuit of truth and beauty, one might expect the greatest figures in both fields to exhibit similar patterns of creativity over the course of their lives. This is not the case. Composers—like painters and poets—tend to grow more interesting with age, the very best hitting their stride in their "late" period. Deep originality comes to them only when knowledge of feeling has ripened and the heyday of the blood is tamed. Mathematics, by contrast, is "a young man's game," as the Cambridge number theorist G. H. Hardy sadly noted in late middle age. Scour the history of the subject as you will, you'll never find a momentous discovery made by a mathematician past the age of fifty. The most startlingly beautiful theorems have often been the handiwork of teen-agers.

What, then, is the aging mathematician to do as his transcendental vision begins to fail him? Perhaps the only dignified option is to descend into the sensuous world of music, and to write lovely, wistful remembrances of its Platonic counterpart—like this one. ◆

ED. NOTE: In the April, 1995 issue of The Lake Wylie News, York County Zoning Administrator Eric Greenway was mistakenly identified as Eric Greenwood. The Lake Wylie News extends an apology to Mr. Greenwood for any inconvenience this may have caused.—*Lake Wylie* (*S.C.*) *News.*

Oh, sure, rub it in.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Love Letter
by Cathleen Schine
(Houghton Mifflin; $19.95)

Helen, a cheerfully divorced forty-two-year-old mother, doesn't know who sent the passionate letter that she finds in her bookstore, or even whether it was intended for her. Almost everyone in her cushy seaside town does fall under her spell, but that's because Helen is calculatedly charming: "Lovers do not love of their own accord, not my lovers." Happily, she is wrong. This is the kind of romantic novel that can make your own life feel pedestrian, but you'll be having too much fun reading it to notice.

Flesh and Blood
by Michael Cunningham
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22)

Despite a condescending beginning, in which the character flaws in the Stassos clan (mean dad, tidy mom, pretty sister, snotty brother, grumpy baby) ripen into dysfunction, these family annals (1935-95) treat the dark myths of the American dream with a nuclear loneliness. The primary elements of other Greek dramas—incest, murderous rage, brooding neglect—keep resurfacing during the family's wishful reunions, and as the narrative approaches the present the domestic crisis deepens. In the novel's bravest moments, as when the youngest daughter, Zoe, dies of AIDS, Cunningham pulls off a sort of metaphysical acceptance that is at once weary and alert.

The Notorious Life of Gyp: Right-Wing Anarchist in Fin-de-Siècle France
by Willa Z. Silverman
(Oxford; $35)

Gyp was the pen name of a French noblewoman long in pedigree and short in pocket, who supported herself by writing slangy best-sellers and racy polemics in support of nationalism, militarism, authoritarianism, and anti-Semitism. Until her death, at the age of eighty-two, in 1932, Gyp spread the alienation and divisiveness that ultimately destroyed the Third Republic she despised. Silverman's insightful biography explores the historical background—the creativity and instability of France in Gyp's time—as well as her subject's resourceful if somewhat incoherent personality.

China Pop
by Jianying Zha
(New Press; $20)

This eye-opening book is a breezy and stimulating look at the explosive cultural changes that have followed recent economic reforms in China. Tiananmen turns out to have accelerated the acceptability of greed, lust, and frivolity. Artists like the filmmaker Chen Kaige ("Farewell My Concubine") and the novelist Jia Pingwa, famous for her sexually explicit blockbuster best-seller, are profiled, along with former Red Guards who are now entrepreneurs, unapologetically eager to make money in the rapidly growing entertainment industry, and learning fast from Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Japan.

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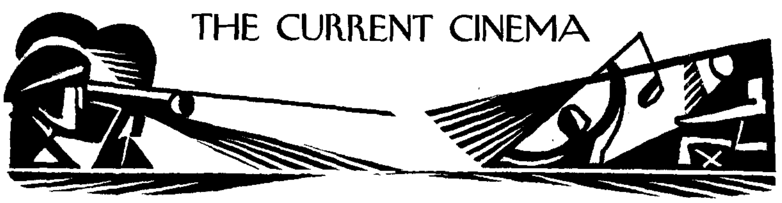


GREAT SCOT

Mel Gibson directs, produces, and stars in a medieval war movie.

BY ANTHONY LANE

THERE are many amazing things about "Braveheart." There are Scotsmen with blue faces beating the crap out of wicked Brits. There are horses thundering into a thicket of extra-long, supersharp staves. There is every kind of mortal blow: one guy loses his head, another is stretched out like human chewing gum, a third has a leg whipped off by a single slash of a sword. This being the depths of the Middle Ages, there is a lot of shouting, and a lot of rain. There is everything the picture books tell you to expect: a flaming fort, a battering ram, a flood of boiling pitch. But, above all, two-thirds of the way through a film that lasts almost three hours, there is the sound of Mel Gibson speaking Latin.

Staving off the enemy: Gibson and fellow-fighters in one of "Braveheart"'s frenzied battle sequences.

ALICIA CZECHOWSKI

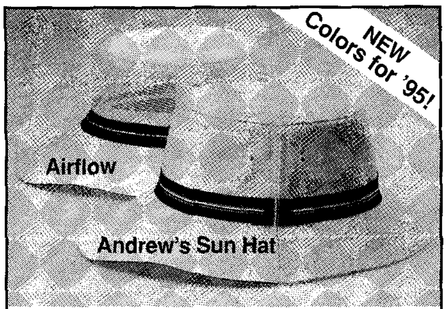
That takes real courage, but Gibson has already proved his commitment in many ways. He directed the picture and co-produced it with Bruce Davey and Alan Ladd, Jr.; he swelled the budget with several million dollars of his own; and he stars as the famed Scottish rebel William Wallace, who hounded the English oppressors out of his homeland. Gibson has to speak with the right accent, wear a kilt, and scrupulously avoid anything that resembles a comb. The action begins in the year 1280 and closes with the Battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, and there's no doubt about it: we are looking at a bad-hair epoch. When Wallace first rouses his troops, it's hard to decide exactly what we are watching; a caption suggests the Battle of Stirling, but, judging by the participants, I'd say it was stock footage of an Aerosmith concert.

The movie spares us nothing. This is good news on the battlefield but rather daunting when it comes to Wallace's peacetime activities. The opening half hour, for example, is devoted to his boyhood. The young William (James Robinson) sees the corpses of his father and his brother borne back to the homestead—his first inkling of treachery in the world beyond. The obsequies seem to go on forever: the bodies are buried at a Christian ceremony, after which a little girl comes shyly up to William and gives him a *thistle.* I thought, I'm out of here. Then it's off to a memorial service, conducted at night amid artfully lit fog and skirling music, plus running commentary from William's gnarled uncle (Brian Cox). "The pipes are saying goodbye in their own way," he explains. So why stop there? If the pipes get to say goodbye, why not have the shaggy Highland cattle do a flypast or something? The movie is so eager to cover all the bases, to sprawl and scatter its way into epic, that you wonder whether it will ever find its focus.

Not to worry. William is taken away for a few years of education (that's how he picks up the Latin). As his father once told him, "It's our wits that make us men." This, of course, is the well-established movie code for "Let me teach you how to swing a spiky ball on the end of a long chain." By the time we next see the lad, he has turned—bingo!—into Mel Gibson. Whatever they were putting in his porridge, it did the trick, for this is where the movie kicks into life. Now a solid young man, Wallace goes to a wedding, where he makes friends with his former playmate Hamish (Brendan Gleeson) and makes eyes at the thistle giver, who has grown into a beauty named Murron (Catherine McCormack). The ceremony is interrupted by a local lord, who has come to claim his feudal right: to sleep with the new wife. The protesting husband is held back as the bride (Julie Austin) glides serenely toward her fate in a kind of stricken trance, her half smile telling the assembled company that she can sail above this dirty squabble and survive. It's an extraordinary sight, the first hint of something beyond historical schlock. You see it in Catherine McCormack, too, in her broad Bruegel face. As Murron, she has little to do except fall in love with the hero, but she reinforces the sense that the women in the movie are wiser than the men, and that their dignity shames not just the malice of the villains but the compulsive bravado of Wallace himself. McCormack's final closeup, as she looks up and weeps with a knife at her throat, is one of the great swooning death shots, not far off Falconetti in "The Passion of Joan of Arc."

Until this point, Wallace has claimed to be a peaceful soul. You don't actually believe him, but you realize that it will take something serious to ignite the man; hence the murder of his beloved Murron, at the hands of the English. We don't actually see Wallace's reaction to the news—we skip to the next stage, when he has had time to settle his nerves and prepare for action. There's a fearsome, long-lens image of Gibson riding through flames into the village where the English are encamped; then we get a brief pause, a cruel minute or two in which to savor the tension; finally, just as we're giving up hope, all Mel breaks loose. Gibson has always thrived on pent-up sensation, and when you see him hurling his sword like a tomahawk or advancing upon Murron's killer with pure retribution in his face, you can understand why he coiled the movie up so tight before letting it go. The strongest speech in the whole film consists simply of Wallace roaring "Hold! . . . Hold!" to his men as they face an oncoming charge, and it strikes you as the ideal motto for Gibson, both as director and as star. Ever since "Gallipoli," his calm has been primed with something explosive: you can feel it in his quick snake eyes, which glance around for trouble, and in the cheeky snap of his line readings, invariably a little faster than you expect. From its title, "Braveheart" sounds more like a charity than like a movie, and you sometimes catch Gibson struggling to keep a straight face as he surges from one fine, upstanding deed to the next. At one point, he even has to rear his horse and wave, like the Lone Ranger; it's the medieval equivalent of doing a wheelie on your first motorbike. He would fain be cool.

ONCE Murron is dead and avenged, the film gathers pace, following what sounds like a plot but is in fact an anger-management session attended by approximately ten thousand people. The Scots are angry because the English are tyrannical, and the English are angry because the Scots are mischievous and unwashed—in short, not English. The two sides work out their differences with a variety of lethal weapons, but at least the violence onscreen is spasmodic, whereas the assault on the audience, as we sit there getting whacked over the head with cultural stereotypes, is pretty well



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unstoppable. Patrick McGoohan tries to work some calculation, some mental seasoning, into his playing of the English king, but the film is concerned only with broad strokes. The monarch is a monster, "a cruel pagan known as Edward Longshanks"; his son is a precious blond, married to a sex-starved French princess (Sophie Marceau); his noblemen sit on their horses (wearing bright orange, like traffic cops) and sneer at the opposing side. Over there, meanwhile, the talk is of freedom and justice; the Scots bare their genitals, rumps, and souls to anyone who will watch. The anti-British feeling is rampant in this film, as it was in the recent "Rob Roy": British blood, especially of the true-blue taint, exists only to be shed. Ireland used to be Hollywood's arena for such sentiments, but the current ceasefire in Ulster makes it vaguely unsuitable; I'm not even sure that "Far and Away" or "The Crying Game" could get made at the moment. Celtic fervor has been shifted over to Scotland; the British are still bastards, but now they swivel north, not west, to confront their enemy. There's a lovely, quiet joke near the end of the movie, after the princess has at long last found herself a real man: bending low, murmuring into the ear of the dying Longshanks, she makes it clear that the entire line of English kings will henceforth spring from the seed of William Wallace. One up to Scotland.

Our hero's finest hour, therefore, takes place in bed, although to me it looked more like a finest minute, the briefest of Highland flings; what really turns him on is a nice, long bloodbath. The battle sequences are easily the best reason to see this film. They are thronged and unashamed—among the most ebullient since Olivier led out his men in "Henry V." Everyone remembers the dense, thrumming arrow showers that flocked through the air of Agincourt like iron starlings; Gibson tries a different trick—he closes the camera in on each volley, until you can see individual arrows in flight and hear their soft whistle. Where Olivier went for the grand sweep, Gibson deals in vicious impressionism, a frenzy of sharpened details. His editor is Steven Rosenblum, who worked on "Glory," a movie that felt suspiciously gracious even at its most frantic. For "Braveheart," though, Rosenblum has accelerated the rhythm of the fighting until there's simply no time for poignancy or polish; he matches the hacking Scotsmen, cut for cut. The fun thing is that if you turn green and shut your eyes the mayhem will actually get worse, because the *sound* of flesh under siege has been cranked up to abattoir levels. I would pay a lot of money to see this movie with a vegetarian.

What brings Wallace low, in the end, is not swordplay but duplicity. He is bored and impatient with political intrigue, and the movie shares his problem. It wakes up for warfare, but gets bogged down in bickering nobles and stumbles unerringly into Monty Python land. "Excuse me, Sire, but there's a very urgent message from York," a royal messenger declares. It's hard to work out what makes that line so deliciously wrong; maybe it's the wild historical gesture of "Sire" in the middle of a perfectly normal office conversation. The anachronisms pile up; and with them a feeling that Gibson's only reason for pillaging the past is to find fodder for an action movie. The result is the opposite of "Rob Roy," which was all about the means—sometimes honorable, sometimes sly—of avoiding action. It, too, twisted the facts, but, unlike "Braveheart," it somehow felt true to its time, with a salty, literate script that opened up foul mouths and hot appetites in every social class. It was much the better film, twenty times as intelligent and moody; and yet, looking back, I have to admit that "Braveheart" offers something that "Rob Roy" lacks. Gibson's picture, in its very want of taste, in its willingness to go all out and strive for effect, answers the craving for vulgarity that lurks in every moviegoer. Watching it, we come closer than ever to grasping just what it was that drove our parents to watch Victor Mature films. What is most thrilling about "Braveheart" remains inextricable from all that is most ridiculous. When you hear the battlefield cry of "Take out their archers!" you start to laugh. Then you think, Go on, guys, take 'em out. Faster, Pussycat! Kilt! Kilt! ♦

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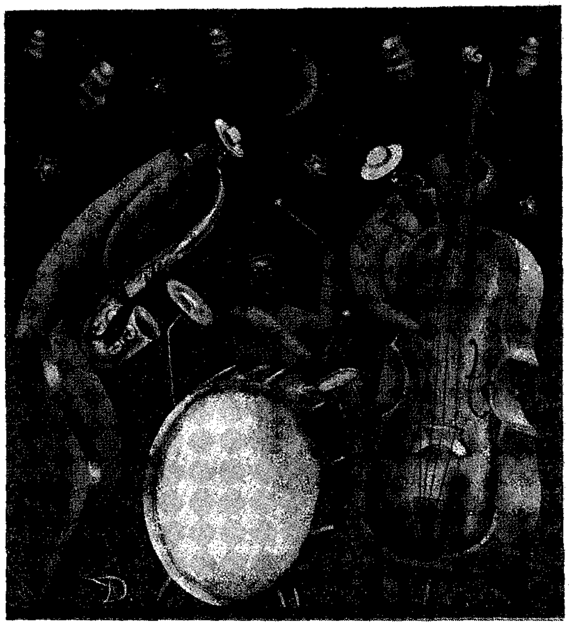
JAZZ

YOUNG GUNS

Players in their twenties continue to flood the clubs and record stores.

BY WHITNEY BALLIETT

MOST of the musicians who have shaken jazz up and moved it onward have been in their twenties and early thirties. Louis Armstrong was twenty-six when he recorded his astonishing opening cadenza to "West End Blues," in 1928, and demonstrated how jazz—to say nothing of the trumpet—should be played. Benny Goodman was the same age when he erupted, in 1935, and so were his indispensable sidemen Gene Krupa and Bunny Berigan. The tiny, hunchbacked drummer Chick Webb, perched high on the bandstand at the Savoy Ballroom, was in his mid-twenties when he invented modern drumming and passed on his secrets to his two greatest students, Sidney Catlett and Buddy Rich. Duke Ellington, a slow starter, was in his low thirties when his band began to swing, and Count Basie, another slow starter, was thirty-three when he opened at the Famous Door on Fifty-second Street, in 1938. (The extraordinary nucleus of Basie's band—Buck Clayton, Harry Edison, Dicky Wells, Herschel Evans, Lester Young, and Jo Jones—ranged from twenty-two to thirty-one.) Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were twenty-five and twenty-eight when they brought forth bebop, in the forties.

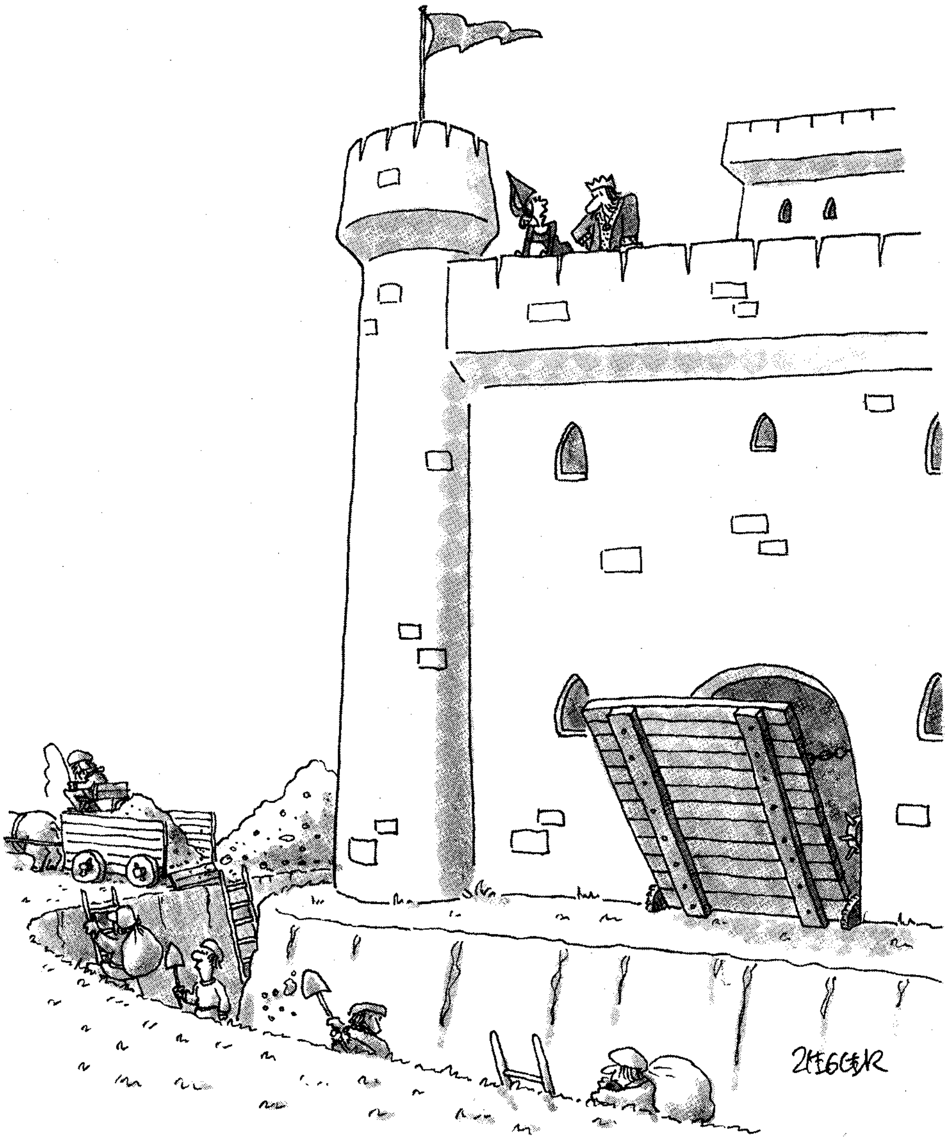


The next shakeup, around 1960, was complex and multifaceted, and it was more a progression than a revolution. Its principal adherents—John Lewis, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis, and Thelonious Monk, along with Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Cecil Taylor—had survived the bebop wars and were older. At the beginning of the decade, Coleman, at thirty, was the youngest, and Monk, at forty-two, was the oldest. These men opened the music to every whim and wind. Mingus, keeping Ellington as his figurehead, encouraged his musicians to improvise on scales and motifs, and to experiment with sliding tempos and jammed ensembles. Coleman improvised on scales and moods and himself, and encouraged his bassists and drummers to play "melodically." Monk wrote angular, almost visible songs—they were at once abstract and concrete—and decorated them with his avant-garde Ellington piano. Miles Davis continued experimenting with modal improvising and with the myriad uses of silence. John Lewis used the Modern Jazz Quartet to perfect the chamber jazz invented by Benny Goodman, and wrote melodies that rivalled Duke Ellington's. Cecil Taylor, educated at the New England Conservatory, played the piano as if he were Béla Bartók improvising. And Coltrane, abetted from time to time by Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp, made circus sounds and took solos that lasted as long as a good dinner.

BLAIR DRAWSON

In the late sixties, the music, beleaguered by rock, slowed, and heads were counted. The first great rush of deaths had begun: Coltrane and Red Allen in 1967, and Coleman Hawkins and Pee Wee Russell in 1969; Johnny Hodges in 1970, and Louis Armstrong in 1971; Ben Webster and Gene Krupa and Eddie Condon in 1973; Duke Ellington and Harry Carney in 1974; and, in the next three years, Zutty Singleton, Bobby Hackett, Paul Desmond, and Erroll Garner. But small redemptive miracles also took place. A group of middle-aged musicians that included Jimmy Rowles, Ellis Larkins, Tommy Flanagan, Dave McKenna, Michael Moore, Zoot Sims, Jim Hall, and Ruby Braff moved forward and celebrated a kind of lyrical jazz that had always existed on the sidelines. And in 1976 the phenomenal World Saxophone Quartet (Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, David Murray, Hamiet Bluiett) was formed, and somehow consolidated, in its parodic, swinging way, all the salient advances of the previous fifteen or twenty years. Jazz was ready to move on again. It was ready for the next invasion of twenty-year-olds.

The movement's messiah, the trumpeter and ideologue Wynton Marsalis, arrived in New York in 1979, aged seventeen, and joined Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers the following year. He turned out to be a prodigy equally at ease in jazz and in classical music. His immediate followers were the trumpeters Terence Blanchard and Wallace Roney, the alto saxophonist Donald Harrison, and the pianists Kenny Kirkland, Mulgrew Miller, and Marcus Roberts. But it soon became clear that these musicians were not a nouvelle vague. They were, in fact, conservatives bent on refurbishing a music—aptly called hard bop—that had grown out of bebop in the fifties and sixties, and eventually died of dullness. They were neo-hard-boppers, whose gods were John Coltrane and Miles Davis. By the early nineties, this invasion of twenty-year-olds had become a flood. It poured out of Marsalis's groups, out of the Berklee College of Music, in Boston, and out of a couple of informal schools of music run by the singer Betty Carter and by Art Blakey, both of them partial to hiring fresh young musicians. (Blakey, who died in 1990, was a homemade philosopher; he once said, "The average man doesn't want to have to use his brain when he listens to music. Music should wash away the dust of his everyday life.") The flood continues to pour through the city, loosing a sashaying energy that rivals the perfervid early days of Coltrane and Coleman and Monk. The neo-hard-boppers turn up at Bradley's, the Iridium Room, Sweet Basil, the Time Cafe, and the Village Vanguard, and since they all seem to have recording contracts with major labels they also turn up with new CDs in hand. (Think of Parker and Gillespie in the mid-forties, shunned by the majors and grateful to be recorded by any two-bit label.) Here, in no particular order, is what some of the neos sound like.



"I still think a simple pedestrian mall would have sufficed."

CHRISTIAN MCBRIDE: bass; born in Philadelphia in 1973; studied briefly at Juilliard. He is said to have appeared on seventy albums in the past couple of years, and has recently issued his own first album, "Gettin' to It" (Verve). He displayed a big tone at the Vanguard in March, and boundless enthusiasm. His intonation is erratic when he plays arco. (He reveres the bassist Ron Carter, but he should study Michael Moore's incomparable arco work.) And he tends, when he solos pizzicato and attempts complex double-time figures, to lose the beat. Since the bass has become the chief timekeeper in jazz, such unsteadiness could be embarrassing.

Nicholas Payton: trumpet; born in New Orleans in 1973; studied with the pianist Ellis Marsalis, Wynton's father. He looks much like the Louis Armstrong of 1925 and plays with the same somewhat heedless vigor. He has no vibrato, and he uses all his registers. He likes half-valving and squeezed notes, and when he runs out of ideas he fires off trills and meaningless runs. He has listened to Miles and Clifford Brown and Freddie Hubbard. His first CD under his own name is "From This Moment . . ." (Verve).

Cyrus Chestnut: piano; born in Baltimore in 1962; studied at the Peabody Conservatory, Berklee, and at Betty Carter College. A huge, round presence who suggests Lionel Hampton's Milt Buckner, he was seen at both the Iridium Room and the Regattabar, in Cambridge, in March. He is a good showman, who likes heavy lower-register chords (reminiscent of the lamented Eddie Costa) and chordal explosions. He uses a lot of loud-pedal on slow ballads, and he has good dynamics. He can whip through lightning runs, and he often leans on repeated figures for melodramatic and rhythmic effect. Red Garland stands in his background. Chestnut's newest album, "The Dark Before the Dawn," is on Atlantic.

Jacky Terrasson: piano; born in Berlin, of a French father and a black American mother, in 1965, and raised in Paris; has lived in the United States off and on for ten years, attending Berklee for a year and B.C.C. for eight months. Terrasson is a dazzling player, and an ingratiating showoff. He has a remarkable sense of dynamics, and he can move easily from a cool, medium-tempo single-note blues that fluctuates between two keys to a dreaming ad-lib version of "What a Difference a Day Made." He constantly jars you by putting his notes in unexpected places, and he uses silence to great lyrical effect. Many of the neos write their own songs, and that is ambitious and admirable, but it leaves the listener groping for handles: how do you judge an improvisation based on unknown material? Seven of the eleven numbers on Terrasson's only CD, "Jacky Terrasson" (Blue Note), are standards, though. Terrasson is not walking into the future backward; he's an original.

Joshua Redman: tenor saxophone; born in Berkeley in 1969; graduated summa cum laude from Harvard and turned down Yale Law School to become a full-time musician. Redman is handsome and articulate, and he has become, willy-nilly, the matinée idol of the neos. Night after night, the Village Vanguard heaved with adulation when he appeared there in March. He is a highly skilled, straight-ahead post-Coltrane player, a kind of miniature Sonny Rollins. He has a big tone, and he embosses his solos, which are melodic and lilting, with occasional modish shrieks and grunts. He also has a flair for writing catchy gospel and/or blues-flavored melodies that recall the "funk" and "soul" tunes Horace Silver and Bobby Timmons tossed off forty years ago. Redman is the son of Dewey Redman, the old avant-garde tenor player. Young Redman says his father has had little or no influence on his playing, and, indeed, they have got to know each other only recently. Redman's newest CD, "MoodSwing," is on Warner Bros.

James Carter: soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones, bass clarinet, and flute; born in Detroit in 1969, and studied locally with Donald Washington. Sometime in the fifties, tenor-saxophone playing changed drastically: the sumptuousness and lyricism of Coleman Hawkins and Don Byas were replaced by a hard, vibratoless tone and a bulling-ahead attack. Emotion became masked, and the saxophone, long an embracing instrument, turned remote and blank-faced. Carter is a surprise. Not only is he equally adept on his instruments (listen to the charming blues he plays on bass clarinet on his "The Real Quietstorm" album, on Atlantic), but he has clearly gone back and studied Hawkins and Byas and Johnny Hodges. He has also studied Coltrane and Eric Dolphy, and when he mixes them all together the results are overarching. He and Terrasson are the most headlong and adventurous of the neos. Try the howling up-tempo eleven-minute "Take the 'A' Train" on the new James Carter Quartet Columbia CD, "Jurassic Classics."

The original hard-bop players worked within iron frameworks. Their instrumentation of trumpet, tenor or alto saxophone, piano, bass, and drums rarely changed, and their ensembles, generally consisting of written unison figures, enclosed often interminable solos—triggered in part by the seemingly eternal time limits of the still novel LP recording. The youngest of the neos tend to work only with a rhythm section, and, of course, that allows them even greater solo space. They are an ingenuous and sweet-natured lot. Their CD booklets are filled with acknowledgments listing families, friends, and lovers, and some even include God or "the Creator." (See the CDs of Carter, Chestnut, Payton, and McBride.) The original hard-boppers were Tough Tonys in comparison. Many were strung out, and died from drug abuse and other misadventures. Their music was overweening, while the music of their descendants is jejune, vulnerable, and romantic. It is not clear yet whether the neos are producing elegiac echoes or a prelude to the next jazz upheaval.

NEW female jazz singers seem to appear regularly, but for a long time the space behind Joe Williams (now seventy-six) and Mel Tormé (sixty-nine) and Ray Charles (sixty-four) has been empty. Then, a couple of years ago, the six-foot-four, thirty-six-year-old Kansas City singer Kevin Mahogany suddenly arrived in New York. There is little he cannot do. He has absorbed Billy Eckstine, Williams, Charles, Al Hibbler, Betty Carter, and Leo Watson. He can sing the blues, and he can sing ballads, italicizing their lyrics and burnishing their melodies. (He does not, in the old smoothie way of Eckstine and Williams, make you feel you are listening to a Ballad.) He can scat, endowing that threadbare form with the rhythmic push of Leo Watson and the high quirkiness of Betty Carter. He can sing Monk and Gillespie and John Lewis and Miles Davis (instrumentals with lyrics pasted on), and he can sing soul songs and novelty songs. And he is a startling gospel singer, who shouts, hums, bends notes in two, growls, and locks every syllable to five or six notes. When he showed up at Bradley's, in April, accompanied by Norman Simmons on piano and Scott Colley on bass, he stood near the bar, loose as a goose, and sang a medium-tempo "Our Love Is Here to Stay," using a little scat and some seamless dynamics and rhythmic shifts; "The Girl from Ipanema," with a scatted coda; a driving "Route 66"; an almost motionless "My Foolish Heart"; Miles Davis's "All Blues," done with just Colley; and a fast, jumping "Take the 'A' Train." (It has become fashionable to roar through Billy Strayhorn's famous anthem, but the song doesn't seem comfortable being hustled down the street; it drags its handsome feet, and sounds disjointed.) He has two albums on the Enja label.

Mahogany has a baronial baritone and careful, telling dynamics: whispers explode into shouts, glissandos die into whispers, growls hurtle across the sky, long notes shiver the timbers. He has perfect pitch, and his vibrato, when he uses one, is tight and orderly. And, through his sly use of tonal and rhythmic exaggeration, Mahogany, like another giant Kansas City singer, Big Joe Turner, gives off a constant undercurrent of swinging mockery, as if he were telling us, "I mean every word I'm singing, man, but, you know, I'm cool." ♦

SHOUTS & MURMURS

POLICE BLOTTO

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

POLICE ACADEMY ORIENTATION
Schedule of Events

– Thursday –

9-9:30 A.M.: Memorial service for police officers killed in the line of duty.

9:30 onward: "The Bar Is Open!" (Happy Hour).

10:00: Welcoming Remarks—"The P.D. in N.Y.P.D. Stands for Party Down!" Deputy Commissioner Bud (Pop Top) Weiser.

10:30: Demonstration—N.Y.P.D. Precision Bartending Team. Sergeant Eddie (Elbow) Flannigan and his Magnificent Martoonis perform their mixological mastery while throwing shot glasses at each other's heads.

11:00: Demonstration—N.Y.P.D. Bombed Squad will safely open a dropped case of beer and a bottle of champagne left too long in the freezer.

12:00-3:00: Free time. (Note: Aspirin, Alka-Seltzer, Vitamin B, oxygen masks, and plasma will be available in the dispensary.)

3:00: Workshop—"Magnum Force: Spraying Hotel Guests with Sparkling Wine." Sergeant Paul O'Toole discusses what wines to use; also, how to avoid digital neuropathy from holding your thumb over the bottle nose.

4:00: Demonstration—N.Y.P.D. Naked Hotel-Escalator-Bannister Beer-Sliding Team. Sergeant Brian (Balls of Fire) Herlihy and his Flying Squad demonstrate the technique that made them the talk of the town during the 14th Annual National Peace Officers' Memorial Service in Washington, D.C.

4:30: Demonstration—"Emergency Medical Treatment of Escalator-Bannister Injuries." Sergeant Mark Muller of Emergency Services discusses first-aid techniques for injuries resulting from sliding down hard rubber bannisters without pants.

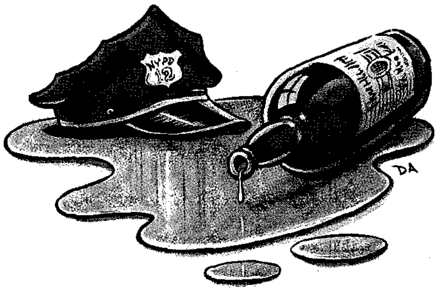
– Friday –

10 A.M.: Demonstration—"Setting Off Hotel Fire Alarms Using Fire Extinguishers." Technical Services Sergeant Jaime Sanchez shows the right way—and the wrong way!—to empty a hotel at 4 A.M.

11:00: Liaison Workshop—"We're All Like Brothers, Right?" Steve (Sergeant Manners) Keeler discusses arrest-avoidance techniques when local city police are summoned to the hotel at 4 A.M.

3:00: Psychological Workshop—"Coping Through Groping." P.D. psychologist Doug Bernon, Ph.D., discusses how to work through grief for slain fellow-officers by running naked down hotel corridors and getting in touch with female passersby.

4:00: Ballistics Workshop—"Bet You a Bottle of Chivas I Could Hit the White House from Here!" Firing your service weapon from the hotel window. Sergeant Fred Nosler discusses which hotels—and what floors—are best suited to treating the local citizenry to a dazzling nocturnal demonstration of N.Y.P.D. marksmanship.



5:00: Community Relations Workshop—"We were so grief-stricken over the memorial service for our fellow-officers that we decided to give them a spontaneous twenty-one-gun salute out our hotel windows." Sergeant Sam Ballerdash explores plausible explanations for the late-night barrage of gunfire.

– Saturday –

9 A.M.: Presentation—"Making Your Next Caribbean Dream Cruise a Nightmare to Remember for the Other Passengers." N.Y.P.D. travel consultant Myra Hulott tells which cruise lines look the other way when New York's Finest decide to "let off steam" by destroying their cabins with fire axes. Myra will also discuss what to do in the event you are put ashore on Grand Cayman island by an uptight ship captain, and will answer questions most frequently asked, including: Do they take American money? Where's the best wet-T-shirt contest at? Can I fire my service revolver out my hotel window? If I kill someone, is it like killing an American?

12:00: Lunch. Special Topic—"Do Not Disturb!" Actor Johnny Depp will speak about his recent "by the book" trashing of a Manhattan hotel suite, during which he ran up damages of $9,767. Depp will discuss "the Method" of overturning armoires, smashing lamps, destroying carpets, and flushing the mini-bar down the toilet. Following the speech, Depp will present a $9,767 matching scholarship to the cadet who in the opinion of his superiors best exemplifies the high standards set by the N.Y.P.D. in Washington. Following, Mr. Depp will be formally made an Honorary N.Y.P.D. Ambassador-at-Large. ♦

DOUG ALLEN

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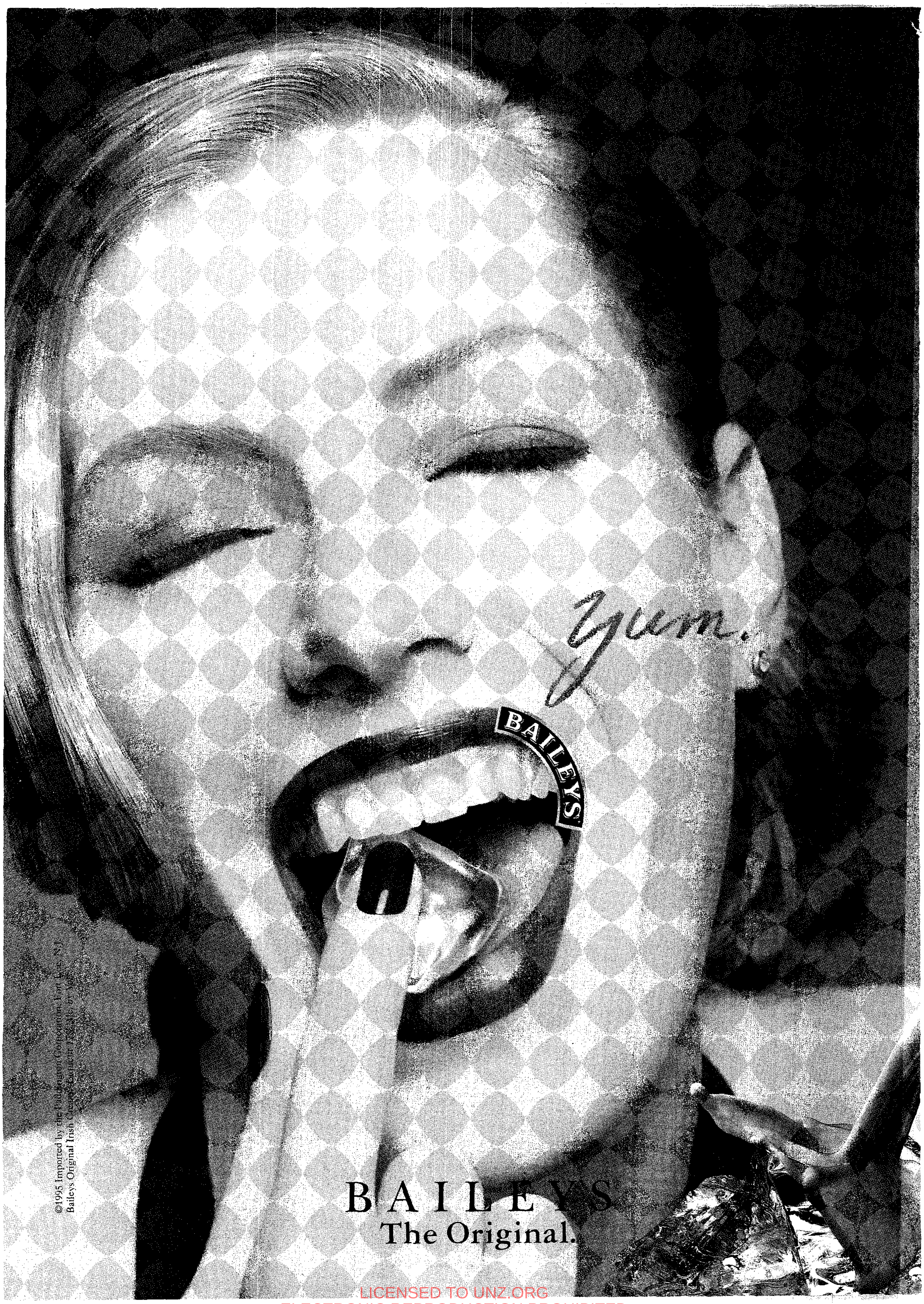
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